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From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

THIS extraordinary work is now completed; and the boldness of the enterprize, the indefatigable labor with which it has been prosecuted, and the remarkable skill which has been exercised in bringing it to this point of unquestionable success, place it among the most remarkable scientific performances of the age. We know that any thing may be laughed at, and that the world is fond of laughing the most at the gravest things; but we have no inclination to join in ridicule of a work which exhibits so singular a combination of the daring and the practical—of the lofty speculation and the profound science, both so characteristic of England, and so honorable to the national character. It is true that the chief engineer of this stupendous work is a Frenchman, but we see much less ground for national jealousy in his origin, than for national honor in his employment. England boasts, and justly, of her attracting the commerce of the world; her still prouder boast should be, that of her attracting the talents of the world. A nation can give no higher evidence of its superiority, than its disregard of littleness of all kinds. The Roman never gave a clearer evidence of his being marked for the master of the world, than when he borrowed the arms of the conquered nations—when he adopted the lance of the Samnite, the shield of the Volscian, and the falchion of the Tarentine. We only wish that our adoptions were larger and more frequent, that we had the power of calling to our country the talents of every great sculptor, architect and painter of Europe, and that we had thus nobly monopolized Thorwaldsen, Canova, and the builder of the Pantheon of Paris, and the still lovelier Madeleine.

The Tunnel has now completely reached across the river, a distance of 1200 feet, and the projector and engineer had the gratification, a short time since, of being the first who walked from bank to bank, to the shaft on the London side. Those shafts on both sides of the river, which are intended for foot passenger, are really grand things. They are a succession of staircases going round a vast circular ex-

cavation, between seventy and eighty feet deep, and when they shall all be lighted with gas, will be among the most extraordinary parts of the whole structure. Even now they strongly realize the poetic conception of the descent into the caverns of the Egyptian mysteries; and the view of the interior, nearly a quarter of a mile in extent, lighted with a long succession of melancholy flames, would probably have suggested to the Greek the image of an entrance into Tartarus. But in our day, the sublime is well exchanged for the practical, and this vast and formidable looking cavern will be stripped of its poetic associations by the passage of carters and wagons, bales of goods, and herds of bullocks. Still it will be impossible to divest ourselves of the recollections really attaching to this work. We have before us altogether a new attempt to conquer nature, a great experiment to make rivers passable without boat or bridge—a new and capable contrivance for expediting the intercourse of mankind. The stone bridge is at all times the most expensive edifice in the world, and the bridge of boats is always liable to accidents, and almost certain to be broken up in every instance of a flood. Besides this, the fixed bridge blocks up the navigation of the river for all vessels beyond the size of a barge, or a small steam-boat. The expense of the stone bridge also is enormous. Waterloo Bridge cost upwards of a million—London Bridge about as much more—Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges, which were built at a cheaper rate, and in cheaper times, so constantly demand repairs that they probably have cost more than either of the modern ones; but the Tunnel has the advantage of giving a passage from side to side of the Thames, where from the breadth of the river a stone bridge would have probably cost nearer two millions than one, and where no bridge could be thrown across without blocking up the most important part of the Thames, that portion which may be called the great wet dock of London. Yet the expense of the whole has not amounted to more than L. 400,000; and even this is to be remembered as an expense greatly increased by the utter novelty of the experiment, by difficulties unforeseen in the commencement, by sev-

eral eruptions of the river, by the dearness of workmen's wages, arising from the peculiar peril and singular nature of the labor connected with an undertaking carried on at all hours, and wholly by artificial light. All this, too, in constant hazard of an influx of the river, and the various difficulties belonging to working in a mine. The weight of a vast body of water above, acting alike during summer and winter, which at any moment might break in, and against whose incursions it was as necessary to fortify the outside of the Tunnel as the interior, added greatly to the difficulties of the undertaking.

The original object of the Tunnel, was to convey cattle, passengers, and general traffic from the rich counties on the Kent side to that great mercantile region of the metropolis—the London and East and West India Docks. How far this will now be effected, is a question which remains to be decided by experience. There can be no doubt that if the traffic be not impeded by the fear of passing under the river, it must be immense. The convenience of escaping the long circuit up to London Bridge, which, from the various obstructions in the streets, and the general difficulty of passing through the most crowded portion of the city, must now occupy many hours, would obviously direct the whole current of the traffic into the Tunnel. Hitherto, no expedient has been adopted to shorten the passage of the traffic; and the contrivance by which 1200 clear feet are substituted for at least three miles of the most encumbered thoroughfares imaginable, must be adopted as a matter of palpable advantage. Still there may be difficulties in the way which practice only can exhibit.—But any fear of the structure itself we should regard as altogether visionary. The building of the Tunnel seems as solid as a rock. During the whole period from its commencement, we have not heard a single instance of its giving way, vast as the pressure was from above, and trying as were the damps, the ground springs, and the extreme difficulty of building under water. At this moment the roof is as free from damp as the roof of St Paul's—and unless an earthquake should burst it, the whole fabric seems much more likely to last than were it exposed to the diversities of temperature, the heats and frost above ground. The special advantage of the system of the Tunnel is, that it can be adopted in any part of the course of a river, and even in its widest part, (for few European rivers exceed the breadth of the Thames at Rotherhithe, unless where they spread into marshes or lakes,) and yet offer no impediment to the navigation.

But we regard it as having a still higher character; we consider it as a noble and

essential adjunct to the railway system, and to have come exactly at the proper period for completing a system which is now spreading over Europe, which is obviously meant as a great instrument of civilization, and which without it must suffer a full step at the banks of every great river. For we cannot look to any resource in the clumsy and always insecure contrivance of a bridge of boats or masonry, incurring great loss of time, requiring change of engines and carriages, with a hundred other disadvantages; while, by a Tunnel, the whole train might sweep along wholly unobstructed, and be many a league on its course before a traveller could have crossed by the bridge. We shall thus probably see the Rhine, the Danube and the Rhone passed below their beds, if the Governments of their countries shall have the funds or the common sense to follow up their present projects for the railroads. Our impression decidedly is, that the Tunnel is essential as a part of the railway. Eng and has a right to pride herself alike on the scientific intrepidity and the palpable value of the undertaking to mankind. Brunel has been knighted on the completion of his work. But his perseverance and talent deserve a more productive distinction. We hope that he will give us a history of this great, new, and decided triumph over nature.

From Tait's Magazine.

SOME LOOSE THOUGHTS ON HANGING.

THAT gentle humorist, *The Standard*, threw out a pleasant hint, some time ago, that it might be a source of general satisfaction, if certain Irish judges, of recent elevation, were served as King Alfred served thirty-six English judges in one day. And how was that, reader, if thou knowest? Mass, he hung them up, *pour encourager les autres*.

It is natural for a mind so constituted as to venerate the memory of a Norbury, to harbor these aspirations; for if that remarkable personage was a meet ornament of the high seat he occupied for so many years in the Temple of Justice, the Judges to whom *The Standard* alludes, can scarcely be accounted worthy of any place appurtenant to the building, except the scaffold. Their 'merit' designates them to that 'bad eminence,' as the surest way, at all events, of converting them into *hanging judges*.

Another reason for so disposing of the unconformidable functionaries, might be this: Unless these judges be hanged, there will soon be nobody else to hang. They may go about holding courts in Eyre;

but the wholesome spectacle of a convict in air will be no more seen. The constellation of *Jack Ketch*, now dimly twinkling in the track of the departed *Astræa*, will abandon our hemisphere in disgust; and the art of 'launching souls into eternity' be lost to posterity forever. The *ratio ultima legum*, that perfection of the 'perfection of reason,' is running fast into the dead letter.

The progress of degeneracy is said to be gradual. The neglected garden does not become a wilderness at once; the tree does not always wither the moment it ceases to bear its accustomed fruit; yet, modern innovation bears all before it with a ruthless spring tide. It is not twenty years—no, nor anything like it—since the gallows groaned in all directions with expiatory offerings to that many headed dragon—the Penal Code. Not only murderers, highwaymen, and house breakers, but sheep-stealers and common thieves; yea, swindlers and petty-larceny rogues, defeated in a controversy of forty shillings, took their turn under the fatal tree.

In 1820, two servants out of place, (Christian people thought them very much out of place indeed,) were hanged in Dublin, for taking advantage of a large dinner party, to purloin the cloaks and umbrellas out of a gentleman's hall in Mountjoy Square, of which the door had been left open, through the carelessness or connivance of a domestic. The ground alleged for this most vigorous proceeding, was the shocking prevalence of cloak-and-umbrella stealing, at that period, out of gentlemen's halls. It was quite right, no doubt, to put a stop to it; but it does not follow as a matter of course, that

Wretches must hang that gentlemen may dine.

To speak, in detail, of the hundreds of whom the *Whiteboy Act* 'thinned the land,' by its comprehensive principle of construction, would open a field of politics upon which it is not now advisable to enter. That act only required proof of a district being disturbed, to enlarge a common riot or assault into a felony. Such proof, too, was for the most part, established upon the oath of a *peace-preservation Magistrate*, who enjoyed the emoluments of his office as long as the country was sworn to be in a state of insurrection, and no longer. So late as 1834, I have seen the Crown Counsel on the Home circuit, when all the overt proofs of a criminal's personal delinquency had been established, requesting a moment's indulgence, until *Major This*, or *Chief-Constable Tother*, could be brought into Court, to sustain the capital count of the indictment, by this report of the 'State of the Country.'

Many hundreds were sacrificed, by virtue of the *Whiteboy Act*, and the liberal

interpretation of which it was susceptible. Political hanging, however, has no relation to my subject, except so far as it might be included in the playful and good-natured proposition of *The Standard*. Let us therefore confine ourselves to executions, which used to take place in a well-constituted and orderly state of society, before Whigs or Radicals had a voice, one way or the other, in the matter. In those days nobody ever spoke about hanging a judge. To have even mentioned King Alfred's practical measures of Law Reform, in connexion with any member of the bench, would have amounted to the crime *læsæ majestatis*, and have brought an editor to the pillory at least, if he might not be made, by a stretch of the old acts, to 'go farther and fare worse.' Shade of Olamh Fodlah—how I should like to have seen the late Lord Ellenborough dealing with a libel of that sort.

A half-witted seneschal of a Manor court in Galway, lately provoked a loud burst of laughter by threatening to hang up some boys for wrangling about a game of marbles at the door. He fiercely brandished a charter in the black letter, which conferred the power of life and limb upon the authority which he represented; and he swore lustily that he would assert his privilege in five minute's time, if he could but find a hangman. But although this may be excellent laughing matter now, it is not so very long since a man was hanged in Ireland for making a noise!

The fact is authentic. It was cited at a solemn meeting of the twelve Judges, last winter by a member of the venerable *Conseiderant*, who had himself been an eyewitness of what he related.

When Justice, with her black cap and funeral pall, rode the circuits, and Death skipping nimbly in her train,

Blessed his maw
Destined to that hour,—

a man was found guilty of some felony, for which it appeared uncertain whether he would be cast for death or not. The court deferred the sentence, and ordered that he should stand over till the end of the assizes. The fellow was crazed; and being taken back to prison, fell a howling, and uttering various other disagreeable noises, such as judges do not like to hear, and which (as the window of his cell and that of the Crown Court opened upon the same plot,) seriously interrupted the public business.

The cause of this strange disturbance being ascertained, the judge sent a peremptory order to the malefactor to keep the peace, or, (as his Lordship pithily remarked) 'it might be worse for him.' But the wretch, ignorantly supposing that the law could do nothing worse in his case, returned an answer of defiance, and set forth more piercing yells than before.

Now what would one of our feeling Popish or Radical judges do in a like case? The solemn business of the Court was at a stand, and it was absolutely necessary that silence should be restored. To remove the noisy culprit to a distant part of the prison would have abated the nuisance, *pro hac vice*; but then some future convict might repeat it, and at all events, this, would of compromised the dignity of the sacred ermine. The judge, of whom it is our hint to speak, had no notion of sanctioning so bad a precedent; and therefore, as soon as he received the insulting reply, he cried with a loud voice, 'Bring him up.'

These are thrilling words, from whatever lips they proceed, after the damnatory verdict of a jury; but who, that has heard them once uttered by the *Radamanthus* in question, can ever dismiss from his memory the tiger's growl, and the blood-shot aspect of cruelty, which filled the bystanders with indescribable horror, and shot a pang equal to the very bitterness of death, through the heart of the stoutest criminal?

In five minutes after the issuing of that terrible mandate, the criminal stood again in the dock, and received sentence of immediate execution. It was like the scene in Rokeby;—

Ho! Provost-Marshall! instantly
Lead Denizil to the gallows tree.
Allow him not a parting word,—
Short be the shrift, and sure the cord!

The court adjourned while it was done; and so prompt was justice then, his Lordship resumed his seat in about half an hour with an unmoved countenance, and went on trying men for their lives, who, if they were capitally convicted did not, (you may be sure) offend his ears 'with exclamations hyperbolic.'

It would be rash to speculate upon the distinction which King Alfred might have deemed fit to confer upon such a *Cadi* as that; but it may be doubted that he would have made him an *Earl*. The fact itself, which is well authenticated, and occurred within the present century, is important to be borne in mind, when there is a question of hanging some judges, because they do not more nearly conform to the example of their predecessors.

Not eight years ago, two insurgents were capitally convicted at Maryborough and ordered to be taken out on the following morning and hanged. The morning came, and the judge, taking his seat on the bench, as usual all smiles and affability, proceeded to try other prisoners, who, aware of what was then going on 'in another place,' were in no enviable state of self-possession to think of their defence. The sheriff appeared in court after an hour or so, and his Lordship condescended to stoop forward, and put some questions about the manner then executed criminals, and the manner

of their death. If, reader, you had seen the unfortunate fellows in the dock, how their teeth chattered, and their knees knocked against each other, during that short colloquy, you would never wish to stand a trial for your life in the same dignified presence. That personage is still an ornament of the Irish Bench, but not one of those to whom the Tory oracle would award the *Euthanasia* of the gallows.

In the declining days of a very famous vindicator of the law, already glanced at, he presided at a trial, but was asleep the greater part of his time. It is well for those whose conscience can suffer them to slumber in such a situation. But though he dozed during the evidence, he was wide awake to the charge, which was home for a conviction; and the jury, all picked men, according to the usage of that day, did their 'spiriting'; and the wretch was sentenced to die. An application, however, was made to his Lordship to recommend a mitigation of the punishment; which he stoutly resisted, until the convict's attorney boldly told him that he must produce his notes to the government, which would certainly be applied to on the subject. Now, although Homer could sometimes nod as he wrote, it is not every one that can write while he nods; and our *Nestor* had in fact taken no notes at all. Conscious of this, and perceiving also, that he was caught napping, he yielded without further entreaty; and thus, owing to a happy accident the man's life was spared.

I suppose a hundred instances could be authenticated, from the personal observation of any barrister of thirty years' standing upon any of our circuits, showing what a mere lottery was the criminal law, as it is used to be administered, and by what *capricciois* and fantasies of the individual bearing the sword of Justice, men's lives were saved or lost.

It may be said that these things are better managed now; and there is truth in that. But still a great deal too much depends upon the humor and peculiar views of the man invested with the awful power of pronouncing the sentence. How often is it evident to the most ignorant peasant in the crowd, that so important an issue as that of life or death is determined, not by the amount of the criminal's guilt so much as by the choice which a particular judge may happen to make of his circuit! I recollect, in a town on a Home Circuit, the late Sir William Smith, who was in the Crown Court, being so overwhelmed with business, requested his learned brother in the Record Court to try some prisoners; and in consequence of this casual arrangement, three young men were sentenced to death, whom the humane and tender heart-

ed baron (had he taken them in their turn) would most certainly have considered amply punished with seven years transportation. Nor would he have been too lenient either. But because they stood about 'No. 50' on the Calendar instead of being at 'No. 10, they were hanged; for the sentence was actually executed upon them.

If, therefore, the penalty of death is any longer to stain the criminal code of an enlightened christian state, it would be much better, as insuring a greater certainty and uniformity of punishment, to relieve the judges altogether from the fearful responsibility of awarding it, and to transfer it to the Executive Government, which exercises that melancholy privilege in London, and ought to exercise it in all other places. But the experience of the last ten years, proves that the infliction of this barbarous mode of vengeance is superfluous, either as a safe guard to society, or a means of preventing crime; and consequently that it is wholly unwarrantable, even on the ground of expediency.

Let the present state of Ireland be compared with that of any precedent period within the memory of man, and it will be seen that, while the numbers of the necessitous and uneducated portion of society have been increasing, without any corresponding improvement in their condition, crime has not increased; and yet the punishment of death is not now inflicted once for ten times that it was inflicted for some years ago. At the periods referred to in the foregoing statements, life was not more safe; property was not better protected; the general frame of society was not more orderly and secure than now. But a vast quantity of blood was then spilled periodically, to guard and maintain interests, which are found to be quite as well preserved without recourse being had to such a horrid protection. No man will assert that robbery, or forgery, theft, or sheep-stealing, have been more prevalent in the last five years than they were when those offences were actually punished with death; neither will it be maintained, that the more violent crimes, which still render a man obnoxious to the extreme vengeance of the law, have become more frequent since the Executive Government has indicated a reluctance, in most cases to enforce the penalty.

It is unnecessary, and it might be deemed absurd, to contend that the partial intermission which has taken place in the infliction of capital punishments has actually increased virtue. It is enough if it can be shown that it has not increased crime; because, if it has not then is this penalty useless; and it is murder—nothing short of downright murder—to go on with those barbarous and heart-rending exhibitions. It is painful to find, notwithstanding

ing the conclusive proofs thus afforded, of the unnecessary cruelty of putting our fellow-creatures to death, that many good and enlightened men still adhere to the old prejudice about the 'wholesome' terror of the gallows. It acts, they say, in numberless unknown instances, as a restraint upon fearful natures, and prevents the commission of gross offences, where a mere moral control would be ineffectual. I know not on what ground of experience this is asserted; but it is manifestly erroneous to assume that by dispensing with the extreme forfeit, all wholesome fear of punishment has been taken away. On the contrary, the certainty of a rigorous prosecution, and of a severe, though bloodless, judgment following conviction, operates more stringently than the fear of death, with all the chances of escape, grounded upon a calculation of the tenderness of prosecutors, the scruples of jurors, and the humanity of judges and men in authority.

Nor is it true to say that the fear of death is in all cases the most powerful restraint that can be applied. In Ireland, nothing was more frequent than for a malefactor, when condemned to transportation to implore the judge to change the sentence to that of execution, that his bones might rest in the land of his birth; and strange as it may seem, the wife and children of the convict have been often seen to join earnestly in the prayer that he may be killed at home, rather than sent to pine in hopeless exile away from all that makes life worth having.

Death is indeed a 'bitter remembrance' (as the sage in the *Apocrypha* says) 'to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, and hath nothing to vex him;' but to the half fed, naked, houseless, buffeted, and despised peasant, to whom—

The world is not a friend, nor the world's law,

it is far otherwise. The stoical indifference with which the Irish go to meet it on the scaffold, where unless in a political cause, no honor is to be gained by dying like a hero or a martyr, has puzzled many a grave inquirer. But the philosophy of the matter was well explained by a ragged vagrant, who was sentenced to die at the Downpatrick Assizes in 1836, for a highway robbery. On his way back to prison he was taken under the gallows, upon which workmen were then employed, dressing it (as a Frenchman might say) for the execution of a murderer, which was to take place on the following day. The unexpected sight of these preparations appalled him for an instant; but speedily recovering from the shock, he walked on, remarking to the attendant turnkey, 'Well, it will save me many a wet foot and hungry belly!'

How well does this illustrate the sequel

of the wise observation just now quoted, viz.—'O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy, to him that is vexed with all things, and to him that despaireth and hath lost all patience!' these classes it should be remembered, constitute a large majority of persons amendable to the law for crimes of great magnitude; and consequently, the sentence of death is not an object of such dismay, that they will not be ready, at any time to brave the contingency for a present gratification, either of revenge or gain.

From Tait's Magazine.

LUIGIA SANFELICE.

A SKETCH FROM MODERN HISTORY.

THE habitual readers of fiction hardly know how much they might gain of the peculiar excitement which is so dear to them, by turning at times to the history of actual life. They would find in its details no rare occurrence of the very elements that have moved them in fable; with others, not the least impressive, which belong to reality alone. These must be our reliance on the present occasion. No attempt will be made to ensnare the reader's sympathy by any disguise of plain historical truth; the effort, indeed, would be gratuitous. The incident, from recent Italian history, which we intend to relate, believing that it will be new to many in this country, is such as the invention of man has rarely devised. It would not be easy to add to the authentic narrative a single borrowed trait that would not impair its effect. What we have set down may, therefore, be securely accepted as the brief and literal relation of an 'owre true tale': on the threshold of which we only pause for an instant to offer a remark which may have occurred before now to many a student of Italian history and manners.

After the standard themes of classical story and mythology, it will be found that by far the most of the tragic subjects, which the poet or the moralist has taken from actual life, are of Italian growth. This can neither be the result of mere chance, nor be fully explained by the precedence, in time of the Italian novelists and chroniclers before those of other European countries. The existence of a number of petty states, no doubt, encouraged the preservation of details, which the historians of a larger realm must of necessity have passed over. But the peculiar color of these details, the frequency of strange and moving incidents in them, can only be accounted for by a reference to the national character. This it is not easy to portray, on account of the contradictions which meet every attempt to trace

its features. But it is impossible to overlook its intemperance of nature, a tendency in it to the excessive, whether in good or evil—a temperament volcanic like the soil on which it grows, distinguished no less by the luxuriance of its productions than by the convulsions that suddenly lay them waste. In the history of individuals the Italian nature presents itself in the strangest contrasts: vehemence more than childish, with a capacity for the most subtle and patient dissimulation: flaming passion and slow-burning vindictiveness; intelligence of the quickest, readiest kind, not deep, yet never disturbed amidst the agitations of the moral faculties; a redundant sanguine flow of animal life, and a certain fervor of mind, such as belong to no other race with which we are acquainted. Their sorrows and crimes are nearly always marked by some unexpected trait: they display a kind of superfluous originality, (*sit venia verbo*), an ingenious fearfulness, which makes the adventures of other men seem tame in comparison with theirs. It is this property which gives its strange fascination to the darker figures of the history of Italy; and which prompts the inventor of any fiction more than usually appalling, to place his scene in this region, or to take from thence the chief mover of its events.

A brief summary of some principal events of the time and place must first be given. In 1798, the King of Naples, in concert with England, Austria, and Russia, directed his troops against those of republican France, which had advanced as far as the Papal States. It was natural that Ferdinand should detest a nation stained with the blood of his royal kinsmen, and whose victories had shaken old thrones and privileges all over Europe. The period seemed to encourage a hope of assailing the French with success in Italy. The Austrians had effected a powerful diversion on the Rhine; the government of the Directory began to show signs of decay; the flower of its armies was in Egypt and with it the young commander on whom the fortunes of the republic had rested at Arcola and Lodi. There seemed to be a pause in its successes, and men hoped that the day of its humiliation was at hand.

An army of 52,000 men, led by Mack, crossed the Garigliano, drove the French detachments out of Rome, and for a moment seemed to restore the cause of Absolutism in central Italy. But the triumph was only a brief one; and it ceased when the Republican forces, collected under Championnet, repelled the royal advance, and became in turn the assailants. Against the fierce energy of the French, who had already deemed themselves invincible, what resistance could be opposed by unwarlike troops, incapable or treacherous

generals, and a king who made no secret of his cowardice? The Neapolitan troops were driven back across their own frontier, and retreated from post to post, with hardly a show of defence. The capital was soon in danger. In vain did Ferdinand proclaim a levy *en masse*, and issue orders for a war of extermination upon the heretic invaders. His garrisons surrendered strong places almost before they were summoned; in the field his troops would not abide the face of the enemy, and laid down their arms in bodies of thousands at a time; the only impediment to the progress of the French was supplied by the natural difficulties of the country. The king fled, with his court to Sicily, in December, 1798—so panic-stricken, that no plan of defence or resistance had been left for the kingdom which he abandoned. Championnet took possession of Naples in the January following; and amongst the few conditions in the show of a capitulation which preceded his entry, a principal one was the demand of the populace that the conquerers should duly pay '*rispetta a san Gennarò*.'

This was instantly followed by the establishment of the Parthenopæan republic, which the nation, if so inclined, had certainly the fullest right to adopt, as the king had left to its own resources the country which he was unable to defend. But its institution was the work of a few, supported by foreign conquerors, if not wholly controlled by them. Enthusiastic minds, indeed, saw in this measure the regeneration of their country; and on the part of its promoters neither sincerity nor effort was wanting; during their short prosperity many good foundations were laid, and numerous abuses were abolished. It is notorious that, in Naples, at least, nearly all the virtue, learning and intellect of the middle and higher classes espoused the republican party. But with the lower sort of people, and with the populace in the capital, still more throughout the provinces to the south, and in the smaller towns, it was never popular. The nation was in general blind to the uses of improvement, jealous of change, vicious, lazy, and ignorant; suspicious of those who were not so; fickle, sensual, and superstitious. This was no stuff from which a republic could be created, still less maintained against external force and intestine treason. It is a lamentable mistake to imagine that mere institutions can make a free people: overlooking that cardinal necessity of the virtues, without which, as Montesquieu truly declares, no republic is possible.

Moreover, it was mainly a work of the French, and ever since the Angevin times, the French have been hated in Naples. Even the Liberal party, whose establish-

ment was owing to the invaders, accused them of treating the capital like a conquered city, which indeed it was. In this, bickerings arose, and the time and energies were consumed which had better been employed in preparing to resist a common enemy. A discontented feeling, the most threatening symptom in a fickle nation, began to gain ground; the populace became noisy and mutinous, although the French general had wisely secured the obedience of the worst part of the Neapolitan rabble by investing with the rank of colonel Michele Pazzo, the head of the Lazzaroni. These disorders became formidable when, towards the month of July, a counter-revolution in favor of the Bourbon party broke out in different parts of the kingdom, where the republic had not as yet succeeded in establishing its authority to any extent. The first rising was in the Abruzzi, where some of the king's fugitive troops had remained unmolested since the arrival of the French. The example was followed by the Calabrians, and in Apulia; and the insurrection soon began to show its head in the Terra di Lavoro, the district immediately surrounding the capital.

Its commencement was with detached bands of partisans, recruited from the lowest and vilest of the people, and acting independently, each under its own leader. The heads of these guerrillas were men whose cruelty and ferocious wickedness soon made them terrible. There was not but one amongst them who was not already branded with some notorious ignominy or crime—Rodio, a lawyer by profession. The rest were taken from the dregs of the populace. Pronio, an unfrocked priest, had escaped from the galleys, to which a cruel murder had condemned him. In the Terra di Lavoro the leader was a notorious brigand, properly called by the peasants, on account of his cunning, boldness, and thirst for blood, Fra Diavolo; the wretch's real name was Pezza. But none equalled in atrocity one Gaetano Mammone, who infested the same district. The accounts which have been given of his sanguinary rage are hardly credible; it is said, (and as Colletta asserts, on certain authority,) that he took pleasure literally in drinking human blood. At least, four hundred Neapolitan and French are said to have perished under his hands; he would order any prisoners that his men had taken to be brought to him as he was feeding, and killed them for pastime during the feast. Such were the wretches who first raised again the banner of Ferdinand: and to the end of this struggle they, and others like them, formed the main native strength of his cause. We find Ferdinand and his queen writing autograph letters to them in which neither disdained to use

such titles as 'my general,' and 'my friend.' After the restoration these rascals were actually rewarded with commissions in the army, and offended public decency by appearing as majors and colonels of the line in the streets of the capital.

Such ferocities, however, were not solely confined to the Bourbonists; we meet with acts on the other side, which, for a moment, seem to take the reader back to the rudest period of the middle ages. One notable instance we may pause to relate: and this, be it remembered, took place not in a wild region, but in the immediate neighborhood of Picerno, in Potenza, a considerable city which is now the capital of a province. In this vicinity dwelt a bishop named Francesco Serao, a good and learned ecclesiastic, who had, some years before, been persecuted by the Roman See, on alleged charges of Jansenism. At that time he was protected by the Court of Naples, but afterwards its policy changed, and he was kept at a distance, and in disfavor. From this cause he was generally reputed averse to the king's party, and a favorer of the republic; and the mere suspicion was enough to cost him his life, when the insurrection broke out. The episcopal palace was assailed, and the old man, found kneeling before a crucifix, was dragged into the street, slain, and his head paraded through the city on a lance's point. The assassins—seventeen in number, were none of them of the lower class. This atrocity was witnessed by a rich citizen of Pottenza, one Niccolo Addone, a man of a fierce but wary disposition—attached to the bishop, and a devout catholic; although hitherto he had secretly espoused the republican cause, the fear of endangering his wealth in civil broils had kept him aloof. But the outrage overcame his caution, he vowed to avenge it; and being unable to effect his purpose by open force, he had recourse to stratagem. Pretending therefore, a great zeal for the Bourbon cause, and affecting to rejoice in the death of the bishop, he invited the assassins to a repast, in honor of the occasion. The house had been filled with a suitable number of accomplices, secretly armed, who were either posted in ambush in different places, or joined the company at table. After the guests had feasted and drank abundantly, the host gave a signal by stabbing the man who sat nearest to him; the others were instantly attacked, and slain on the spot. The most it is said, Addone killed with his own hand. This deed from which he expected praise, was denounced by even the warmest republicans, and Addone found it needful to take flight. For many weeks he concealed himself in the woods, and at last succeeded in making his escape to France. He was seen twenty years afterwards in Naples, pardoned, rich, and busy

as a spy and denouncer of political offenders to the officers of the restored Bourbon government.

The administration of the republic appears to have been feeble. The closet does not furnish the best statesmen; and a newly established power soon faints if it be not cordially supported by the people. The first interruption of the public tranquillity could not fail to disclose the secret of the governments weakness. The reaction gained force daily. In Apulia the imposture of some Corsican adventurers, one of whom personated the Prince Francisco, was successful in rousing nearly all the inhabitants. At last the fugitive king was encouraged to despatch Cardinal Ruffo into Calabria, as the leader of the royalist parties. He was a bad man, and an infamous priest; but his rank gave an air of credit to the insurrection; and the bigoted marauders joyfully obeyed a son of the church, who styled his levies, the 'Army of the True Faith,' and gave them absolution day by day for all the excess which they had committed. The mob which followed him was soon numerous enough to be called a host: and as he advanced northward, the towns threw open their gates to receive him.

The coast, at the same time, was infested by an Anglo-Sicilian fleet, which attacked the strong places that still held out the republic—landed troops and ammunition in the Bourbonist districts, and filled the maritime provinces with royal proclamations. In the north of Italy an Austrian army was hovering on the Adige, waiting the signal to attack; in Messina, General Stewart, with 3000 English, encouraged the partisans with hopes of speedy cooperation.

For a party whose chief reliance was on French support this was a dangerous state of things. Macdonald, who had replaced Championnet in the command at Naples, was unable to meet the swarms of Bourbonists, as they advanced, at all points; and the menacing aspect of the north compelled him to draw his forces together. After the arrival of the Russians had emboldened the Austrian army to force the passage of the Oglio, when Mantua was invested, Milan in danger, and a combined force of Russians and Turks, hot from the capture of Corfu and the Ionian Islands, had landed in the Capitanate, Macdonald thought it time to retire; and in May 1799 the greater part of his troops evacuated the kingdom.

This was a signal for the king's partisans to stir in Naples itself, which, up to this point, they had not ventured to disturb. A mechanic, nicknamed *Il Cristellaro*, from his trade, now drew over to the royal cause a mob of a *lazzaroni*—outcasts indifferent on which side they acted, if it on-

ly gave them hopes of pay and plunder. One Tafano, at the same time, collected a body of conspirators, and entered into direct correspondence with the king and queen, who replied from Palermo in the most affectionate terms to the vagabond's letters, and sent him money, with which he purchased new adherents. These men and others, who now took up the same course of action, were like the provincial partisans, for the most part disreputable and vile; and we see the nature of the movement, and the value of the success which it gained, in the fact that such was the most considerable support which Ferdinand received from his own subjects.

But while such conspiracies were in progress amongst the rabble, there was concerted a more dangerous and better cemented enterprise, by some royalists belonging to a higher order of society. The contriver of this plot was a Swiss, named Bekker, who, having long dwelt in Naples, and married there, had thus become connected with some families belonging to the most violent of the king's party. He was also personally attached to the Bourbon's service, in which he had held a commission; and his brother still bore the rank of captain in the dispersed army of Ferdinand. The man appears to have been exactly suited to the deed; a very adventurer, designing, bold, and unscrupulous. In the present temper of affairs he could not but see that there was a clear prospect of future profit and honor from a daring and fortunate attempt on behalf of the king; and no sense of pity or regard dissuaded him from putting it into execution. As soon as the allied fleet appeared on the coast, he entered into a correspondence with the admirals; and in concert (it is said) with them, arranged the plan of a royalist insurrection, which was to be brought about in the city of Naples. The scheme was well devised, but cruel and treacherous: and could only have been entertained by a number of persons above the class of brigands, in a nation of the history of which had already recorded the tale of the Sicilian Vespers. It is impossible to believe that the English admiral, (Foote) knew more of the design than that an armed rising was to take place on behalf of the king; or that he was in any way a party to the proposed acts of massacre and devastation.

The project was to choose some holiday, when the entire city, whose gaiety and thoughtlessness no calamity can long subdue, should be the least prepared for attack: at this moment the allied fleet was to appear in the bay, and bombard the defences of the harbor. The national guard would, of course, instantly rush in a body to the fortifications so assailed: and while the city was thus left without protec-

tors, the insurrection was to break forth in all quarters at once: in the midst of the tumult and surprise, the mutineers were to seize and assassinate all the principal men of the republican party; at the same time all the houses belonging to its partisans were to be plundered and delivered to the flames. Many took part in this terrible design in the mere hope of advancing their fortunes at the expense of a party which they disliked: some were attracted by the desire of license and plunder, and by the ferocity which delights in shedding blood securely: others (and these were the most formidable of all) had old revenges to satiate, and rejoiced in this opportunity of feeding them to the utmost: so many were the motives which swelled the conspiracy now levelled against the republic.

In order that the blow might fall with certainty, in a city so populous, where the confusion would be great, and the victims many, it was necessary to draw up lists of proscription: to direct the assassins in their work. The houses intended for destruction were also visited, and a mark affixed to each, on seeing which the agents of the conspiracy might confidently begin to burn and slay. But more than this was needful to ensure the full mischief that had been contemplated. Many houses were inhabited by more than one family: in some republican families there were royalist members, who might be destroyed unless all were suffered to escape together, which was not to be thought of. To these it was consequently decided that passes should be secretly issued; which being shown when the house or family was attacked, might secure them from the destruction which should fall upon others.

It happened that Captain Bekker, brother of the chief leader in this plot, had for some time been enamoured of a young Neapolitan lady, whose family belonged to the republican party, named Luigia Sanfelice, well born, very beautiful, and of engaging manners. Although she would not listen to his entreaties or accept of his love, he did not abandon the suit, but persevered, hoping, perhaps, in time, to overcome her disinclination. It will not be imagined that his want of success arose from any coldness of nature in the young maiden: she was born in a climate the very air of which seems inspired with passion—where love is the sole business of life to the sweeter sex: and she was not less formed to feel than to excite its warmest affections. But she had already bestowed her heart on a younger lover, a countryman of her own, named Ferri. He was an enthusiastic adherent of the new constitution, and had taken up arms in the national militia: but it would appear that some disparity existed between the cir-

circumstances of the lovers, or obstacles of other kinds, which deterred them from publishing their attachment, the secret of which was hitherto known to each other only.

In spite of his repulses, Bekker loved La Sanfelice sincerely: and she was the first person of whom he thought when the protections were named. He found an opportunity to speak with her alone during the early mass: and, repeating his oftentold tale of devotion, proved its sincerity by giving her one of the protections which have been described above. To explain the object and use of this gift, it was necessary to inform her of the approaching peril in which it was to be her security: and Luigia, although terribly alarmed, had nevertheless self command enough to pursue him with inquiries until she had learned the principal circumstances of the design: after which she accepted the paper with thanks, concealing her agitation as well as she could. Bekker enjoined the utmost secrecy, and withdrew, hoping that he had saved his mistress, to requite him, perhaps, on some future day, for the service he had rendered.

She had, indeed, accepted the safeguard but not use it for her own safety. The danger of her lover, a declared partisan of the republic, and holding its commission, was the only object of her fears. To him she hastened, with all the unselfish eagerness of a young girl's love. She had already given him what was more precious than life, and had now no wish to be safe while he was in peril.

It never occurred to her to ask herself if he would consent to use a protection thus obtained—if he would owe his life to an exception granted by assassins—or take a means of safety which left his mistress defenceless. To Ferri, therefore, she revealed the whole of Bekker's communication, and implored him to use the advantage which she had thus accidentally obtained. The young soldier listened to the breathless words of Luigia with no little surprise and emotion. Enchanted as he could not fail to be by so lovely a proof of her tenderness, he was, if possible, still more strongly affected by the danger, in its most hateful aspect, which threatened the liberties of his country and the lives of its defenders.

He took her in his arms, and made her repeat to him again and again all that she had heard of the conspiracy, the names of its leaders, and the time and manner of its execution. As soon as the interview was over, he hastened, with the pass in his hands—a paper bearing two or three signatures—to discover the plot to the government; proud to think that to his love the cause of his country might owe its preservation. The Council of Administration,

as soon as it had heard what Ferri could relate, required the attendance of La Sanfelice herself: and the bashful girl, who had little expected such a trial, was called upon to submit to a long interrogatory, in which the secret of her heart could not but be rudely torn open: while other fears of danger to herself and others, and of the suspicions of the government, agitated her unused to such proceedings. She seemed to fancy herself or her lover in some way compromised, and in the most affecting manner besought the indulgence of the Council, which she hoped to conciliate by a full confession. She then repeated, as well as her agitation allowed, the substance of what she had confided to her lover, revealing all that she knew excepting only the name of the party who had offered her the protection. She firmly declared that she would rather die than betray a friend whose care for her safety had led to the discovery. To Ferri even she had refused to tell his name: and jealous as the Italians are said to be, he did not attempt to overcome her silence. The council forbore to press her upon this point; indeed, what they had already gathered from the story of Luigia, and the exhibition of the pass, rendered her reserve a matter of little moment. Several parties were apprehended, before they had time to destroy their papers, and these were the means of discovering all the branches of the conspiracy. Its leaders and their agents were imprisoned, the needful precautions taken against surprise, and the thread of the intrigue in this manner wholly unravelled and broken. The circumstances and origin of this deliverance were now made known by the government: and Luigia, who had been trembling with the apprehension of public remark and censure, if not of punishment, suddenly found herself the object of the most enthusiastic praise and admiration. The friends of the new constitution vied with each other in evincing their gratitude by a variety of flattering compliments. When all particulars of the plot were declared, and the fatal marks recognised on most of the houses in the city, not excepting even the public buildings and the palace of the archbishop himself, the terror of the people enhanced their thankfulness to the author of the fortunate discovery. They followed her with *vivas* wherever she appeared: and their admiration of her youthful charms was not without its influence in aiding the enthusiasm which proclaimed her 'the savior of her country'—'the guardian angel of the republic.' Luigia was more distressed than gratified by this public notice, and gladly escaped from applauses which she had not sought for, to the arms of her lover, surrendering herself to the transports of what she fondly thought a fortunate affection.

Alas! the repose of all who had attached themselves to the republic was not to last many days longer. Throughout the provinces the royal party had entirely recovered the ascendant. Cardinal Ruffo's horde was rapidly advancing towards the capital, where alone, and in a small circuit around its walls, the new constitution still maintained itself. The government despatched troops to act against the 'Army of the Faith:' lukewarm, unwarlike, and led by inexperienced commanders, they were defeated and repulsed in almost every instance. At the entrance of the Bay might be seen the signal frigates whose evolutions betokened the near approach of the allied fleet. In spite of every attempt to preserve public order, the rulers of the sinking republic, as its disasters increased, were harassed by continual reports of seditious assemblages, and cries of mutiny which nightly alarmed the city: and the minds of its inhabitants, already awakened to a sense of the risk, were shaken with fears of sudden rapine and massacre. The few French troops which remained in the citadel were not even sufficient for its defence: they were intent on securing themselves alone, foreseeing that they would soon be insulated in the midst of enemies: and in the brief struggle which preceded the final overthrow of the republic, they took no part, but made for themselves a separate capitulation. Consternation, and a certainty of imminent misfortunes, seemed to have quenched whatever courage had existed, except in the hearts of a few. Amongst the needful orders for the array of the city in case of attack, it had been fixed that certain discharges of artillery, in one or more volleys, as the case might be, should be signals for the assemblage of the militia, the manning of defences, the clearing of the streets, or other suitable preparations. Of these, it was thought expedient to make trial before the real need should arrive:—the alarm signals were heard, and it seemed of the instant as if the whole heart of the city shrank and trembled:—the faces of men turned pale, as they slunk away to shelter themselves: and the streets, full and lively but a few minutes before, suddenly became deserted, and silent as the grave. When such was the general temper of the people, there remained no part for brave and virtuous men (and there were many,) who had bound themselves to the republic, but to perish in a resistance which could not be animated by a single ray of hope. How this was fulfilled may be shown by one instance, which is chosen amongst many of a similar heroism. The army of the Cardinal had already invested the city, proceeding deliberately, with the avowed purpose of exciting more surely the fierceness of his troops by the prospect of deferred plunder,

as he had promised them the sack of Naples. Such forces as the republic could collect were now fruitlessly contending at the outposts: their chief strength was composed of men not used to bear arms, who had devoted themselves to death in the defence of their country.

Amongst these was seen Luigi Serio, an advocate, far advanced in years, and nearly blind, renowned for learning, eloquence and deserved honors paid him by royalty in former years—but a hater of tyranny, and one who preferred death to servitude. On the first sound of the alarm, he called around him three nephews, who were inmates of his house, saying, 'Let us go and resist the enemy.' The young men, more timid and cold-blooded, would fain have dissuaded him from the attempt, objecting his feeble age, his want of sight, and the danger of going unarmed. The reply of the old man has been recorded:—'I have obtained from the Minister of War,' he said, 'four muskets, and two hundred cartridges. Let us come near enough, and I shall not fail to hit some one in the crowd. Do you follow me: and if we are not afraid of dying, we shall have at least the sweetness of avenging our country for a moment before death.' They all went forth; the old man first of all, and in the hottest danger, fighting and encouraging his nephews to the last moment: he soon found the worthy death which he coveted, on the banks of the Sebeto. Strange that the same outcry should produce armies of cowards, and prodigies of individual heroism.

It is needless to describe the contest which after a struggle of three or four days gave Naples to the invaders: having served at least to procure for the inhabitants the terms of a capitulation, and for the republican chiefs the permission to expatriate themselves which was so cruelly and treacherously annulled on the arrival of Nelson with the allied fleet. But it must be mentioned that, in the last agony of the republic, while the enemy was already at the city gates, the revolutionary committee, having completed the investigation of Bekker's conspiracy, sentenced to death himself, his brother, and three of his chief accomplices. In the confusion of the time, and perhaps on account of the royalists, who had taken up his arms in the city itself, the sentence was not publicly executed, but the criminals were shot within the fortress of Castelnuovo. They certainly deserved death, and the trial had been regularly conducted: but the clandestine manner of the punishment, and the circumstances of the time, made it unwise, hasty, and worse than useless—seeming more like the petulance of revenge than justice. The consequences of this mistaken act recoiled heavily upon the innocent

being by whose means the treason had been discovered. Before the trials of the remaining accomplices had been completed, the republic fell; and they who were lately and justly treated as criminals of the worst kind, found themselves in a position to revenge themselves terribly on their accusers.

On the arrival of Nelson with the fleet, there was published an edict of Ferdinand's declaring 'that the King should not treat with his subjects:' annulling the amnesty and other solemn engagements made by his representative, the Cardinal; and threatening with the full weight of his vengeance, 'the traitors,' whose departure in the vessels that had already received them on board, was countermanded. After nearly a hundred had been selected from these, and imprisoned, the remainder were allowed to go into banishment. This cruel act of the king's loosed the turbulent violence of the Cardinal's troops, that had already been hardly restrained from breaking out. The plunder of the city began, and for many days it was delivered up to the most revolting excesses. It is actually declared, by an eyewitness, that on the 8th of July, in the *Piazza del Palazzo*, in open day, five men were thrown alive into a fire which these monsters had kindled, and that afterwards the roasted flesh was devoured by them. This last enormity, however, was so terrible, that it caused the adoption of immediate measures to check the license of the army and the populace.

To these atrocities succeeded the deliberate cruelty of the king. Of the part which Nelson, overcome by the blandishments of Lady Hamilton, took in these affairs, and especially towards Caracciolo, it is lamentable to think, and painful to speak. We willingly leave the relation of this shameful part of his history to other hands, and turn from it with sorrow and disgust. Tribunals were now constituted for the express purpose of doing speedy execution upon the political offenders who filled the prisons: informations were encouraged: the vile passions called for the vilest purposes: the vengeance of the king hardly preserved even a show of judicial inquiry. The sentences were cruel, and relentlessly executed: it was sufficient to have done any act under the republic, or shown any regard for its constitution, to incur the worst penalties; the lives of all who had not fled from Naples were at the mercy of a brutal king, servile and cruel ministers, and those amongst the vilest of the populace who had revenge to gratify, or profit to expect from false denunciations.

Of those victims of injustice none had a harder fate than Luigia Sanfelice. She

saw her lover for the last time on the day before the city was assaulted: from this day she sought in vain for tidings concerning him. After a little while the names of those who had been apprehended as state criminals became known, and he was not found amongst the criminals. He must therefore have fallen in the battle, or have escaped to some other country, happy in either case to have been spared the indignities which awaited those upon whom the king's hands had fallen. But had he survived, some tidings would surely have been conveyed to one whom he passionately loved; and Luigia, at least, felt certain that her lover had perished in the fall of the republic. To this grief was added the misfortunes of her family, many of whom were expecting in prison the certain severity of the tyrant;—and she who was so lately beloved, admired, surrounded with kindred and friends, stood alone, a desolate, heart-broken creature—with no one to counsel or assist her; in those cruel times, when youth, innocence, and womanhood were no protection. She soon had reason to feel how powerless they would prove in her own case. Amongst the edicts which had been promulgated by Ferdinand on the restoration of his power, was one, if possible, more odious and dangerous to all his subjects than any other—for under it no man who had enemies was safe. It declared it to be a capital offence, punishable with death, to have done or contributed to any act on behalf of the republic, whereby injury or detriment had been inflicted upon any person. As soon as this sanguinary law, and the manner in which it was interrupted by Ferdinand's special tribunals, became known, some of the Bekker's relatives, rejoicing in the hope of revenge, accused La Sanfelice as having come within its danger, by helping to the discovery which caused their execution. This denunciation was sufficient, and the unfortunate young lady, trembling with shame and just apprehension, was dragged before a court, over the entrance to which might have been placed that forbidding motto which the Florentine saw on the gates of hell—

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che 'ntrate.

On Cardinal Ruffo's entry into Naples, he had immediately named a Giunta di Stato for the prosecution of the republicans, many of whom they condemned to death. The men who sat in this tribunal were servile and merciless, but even in their hands it seemed to the king that the sword did not fall fast enough,—and he added to the commission several others, amongst whom were three Sicilians, Damiani, Sambuti, and Vincenzo Speciale, men already practised in the work which was expected from them. The sessions of this body did

not even cease during the night, and its sentences followed each other with frightful despatch. The following anecdotes of Speciale, the busiest of these agents, will afford some idea of the description of men before whom Luigia, feeble and terror-stricken, was called to plead against bitter and powerful accusers, and in what manner the functions of justice were exercised by them.

One of the prisoners brought before him Nicola Fiano, was so fortunate that the most ingenious wresting of the law (as it was called) could not supply any reason for condemning;—but the king had sent orders that he must die: and the judge brought it about in this manner. He had known Fiano in former years—and having ordered him to be brought from prison privately, when he appeared, he exclaimed, with feigned emotion; ‘Is it you?’ and ordered the fetters to be removed. ‘Alas! Fiano,’ he said, when they were left alone, what a position for both of us! when we used to enjoy the pleasures of youth together, we little thought that a time would come when I should have to judge you as a criminal! But it is fortunate that fate has placed the life of a friend in my hands. Forget my office, and your misery, let us talk as friend to friend, let us devise the means of your escape. I will repeat what you must declare and confirm for this purpose.’ Fiano wept, overcome with joy and gratitude, and Speciale tenderly embraced him in return, a secretary was called, and took down the words which Fiano had been advised to utter: and which supplied what was wanting to bring him within the letter of the law:—there was not a word of truth in the declaration, and the unfortunate dupe was thus beguiled to his own destruction, under the pretence of friendship.

There was another prisoner whom it required no device to convict, of the name of Francesco Conforti. He was, however, a learned man; and was thought to have composed an unassailable defence of the Neapolitan crown against the pretensions of Rome, (which it will be remembered, have been matters of contest ever since the time of Sixtus V.) But the manuscript had been lost, and it was deemed worth while to entreat him to rewrite so valuable a state paper; which Speciale induced him to do, by positive and solemn assurances that after it was done, he should be not only liberated, but highly rewarded. With this hope the prisoner, removed into a commodious cell and supplied with the needful books, toiled day and night to complete the work—which he lost no time in handing to the judge. On the same day that Speciale got possession of the MS. he ordered the trial of Conforti to proceed, and instantly passed on him sentence of

death, which was executed a few days afterwards. Such were the men on whom the destiny of this unprotected creature now rested. They had lately proclaimed that her sex would procure her no indulgence, by ordering to be hung Eleanora Pimentel, a lady distinguished beyond most women of her day for poetical talent, learning, and eloquence—her offence was having written with spirit and genius on behalf of the republic.

Luigia’s trial was a very short one. The part which she had borne in the detection of Bekker’s conspiracy was described; of this she could deny nothing, except the assertion that she had revealed the name of the captain. The judges without the least hesitation pronounced her guilty under the king’s edict, and she was carried back to prison under sentence of death.

In so terrible a strait the instinctive love of life prompted her to portray a secret, which even this motive hardly could force her to reveal. It was only after a long struggle that the instinct prevailed, and she pleaded in arrest of execution that she was destined to become a mother,—a confession almost bitterer than death itself for she still bore her maiden name, and not her lover’s. An examination of her person confirmed the plea; and as there is no law so merciless as to decree death to the innocent unborn, the judges reluctantly arrested the execution. The king, who had returned to Palermo, received regular reports of the proceedings in every case; and on reading these, ordered an angry reproof to be addressed to the Commission, declaring that the examiners had been misled, or had lent themselves willingly to a plea which was falsely advanced as a means of escaping punishment. Again the unhappy girl was subjected to the indignity which she had already undergone—with the same result; her pregnancy was asserted to be beyond doubt. But the unmanly and brutal monarch was not satisfied even with this, and showed an inveteracy against her which would have been shameful had she indeed been a criminal, and not, as she really was, innocent as her own unborn infant of any state offence. He commanded that she should be transferred to Palermo, there to submit to the inquiries of his own physicians; she was sent thither, and their testimony repeated that of the previous witnesses. The king angrily relaxed for a while his grasp of the victim, who was suffered to exist in prison until the birth of her infant should take place, and bid the unhappy mother prepare to die.

Meanwhile the miserable city of Naples lay quivering under the blows of the executioner. All that the cruelty of cowardice (and there is none more implacable) could perpetrate, was now experienced.

More than three hundred of her most distinguished inhabitants perished on the gallows or the scaffold, amongst whom were found the illustrious names of Caraffa, Riario, and Collona—men the most eminent in science and letters—and others who were the charm of society and the hope of many families. The extent of the devastation may be calculated when it is remembered that the republican party in Naples drew nearly all its strength from the classes most adorned by learning, genius, and social accomplishment. In Italy, at least of late years, the partisans of absolutism have rarely been found among the notables of the land. The furious defenders of Ferdinand were brigands and lazzaroni, the vicious and ignorant of the classes above them, scandalous churchmen and unprincipled lawyers, nobles who only approached the throne to hide their own insignificance beneath its folds. Well may the historian exclaim that there was never a city or nation, how rich soever in genius and worth, that would not have been impoverished by a calamity so universal. But this was not all it had suffered; other hardships and injustices were inflicted, which, if less fatal to the prosperity of the State, were nevertheless, humiliating and intolerable. These cannot be better described than in the following extract from the account of an eyewitness:—

‘Together with these bloody trials, others of lesser moment were despatched; sentences of imprisonment, of confinement within certain districts, and exiles innumerable. Amongst the banished might be seen men tottering with age, youths or children whose age did not exceed twelve years: ladies, matrons and maidens. And all this innocence chastised—one for having the hair cut in a particular fashion, or wearing beard on the chin; another for partaking in some republican ceremony—the women for having distributed succours to the sick and wounded. Nor amidst such a lust for punishment was there wanting the urgency of private hatred or avarice—procuring under pretence of state necessity, the exile of the creditor, the competitor, the rival; for which reason domestics and inmates, friends, and kinsmen, nay, even brothers and wives were suborned or encouraged to act as traiters and spies. Morals, already depraved by the older condition of the kingdom and by other more recent causes, were finally in this year, 1799, utterly destroyed by such innumerable examples of virtue punished and prosperous wickedness.’

Yet the reign which this tyranny was intended to secure, was torn in little more than five years from its unworthy possessor. Hardly was the feast of vengeance begun, when the sound of approaching danger were again heard. A few months

more, and Napoleon, returned from Egypt, made France resume her confident and menacing attitude, and the voice of coming retribution was borne to the ear of Ferdinand from the plains of Marengo.

Throughout the winter Luigia languished in the prison of Palermo, and in the spring of the following year gave birth to a child. There was nothing now to delay the execution of her sentence, as soon as she was strong enough to be raised from her bed.

But the king was by this time busied with external affairs, the first heat of vengeance had had time to cool, and might have ceased to seek for more victims. All who had known and loved the unhappy girl were not slain or banished; her case had excited commiseration even amongst strangers; and exertions were made in secret to procure a reversal or mitigation of the penalty to which she had been condemned. Her friends succeeded at length in gaining the ear and awakening the compassion of the young princess Maria Clementina, lately married to the heir-apparent, Francesco—a lady of gentle and affectionate dispositions, and said to be an especial favorite of the king. Through her intercession, which was cordially offered, it was hoped that a pardon might be obtained for one whose only fault was that she had loved too well, and whom neither manly feeling, nor even the sternest justice could condemn. The princess, herself about to become a mother, was perhaps excited to a warmer sympathy with Luigia's sufferings by this circumstance, and only waited a favorable occasion to interpose on her behalf. This was soon afforded during the rejoicing on the birth of an heir to the crown, of which she was confined in the month of June. The manner in which she attempted to fulfil her amiable purpose was not less touching than well chosen.

In the royal house of Naples there has long prevailed a remarkable usage, on the birth of an heir to the throne. The event is celebrated by a formal visit of congratulation, which the king pays to the mother, as soon as she was able to receive it, and before she has so far recovered as to leave her bed. On this auspicious occasion, the princess has the privilege of claiming from the sovereign three notable and peculiar graces, which are to be chosen by herself, and which however difficult to grant, have rarely, if ever been refused. This sounds more like romance than reality, but historians assure us that it is literally true. Availing herself of the established custom, the amiable princess Maria chose for her request on this occasion the pardon of La Sanfelice; and in order to enforce it more certainly, and to convince the king of the earnestness of her petition, she combined

in this one entreaty all the three which the privilege of her state allowed her to have made. A petition from the unfortunate prisoner, followed by an eloquent supplication, signed by the princess's own hand, was so placed within the clothes of the new-born infant, that it was immediately observed by the king when the child was presented to him. He appeared to be in the happiest temper; and after the usual ceremonies, took the baby in his arms, admiring its stoutness and beauty, on which he complimented the princess in the manner most pleasing to a young mother's ear. In the midst of these congratulations he noticed the paper attached to the child's dress, and asked what it was? 'It contains a petition,' the princess replied, 'which I now implore from your Majesty:—a single grace, instead of three, so earnestly do I desire its fulfilment of your Majesty's generosity!'—The king, still smiling and gracious, inquired, 'For whom do you make this petition?' 'It is for the unhappy Sanfelice,' the princess said, and would have proceeded to urge the suit further, but for the severe and threatening aspect of the king, which alarmed her into silence. His countenance underwent a repulsive change on the instant of Luigia's name being pronounced. Darting a suspicious and terrible look at the princess, he laid, or rather, in a kind of fury, (says the narrator of this interview,) dashed down the infant on its mother's bed, and without speaking a word abruptly left the chamber. It was some time before he consented to see either the princess or her child again. This ungenerous and cruel behavior alarmed the princess as much as it distressed her: and she wept bitterly as she related to Luigia's advocate the repulse which she had met with and abandoned all hope of subduing the implacable ferocity of the king. His temper was too well known in his own family to encourage the princess, timid, unsupported, and a stranger to risk a second attempt. This, at all events, he was determined to prevent. Recalled by the petition to a purpose which he had perhaps forgotten, he instantly issued an order for the removal of La Sanfelice, without delay, to Naples, where the punishment decreed by the Council of State was to be immediately carried into effect. Thither, accordingly, she was conveyed, while yet drooping and enfeebled by the pangs of child-birth—and (to continue the description, which Shakespeare might have drawn for her with the prophetic truth of genius) she was dragged to the infamous Piazza del Mercato—the scene of countless murders done under the name of justice—and there died, an early victim, under the axe of the executioner. The murder was acted in the presence of a terror-stricken and weeping crowd, many of whom, hardly a year before, had fol-

lowed her with acclamations, as she passed through the rejoicing city, radiant with beauty and happiness.

So perished, by the brutal fury of the tyrant, in the first year of the present century, a young, fair, well-born Neapolitan lady—innocent of all offence, and only unfortunate in loving too fondly, and living in evil times and among evil men. This outrageous wickedness was perpetrated in the presence of thousands of men, who knew that she was guiltless and helpless, and a woman, and yet could look on, and see it done. And this, be it remembered, took place in no heat of public commotion or anarchy, but with the resolved deliberation of a settled power, under forms of law—and by the express command of 'the father of his people.'—A grave and disheartening subject for reflection! and yet, if rightly considered, as a lesson not without its uses. It is well to know to what extremes the abuse of power may be carried. And if men of ardent tempers, impatient of such a prospect, have been betrayed into passionate invectives against tyranny and servile obedience, let their excuse be found in instances like this; of no imaginary excess, nor borrowed from distant times—showing how wretched may be the condition of a people yielding itself to absolute power, when the ruler is cowardly, selfish, and vindictive.

As a matter of tragic interest, may we not repeat that invention could hardly have contrived a sadder tale? As a trait of national history, may we not ask, in what other European country could a tale like this be told by men who are yet alive? Let us entreat those who can weep over scenes of fancied sorrow, to linger for a moment by the grave of a real sufferer, and bestow under her the simple lament which you still hear when her story is told in Naples—*MISERA SANFELICE.* V.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CHEMIST'S FIRST MURDER.

... 'I know not how to begin the story,' said the chemist, sighing heavily, while a slight spasm passed over his sorrowful face; 'but when I used to poison people—'

'I can't accept that for a beginning,' said I, interrupting him. 'Your conscience is over nice, too sensitive and suspicious by half. Begin, in plain, honest English, 'When I was a chemist—'

'It means the same thing,' he answered. 'The people in Albania, you know, always commence their stories with 'When I was a thief.'

'So might some of us in England, who belong to what Sydney Smith calls the un-

detected classes of society ; but you never heard a lawyer, when settled in his easy chair, opening a narrative of the past parliament, referring to past periods of legislation, preface their anecdotes of patriotism with 'when I practised bribery through thick and thin.'

'You speak,' returned the chemist, sadly, of people wiser than I am ; people who can very well bear their own reproaches, so long as they can contrive to escape the world's. But enough of this. When I was a pois—Well, then, when I was a chemist—'

'That's it, now go on.'

At that time London had the Byron fever. But London contains many Londons, and they all had it with greater or less virulence. Thinking and thoughtless London—those who read much, and those who never read anything, the large souled, the little souled, and the no-souled, every one took the infection. It became quite the fashion, all of a sudden, to feel. Iron nerves relaxed, hearts of stone broke to pieces inwardly. There might be some who did not know what to think—yet these could of course talk ; and there might be a few, who, from long established habits, found it quite impossible to get fast hold of a feeling, still they could shed tears.

Society became a sponge, soaking up those briny showers of the muse, which only descended faster and faster, 'and the big rain came dancing to the earth.' Young men wept until their shirt collars fell down starchless and saturated ; young ladies sitting on sofas, were floated out of the drawing-room window into the centre of Grosvenor-square ; and I verily believe that if those cantos (but they were not yet in existence) which found some little difficulty in making their way into families, could have got into a needle's eye, they would have extracted a tear from it.

For the ladies, however, I do not answer positively, I can only vouch for the condition of my youthful brethren. You might have seen them with the new volume—bought, bought, mind—not borrowed ; with the volume itself, not an American broadsheet that had pirated its precious contents ; with a wet copy of the first edition, not a smuggled, sneaking, cheating, French version ; with this volume of world enchanting wonders tenderly grasped, you might have seen them hurrying along the street stopping every now and then, and just opening it so as to peep at the mighty line within—then hastening on a little way repeating the half dozen 'words that breath' just read, until they were breathless, then burning with curiosity for the passionate revelation, they would glide down a gateway, or shelter themselves at a shop door, to dive a little further into the sea of thought bringing up a pearl at every dip.

The sensation with which these young people first read—

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child ?

constituted an epoch in their lives. It did in mine. That their canto was my first rock a-head. I never knew one bottle from another afterwards. All drugs became alike—merged into a drug. I hated Apollo in his connexion with physic, but I worshipped him in his poetical divinity. I did not aspire to write verse, my appreciation of it was too enthusiastic, exalted, and intense ;—to read it, to understand it, to recite it silently, accompanying myself on the pestle and mortar, was sufficient ecstasy.

By degrees, rather rapid, the pestle and mortar accompaniment was omitted. I abjured all practical superintendence of the affairs of 'the shop.' I regarded with a scorn that bordered on disgust the people who visited it, with prescriptions testifying to their miserable and innately vulgar concern for the welfare of their bodies, I longed to read them a favorite passage or two, prescriptive of mental medicine. A sudden burst—

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go,

startled the matter of fact applicant for an ounce of the strengthening medicine ; and an involuntary application of the ever-recurring line,

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child ?

would elicit from the simple girl who came from hartshorn, the explanation, that in general it was, 'only mother's is swelled.'

Disgust naturally came in time, and with it, as a matter of course, total inattention to 'business.' Add to this the fact that I was possessed, in the person of an apprentice, of one of those things called 'treasures'—in short, a precocious genius ; and it will be readily understood that a few mistakes in the mixing of medicines would occur every now and then.

'Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared, inscribed in golden letters upon purple glass, neatly framed, figured in the window ; and no doubt care was taken to prepare as many as might be presented ; but the lad had unhappily an experimental turn, and he was always for throwing perfumes upon Dr. Somebody's violets.

When he had no particular ground for guessing how an improvement could be effected, he would hazard an alteration for the sake of change, just to keep his hand in : and the bottle to the extreme right, or the drawer to the extreme left, or the jar next to him, had an equal chance in these cases of being resorted to. The effect was sometimes to heighten, to an alarming degree, some peculiar influence delicately infused by the learned prescriber, and sometimes neutralize altogether the essential principle of the prescription.

"Men have died from time to time," says the poet, "and worms have eaten them, but not for love." Can this be said of physic?"

At that time, however, I heard of no disaster. Men died doubtless, and worms dined. This was perfectly natural. At the worst, if any mysterious case obtruded itself, and the death of a patient followed immediately upon his taking a new lease of life from the verdict of a physician, there was always the convenient broken heart to fall back upon. Broken hearts were then as plenty as blackberries.

"And some," says Manfred, pleasantly enumerating the various disagreeables whereof people perish—

And some of withered or of broken hearts,
For this last is a malady that says
More than are numbered in the lists of fate.

We always used to set down any little inadvertence to the inevitable malady, the broken heart. A wrong medicine perhaps produced a very embarrassing and equivocal turn in the disease, which came after a little while to look like a totally different complaint—and having an odd appearance with it, it was clearly a case of broken heart. . . .

(The chemist groaned heavily, and appeared to labor under an attack of conscience.)

It was all very well while the mischiefs that arose, either from my own deliberate neglect, or the apprentice's speculative genius, were uncertain and obscure, so long as the body of the victim was not laid right against the shop door. But alas! a case occurred one afternoon—

(The speaker stopped at the very threshold of his confession, but after swallowing a glass of water, his faintness vanished.)

I was in the little apology for a parlor behind, reading the fourth canto, when the treasure of an apprentice quitting his place at the counter came to consult me upon something doubtful, either of quantity or ingredient, in a prescription just presented for preparation. I was in the heart of an enchanting, a soul-enchaining stanza. I had got to the line—

Though I be ashes a far hour shall wreak
The deep prophetic fulness of this verse—

when in he broke with an impertinent, an intolerable inquiry. I answered, in the flush of my excitement, anything—I named an ingredient or two for the compound off hand, and bid him vanish—resuming the passage, and completing the stanza—

And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse.

All medicines, however mixed, seemed weak to that idea. Prussic acid could not, so it appeared to me, have kept pace with such poetry. Its effect upon my mind as I read was, to make the most dangerous and deadly poisons appear perfectly contemptible, and not worth the care and

trouble of weighing them out in mere half ounces.

But suddenly, after a little time, an idea stole darkly across my mind of drugs compounded, add pills delivered;—of an intrusion on the part of the young genius of the shop, an order given by himself in articulate and peremptory words, and medicines consequently mixed up.

But what a medicine was among them, and in what a quantity!

Oh, no, the thought was a frightful one to be sure, but it was only momentary. A horrible suspicion, an agonizing fear, an appalling flash, but it was too acute, too withering to last, and it was all over. I sought again the fascinating spell of the poem—"And I have loved the ocean!"—"Oh! Rome, my country!"—"There was a sound of revelry by night."

How! the spell failing! Passage after passage, that had never failed me before. Yes, it was in vain to attempt to read, in vain to effect the abstracted, the meditative mood. The dark, strong, subtle. Thought would thrust itself into my brain, and hold down every idea that struggled to ascend that "more removed ground."

A sudden dash into the opposite extreme is sometimes effective in these cases so I got up, walked about and whistled considerably out of tune. But the horrid idea took a tighter and more burning hold, and seemed to twist itself round my brain like a red hot wire, as if it would never loosen again on the cool side of madness. I ceased whistling and walking about, flung myself into a chair, seized the magic volume, and opened it at the irresistible page—

Is thy face like thy mother's—?

Mine, as I glanced up at the little glass opposite, was like a maniac's. The likeness of the dreadful thought was there, the form of the scowling and distorted Suspicion was over it, and it seemed to have remoulded all my features, and my very eyes could not recognise their own reflection in the mirror.

I dashed down the book, that broken wand of the enchanter, and rushed forward to learn the worst; which was precisely what I *did* learn.

(Here the chemist swallowed another glass of water, and applied his handkerchief to his forehead.)

The customer was gone, so was the prescription, so were the pills. I elicited from my treasure of a lad a *verbatim* report of the instructions I had given, the medicine I had named, the quantity ordered, and I stood with the feeling of one impaled, just for a minute longer, to learn distinctly from his lips the deplorable but indubitable fact, that he had scrupulously and religiously observed my diabolical instructions. It was enough. By the force of my cessations which I had hitherto

struggled to suppress, I seemed to be literally shot out of the shop; and in thirty seconds was a considerable distance from the house, flying up the crowded thoroughfare insensible of impediments, and yet finding leisure to scrutinize every passer's face, utterly unconscious that I had never beheld the features of the luckless being whom I sought.

Then back again I darted in the opposite direction, seeking the unknown, as if it were my own soul that had slipped from me, and inwardly offering as I went, worlds per minute, for the discovery of the lost man. All this time I was equally unmindful of the circumstance that he had been gone an hour, east, west, north or south, I knew not—any more than I should have known his visage had I beheld it before me.

Frantic still, but breathless and exhausted, I returned. The tale was repeated word for word, various bottles, their labels and contents, were anxiously inspected again and again; as though there were some remote possibility of a latent chance of mistake. There could be none—there *was* none. The stranger had most certainly gone away, bearing with him a box of pills, whereof, by a most pitiless direction inscribed upon the lid, he was to take two daily.

'Heaven!' I exclaimed, 'be merciful to the doomed one, he has but eight and forty hours to live. Four of those pills would carry destruction, certain as gunshot, to the heart of an emperor, or the pulses of a serf. Neither Turk, Jew, infidel, nor heretic could escape.'

'That's as sure as death,' remarked my young treasure.

And as I turned to look upon the speaker, I thought I saw in his eyes the gloomy light of the condemned cell, and his voice had a harsh and grating sound, like the opening of the debtor's door at the Old Bailey.

That night I wandered about the Park, shunning everybody, yet peering as far as my fears allowed me into every face, expecting to see 'poison' written there. What happiness past expression to have encountered the stranger, now, now before bed-time. What an unspeakable relief to conscience, to be able to trace him out, to warn him of his peril, and avert his else inevitable fate. But this was hopeless. My thoughts ranged over all the consequences, the speedy death, the searching inquiry, the prompt detection.

I well knew, to be sure, all the time, that the world is amazingly indulgent and charitable on these occasions: I was aware that the public verdict universally agreed to in these cases of mistake, is that nobody on earth is to blame, and that the individual whose inadvertence proved fatal, is a

person well known and greatly esteemed for his peculiar carefulness.

I was conscious that the chemist, so far from being deemed culpable, would most likely obtain, through the medium of the shocking occurrence, a character for caution that he never possessed before.

But this to me afforded no consolation, no hope of a respite from the pangs of remorse, and the sentence of the law. The tramp of horses and the rolling of wheels in the distance, sounded like the rattling of fetters. The night grew dark; the rays of the moon looked no brighter than the grating of a dungeon: and at length as a sable cloud hung over the white vapor round it, there appeared to my affrighted eyes the image of a black cap upon the wig of justice.

Next day I gathered courage enough to take an eminent physician's opinion as to the effects of such a medicine, two pills a time until the box was empty.

His judgment was clear and final. The patient could not live to take a tithe of them.

I went to another distinguished authority with my suppositious case; he was equally distinct and undoubting. Four of them would of carried off Methuselah in the prime of life.

I returned home to dinner.—Dinner!—The cloth resembled a large weekly newspaper, with wood engravings, faithfully representing 'the culprit as he appeared at the bar on the day of trial.' At night I slept, indeed; but a jury of twelve well-fed Londoners were sitting on my stomach determined not to retire because they were agreed on their verdict.

Every hour after the second day, I expected the inevitable calamity. I pictured the sufferer dying, I pictured him dead. Then I recalled him to life, by that stomach-pump process by which the imagination in its extremity works, and felt that he might possibly survive through the third day.

But at length I knew he must be dead; and now for the revelation. Was he a son, a father? His relations would never permit him to perish so, without an inquiry. Was he married, would his wife be taken on suspicion of having poisoned him? Was he a resident anywhere in the neighborhood, and should I myself be summoned upon the inquest? Every question had its separate sting. Of ten thousand daily speculations, each inflicted its excruciating torture.

But days rolled on, sunrise, noon, sunset, night, all regularly came round, and brought no discovery. Not a 'shocking occurrence,' not a 'horrible event,' was to be found in the journals, morning or evening.

It appeared, just at that time, as though

the wheels of the world were rolling round without running over any body. In the vast crowd of society, not a toe was trodden on. Either the reporters were dead, or fatal accidents had gone quite out of fashion. It is true, that no stranger during a whole fortnight, set his foot within the shop without throwing me into an ague fit. It is true that throughout the same period, my eye never fell upon man or woman clad in mourning, without turning to a ball of fire in my head, with the consciousness that it beheld one of the bereaved and injured relatives of my innocent victim. Still no sign of detection came; and although my bitter self reproaches continued, my horror of the halter began considerably to abate. When——

[Here the chemist once more paused, and raising, not a glass, but a tankard of iced water to his lips, his disturbed countenance totally disappeared for a few minutes.]

——One afternoon as I was standing in a more tranquil mood at the farther end of the shop, gazing at the chimneys of the opposite house, and inwardly murmuring,

'Is thy face like——'

I proceeded no further with the apostrophe, for at that instant my treasure of an apprentice flew to my side, crushed one of my toes under his thick shoe, and compressed his whole volume of voice into a soul-awakening whisper, as he said,

'This is *him* !'

Him! I immediately looked at the object so ungrammatically indicated.

There stood before me a tall, gaunt, sorrow visaged man of forty five. His eyes were dull, and his jaws were thin. He looked like one who had suffered, whether abroad or at home, much sickness, had exposed an iron frame to severe trials in strong and searching remedies, had borne their effects well, and lived on in hope of a cure. There he stood, who was he?

The treasure in whose eye there was a ray of satisfaction, darted a significant glance at me, which seemed again to say, 'This is *him*,' as he bent forward a little, over the counter, to ascertain the customer's wishes.

'Young man,' said the stranger,

His lips were quite dry, and his voice very hollow,

'Young man, observe me !'

Here he looked intently into the treasure's face, and continued with peculiar impressiveness,

'You prepared me some pills lately, I see you have not forgotten, some pills, I say, look, here is the prescription. Ah, you recognise it. Yes, it was you indeed, who served me. Pray mind then what I say. Let me have another box of those

pills, for never did I find pills any where that did me half so much good.'

* * * * *

'Your story is interesting,' said I encouragingly.

'I am no judge of that,' returned the chemist with a sigh; 'but it is true.'

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE MOLTEN CALF.

BY MRS. GORE.

ONE of the light writers of the day, a fly upon the wheel of that great car of Juggernaut which is conveying the school-master on his progress, has proposed that, abolishing our old forms of chronology, we should date our epistles, instead of A. D., 'in the year of railroads, I, II, III,' and so forth. The new order of things certainly seems to demand a new ordering of our phraseology. If hair-powder and pig-tails have become obsolete, such words as interested and disinterested ought equally to be voted out of every popular vocabulary. The world, so prudish and jesuitical on most questions, no longer scruples to admit that it will not so much as uplift its little finger, unless for 'a consideration.' Our age is the age of mechanism, money setting mechanism to work in order that it may re-produce money; and the appropriate date of such an era ought to be 'in the year of the Molten Calf.' This demoralizing idolatry has sprung, like other fungi, from the corruption of old human nature.

Civilization has engendered a thousand factitious wants, such as bring even the proudest grovelling in the dust at the foot of the altar of Mammon. Like other idolatries, it is the parent of monstrous abuses, 'gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire.' Of all moral influences, it is the most deteriorating. It hardens the heart, it softens the mind. Vulgar assumption, dishonest artifice, reckless speculation, lie at the bottom of almost every strong box.

It is mortifying to reflect how seldom the man who has achieved great riches by his own exertions, has been known to spend them like a man, far less like a gentleman. Those whose wealth has been acquired by thrift, become in the process, over-calculating, selfish and narrow-minded; while those who thrive by speculation, are apt to waste in ostentation that which was conquered at a blow. Yet notwithstanding the abuse of riches so remarkable among the newly rich, our abject minds are prone to measure the greatness of even those among our cotemporaries distinguished in the first instance by their intellectual endowments, by their opulence; that is, to take their opulence as the best certificate of their intellectual en-

dowments. The literary consequence of Sir Walter Scott, deserved as it was, was considerably augmented during his lifetime, by the apparent prosperities of Abbotsford; and when Byron was driven to the continent by the slanders of London tittle-tattle, the hue and cry against the noble poet arose chiefly from public conviction that he was a ruined man. It was known that he had executions in his house, and executions are hanging matters.

To the easel of Lawrence, so long as he lived, thronged all the idlers of the metropolis, elevating him over the shoulders of Reynolds, and placing him on a level with Vandyck. These flatterers made no allusion to his coloring, no allusion to his designs, no allusion to his taste, knowledge, genius, or any characteristic of his art. They simply whispered among themselves, 'He has seven hundred guineas for a full-length, and orders for five years to come!' This was enough. A man so lavishly paid could not be otherwise than a great painter. But no sooner did it appear that the president of the Royal Academy had died an involved man, than the depreciation began.—'After all,' was now the cry, 'his was the mere reputation of a day. His pictures will not last. His pictures will never become property, like those of Lely, Kneller, Sir Joshua, or Gainsborough.'

And all this, because Sir Joshua had bequeathed money as well as fame to his descendants; for the first severe criticism upon the works of Lawrence, had its origin in the probate of his will in Doctors Commons.

According to the same system, the obituary eulogium of Sir Astley Cooper was grounded upon a citation of the amount of his fees. 'For such an operation,' said his biographer, 'he received a thousand pounds; for such another, five hundred, and so forth. No mention of the amount of human life saved by his intervention; no allusion to the extent of human agony abbreviated by his discoveries. Of Sir Astley, as of his French friend and rival, Dupuytren, it is considered enough to record the sum total of his amassments. That such would be the case seems, by the practice of their lives, to have been fully anticipated by both. But the fearful chapter of results from such a conviction on the part of such men, would lead us to too serious a subject.

Another striking instance of the evil consequences of Mammonism appears in the person of Thiers. For years and years did the intellectual classes of the French sigh after an adequate representative at the foot of the throne. Such was the grand object of the revolution of 1830. The people—or rather the able mountebanks who throw their voices into the mouths of the

people, as a ventriloquist causes his to emerge from a table or chair—were evermore crying aloud for a sympathetic interpreter of their wants, both moral and physical—an interpreter proceeding from their ranks but intellectualized by scholarship, to

Attain

To something like prophetic strain.

Plato baptized in the waters of the kennel, a gamin having undergone lustration in the fountain of Castalia. Such a man was vouchsafed them in Thiers. The struggling classes, 'the greatest number,' who are presuming enough nowadays to fancy their 'happiness' a matter deserving the consideration of law-givers, found in him a Washington qualified to create under the name of civic monarchy, an order of things more nearly approaching to republicanism than Europe ever contained within the decayed park-palings succeeding to her feudal moats and drawbridges; and the fallen intelligence of France hailed him as its *chiloh*.

And what was the result? The little great man found himself despised by the great little men among whom he found himself required to act for being poor, and affected riches as the means of acquiring them. The Spartan of the back attic grew luxurious, effeminate, and worldly, when lodged on the drawing-room floor; the man of the people no sooner found himself of the court, courtly, than down went his knee with those of the rest of the multitude kneeling in adoration before the Molten Calf! He was ashamed of being a mark wonder as the only upright man in presence of the worshippers of Mammon.

The refinements of the gaudy world of high life dazzled his eyes, deluded his judgment, and in the intoxication of the orgies commemorating the worship of his new idol, he forgot not only himself, but his suffering brethren of the dust; and would fain have sold them into slavery, as the sons of Jacob their brother. So surely as a savage state begets the law of the strong head, the cunning of the crafty, the frailty of the wise, the fall of the great Bacon, the rise of—no matter whom. The creator of hubble-ban's, the forger of flash notes, the forger of skeleton keys, Fauntleroy and Courvoisier, are merely acolytes, of different shrines in the same temple of the Molten Calf.

The great ones in high places do not sufficiently consider this. They, whose destiny is ordered by so admirable a complication of social machinery, that the pleasures of life come to them by a nod—that their luxurious meals appear as by magic on their tables, till every sensual pleasure becomes as much a matter of course as the rising and setting of the sun; they, who look upon gold as a thing whose

glittering sets forth to advantage the network of their embroidered purses, a superfluity which it is as well to have lying in the pocket of their carriage, lest, peradventure there should exist an obscure street in which their name is not a sufficient passport to credit, they are as little cognizant of the influence of money, as an infant of the value of the Pitt diamond.

Even those grand noun substantives of the human race who are chartered inheritors of the soil, or have exchanged their share of its products into the imaginary value of consols, bonds, and other 'securities,' and viewing their richness only in the form of a row of crooked figures in their banker's book, consider the same only as the spell, the 'open-sesame,' whereby the inner sanctuary of the temple of pleasure is revealed to view, take little thought of the sweat of human brows, nay, of the crimson sweat of human hearts, wasted in the amassment of that which they held so lightly. Could certain of these contrast the hungry days and shortened nights of the working poor, the first cogs of those intricate wheels whose complex movements lay the foundation of every colossal fortune, with the easy hours and eider-down pillows of the favored priesthood of the Molten Calf, they would perceive that He who drove the money changers from his temple, must entertain some high and inscrutable purpose in allowing them the whole range of the earth beside, for the establishment of their demoralizing traffic.

This somewhat prosy exposition has arisen in our mind from the contemplation of the fortunes of a young friend whose destinies—but with the leave of the public we will tell the whole story.

Lawrence Curwen was the second son of a gentleman of fortune, in one of the midland counties. It is not so pleasant to be a second son when the eldest is heir in tail to thousands a year, and the rest of the family to as much as parsimony can scrape together out of them. For people egotised by repletion of the good things of this world, rendered fool-hardy by prosperity touching the permanency of human life, rarely exercise the self denial which in the youthful rectitude of their principles they once held due to their expected offspring. They lay up their income, in short, as they lay up their leg in a fit of the gout, chiefly as a pretext for grumbling, and when too late to be of service.

The father of Lawrence Curwen married like other landed proprietors in love, with a vague sort of idea that a good estate must naturally provide for a numerous family. His flocks and herds, his beeves, and south-downs, were sufficient to keep a nursery as large as King Priam's from starving; nor was it till he had two sons in coatees, and four daughters in the stocks

(i. e. the dancing stocks,) that he began to reflect seriously upon parental responsibilities.

Reflection is pain and grief to a squire. John Curwen thought and thought till he thought himself ill, which, under all the circumstances was the only further imprudence he had to commit. It was his business to have repented before it was too late. The result of his tardy cogitations was the curtailment of his rural pastimes. He sold off his hunters; and as he did not at the same time renounce the strong port and strong ale with which he had been accustomed to season his hard exercise, he underwent a stroke of palsy, and after dwindling away a few months in drivel-dom at Cheltenham, pining after the swamps and salallows of his beloved Clayfield, died—died without a will—so that the squirearchical representative came into possession of 3740l. 5s. 6d. per annum, charged only with a jointure of five hundred a year to his mother, and a sum of ten thousand pounds to be divided between the five younger children, by virtue of the marriage settlements of their improvident parents.

Mrs. Curwen, who had hitherto found her destinies run smooth as glass, without any further control over the means that made them so than the disposal of an allowance of two hundred a year pin-money, now little more than doubled for her whole maintainance, and who, during her prosperous days had enjoyed the reputation of being a charming woman, and the most affectionate of mothers, soon grew peevish and irritable from the curtailment of her means of enjoyment. She had never been taught to rely upon better things. All she fully understood was the 'comforts of life,' and these were gone. Nothing remained but five children, brought up to be useless and consequently burdensome to themselves and her.

Lawrence was the only one of them old enough to perceive all this. He was a strong-minded, strong-hearted youth. But though he submitted cheerfully to be bound to a conveyancer, while the brother of whom till that day he had been the friend and equal, was entered at Christchurch, he was far less resigned, when, at the close of a year, he found that John had formed fast friendships with other young men of fortune, while he was only a lawyer's clerk; that his mother's invitations to her now comfortless home were few and far between; that even his sisters were gradually becoming strangers to him. His early training had not prepared him for such reverses. He had been pampered as much as the young squire. He and the girls had never been warned that the luxurious ease in which they lived was not to last forever. Even when informed by his

mother's trustee, a callous cousin, that he 'had his own way to make in the world,' he was not told that a younger son with seventy pounds per annum, must make it unshared by those joys of family affection to which he fancied himself still entitled.

Still he hoped. When John should attain his majority, he would of course do something for his mother and sisters, and assist his only brother along the thorny ways of professional life. For three years did he labor on cheerfully in this persuasion. He thought it odd that among the multitude of his father's friends, so hospitably entertained at Clayfield, who used to make him ride on their walking sticks, and had voted him such a fine little fellow when they visited him with his brother at Eton, not one ever thought of calling upon him in his small lodgings in the Adelphi. It did not much matter; as soon as the young squire became his own master, he should be placed upon a fairer footing in society.

But alas, the first thing accomplished by John Curwen on becoming his own master was to pay off his Oxford debts, and set up a hunting establishment at Melton. The selfishness of his parents had begotten selfishness in him. Why should he care for Lawrence more than Lawrence had been cared for by his father? John was working out his destinies as a younger son. Mrs. Curwen, a respectable widow, in easy circumstances bringing up her daughters in modest competence, was very well able to assist her second son if she thought proper. He even profited by a flaw in the settlement which enabled him to defer the paying off the children's fortunes, till the coming of age of the youngest, on pretext of better security for their interests.—And Lawrence saw that in the rich man he had lost his brother.

All this, by compelling him to strive to thrive, might have turned to his advantage but that the pampered boy was ill prepared to become the laborious man. A blight was upon his heart, the chill of mortification, the anguish of wounded affections. He was a Paria, alienated from his family, exiled from those of his own condition. He worked hard indeed, as a plant grows with a more rapid and unwholesome growth on some wall excluded from all sunshine. but he worked with bitterness in his soul. Money was to be his soul object, money, which had hardened the hearts of his kith and kin, and would harden his. He once told me all this, but I fancied he would outgrow so gloomy a view of human nature. Yesterday, however, I saw his brother step gaily from his cab at Crockford's club, and perceived that he had a crape round his hat. My mind misgave me. I inquired of the tiger who was holding his fine horse at the door, after Mr. Lawrence Curwen. He had never heard of such a

person. My voice faltered, I fancy, for the lad touched his hat as he added,—'Perhaps you mean master's brother, sir, as was buried yesterday? Master came up from Melton, sir, a purpose for the funeral; but I never saw the gemman, sir, he lived summers in the city.'—

Poor Lawrence! I seem to see him now with his bright face, at cricket with his brother on the lawn of Clayfield; or side by side in the old fishing boat, or with his arm round his neck, sauntering through the shrubberies.—But Curwen the dandy was then only little John, while Lawrence—no matter; I am now going to visit his grave.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE BARBER OF NORTHALLERTON.

BY DRINKWATER MEADOWS.

In the year 1800—it might be a year or two earlier, or a year or two later, I cannot approach nearer to the exact date, and as Mathew's old Scotch lady said, 'I believe it's na material to the story,' there resided in the town of Northallerton, in Yorkshire, a worthy, painstaking hair-dresser, &c., named Ramble called in his day, 'a Jack of all trades. Were he now living, and pursuing his various avocations, he would doubtless be styled 'a genius'; for, like Bob Handy, he could do 'everything.' Well may I say *could*; for alas! he has long slept in the peaceful grave, in the church-yard of one of the *now* quietest towns in the north of England. The railroad has removed its traffic, and covered its pavement with grass; the church which stands in the centre of the town, surrounded by its elevated burial ground, is no longer agitated by the rapid passing to and fro of the 'Wellington,' 'Highflyer,' or 'Victoria' post-coaches, or the 'Royal Mail'; the guard's horn or coachman's whip no more disturbs the devotion of the assembled congregation.

Poor Ramble! in thy day Northallerton was a town of importance, and could boast of the 'Royal Charlotte, six-inside, four-horse coach,' passing through on its way from London to Newcastle, the journey being generally performed in fifty six hours exclusive of remaining one night in New York. Passengers occasionally remained in Northallerton on business, and at times required the aid of the tonsor's art; and as surely as the 'sound of coaches' was heard, so surely was Ramble seen to pop his bald pate over the closed half of his little shop door, from which he could command a clear view 'up street and down street,' and gain the earliest intel-

ligence, if not as to *who* as to *what* was coming. The Royal Charlotte's arrival brought him hope, but 'hope deferred'; for as regarded customers from, or by it, he must wait the 'Boots' or 'porter's' summons to 'dress a traveller just come by t'Charlotte.' Not so when a lighter rattling was heard, and a travelling carriage was seen entering the town, 'drawn by two or more horses.' Then were Ramble's hopes raised to the highest pitch of expectation. On such occasions he flew to the door of the inn, thinking his appearance there with his shaving and dressing apparatus might gain him an order, as he said; and certainly, his clean apron, cravat, and shoes, his smooth grey locks, his bright pewter shaving jug, his white napkin, and his smiling countenance, free from 'superfluous hairs,' gained him many a customer. The quarter sessions for the North Riding being held in Northallerton, his wig dressing was called into notice, as he said, 'four times a year—every quarter.' And bitterly did the barrister lament who had brought his wig ready dressed, instead of having a spice of Ramble's office: for his dressing surpassed that of any other, far or near. It was Ramble's boast that he once dressed the wig of Judge——, the very wig he wore when he passed sentence upon the notorious——for murder, the superior dressing of which was such, as Ramble was wont to boast, 'that niver a single air of it was ruffled when he pulled hof his condemnation cap;—na', I did hear say as how he didn't have his wig dressed again for half a year after I had put it properly into friz, I had done it so well. He said to me,—Judge said, I mean, 'Ramble,' says he, 'you are a right good un, and I wish I had you with me in all my trials; for good looks' said he to me 'goes a lang wa' with my folks; and I niver seed a wig looked up to, in all my judgments, as mine was after your frizzing it, Ramble,' says t'Judge, 'niver,' says he. 'But,' he said, said he, 'I must not take you from your native *ills* and wigs, and transport you to places where the *hair* is not so fine,' says he. 'You must continue to cut your customers, and not leave 'em. Strive your huttermost to forget the dressing you have given me, and that you ever had sentence passed upon you for your doings by a Judge,' says he. And he said, said he, 'There's a hopelessness in everything; so who knows but I may one day *horder* you before me again,' says he. But he *niver* did; 'cause he lost his Judgment from *hill* elth soon after, and was made superannuated by Government for it, with a *avenue* from the funds of Parliament to live upon for his life.'

Bamble's talents were not confined to comb, puff, or razor,—no; he could play a little upon the fiddle, *did* beat the 'big

drum' in the Volunteers' band, and occasionally, when John Stockwell's little boy was ill from an over-ripe-plum affection, played the triangle. Nor did his acquirements cease here. He invented a superior blacking, could varnish fishing rods and walking-sticks, mend wooden clocks, put a new spoke into the wheel of a wheelbarrow, paint a sign-post, make a three-legged stool, hoop a washing-tub, repair broken china, make a mouse-trap, mend a watchmen's rattle, (no New Police in his day,) put up a four-post bedstead, fill up a broken window-pane with wood or glass, remove rheumatic pains, loose teeth and warts, carve an odd figure or face on the head of a walking-stick, re-cover umbrellas, gild oak-apples for school-boys for 'Royal Oak Day,' or the tips of constables staves, prepare the 'chairing chair' for elections, post placards for 'the rival candidates,' (covering his morning's work with his evening's,) distribute bills for the theatre, missionary meetings, assizes, races or auctions, officiate occasionally for the bellman; was a supernumerary in processions on the stage, and from long sevice, cleanliness, and attention, was a leader in such; an extra constable at the hustings, a locomotens for the watchman, an additional waiter at the Race ordinary dinner, a tip-staff at the sessions, and the only dealer in cork-soles in the town.

The loss of Ramble was sincerely regretted; for in such a town he was indeed a treasure. 'When comes such another!' 'A man he was to all his country *dear*,' and yet his customers never thought his charges so. His loss *was* great. He was a fellow possessed of valuable qualities, and a well-beloved member of society. He died 'universally lamented,' as the County Herald stated, 'leaving no family, and an extensive circle of friends and customers to grieve at his removal.'

I proceed to relate an anecdote descriptive of his genius, invention, taste, style, generosity and liberality. He did not make, like many of his and our day, make the most of a job. No; he said, 'a thing well done was twice done.' He charged moderately, because, as he said, 'cut and come again was a hexelent saying. Most of his customers did come again, even after he had cut them; but Mrs. Smith cut *h m*, and did not come again.—Who was Mrs. Smith?—Marry, it is of her I am about to write.

Mrs. Smith resided in Northallerton, and was possessed of a very snug property or 'coming in,' as an independence is called in those parts. She was a maiden lady, but preferred attaching *Mrs.* to her name, though still a Miss. She had arrived at the respectable age of seventy, and resided in a snug, neat, comfortable, old-maidish sort of a house, with a careful, steady ser-

vant of all work, who, from long and faithful service, had become her confidant and companion. Mrs. Smith, 'old Mrs. Smith,' as she was called by the Northallertonians, had resolved to have a few friends to tea, cards, sandwiches, and home made wine, as soon after Christmas as might be convenient to them and herself. A moonlight night was to be selected, or rather a night when that luminary ought to shine; because Northallerton did not then boast of lamps in the street, oil being too dull and too expensive: as 'gas wasn't then invented.' A Thursday was considered the most desirable day, because, as her servant Bridget said, 'the butter is always brought into the town fresh on Wednesdays the market-days; and Snowball, the carrier, could bring some muffins from Richmond, where they is to be had in perfection;' added to which, Thursday was the day on which, in the afternoon, the Female Committee of the Blanket-and-Flannel-Petticoat Society met to adjust their accounts, and distribute their comforts, taking tea first, and a little hot, sweet, and good' after, 'just to keep out the cold in their return home.' Mrs. Smith knew that in selecting a Thursday she might safely invite Mrs. Dobson, the Secretary of the said society, who would then be 'otherwise engaged and obligated not to come;' the said Mrs. Dobson, although an acquaintance of Mrs. Smith, being by no means a very agreeable one, or as Mrs. S. said, 'fit for every company, she says such very odd things, and everybody does not like it.' As the intended party was to be Mrs. Smith's 'annual,' she was desirous and anxious that all should be in 'apple-pie order.' All was arranged, the day, the hour, the order of the banquet. The large silver tea-pot was to be in attendance; the teacup was rejected, not having been brought into play, like the parish engine, for many a day.

'I can manage very well ma'am,' said Mrs. Bridget. 'The bright brass tea-kettle will look beautiful; and if you have it on the *ob* of the parlour fire, the singing of it will be quite cheering before the lights is lit, ma'am; and as Betty Speddy *spore* us her little girl the last time we had company, to help to toast the muffins, and keep the cat from the cream, (you will have cream I s'pose ma'am,) she will let her come again.'

'Very well,' replied Mrs. S. in her usual soft, tremulous voice, aged seventy; 'I dare say we shall do very well, and be very tidy and comfortable; but there is one thing I should like to have done, and there's plenty of time before I have my party. You see, Bridget, there's that picture of my poor dear uncle, who left me the little property I enjoy; the frame of it is very bad, and looks very shabby; now,

I should like to have it regilded. Do you know anybody Bridget, who could do it here—hey? I wont send it to New York, that is too far off.'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied Bridget: 'there's Mr. Ramble; he does almost everything for everybody here; and I dare say he could do it.'

Mr. Ramble was sent for, and promptly attended. Mrs. Smith stated her wishes to him, concluding with, 'Now, do not attempt to do any thing to the frame, unless you are positive you can do it very well, because it's the picture of my poor, dear uncle, who left me the property I now enjoy.'

Ramble replied, in his usual rapid mode of speaking, and in the Yorkshire dialect, 'Oh, dear, yes, ma'am, I can do it very well; I can make it look like quite new; I can make it look so varry well that you won't ken it again: it will look far better nor hever it did afore, I can s'ure you ma'am, if you *honely* trust to me. Your Bridget knows what I can do.'

'Very well, then take it away; but be sure to let me have it back as soon as possible, for it's the picture of my poor, dear uncle, who left me the little property I now enjoy—pray, do, *pray*, be *very* careful, *VERY* cautious.'

'Yes, ma'am—good day, ma'am, Mistress Smith; good day, Mistress Bridget. You wear well, Mistress Bridget, for a *hold* one, you do: you're made of the same good stuff as I is: tough and sarviceable, as I says. Good day, good day. I'll let your hold lady see what's what in the gilding line. I'll stonish her, you may depend. Good day, good day.'

Away trotted Ramble, delighted with his job, muttering to himself as he jogged along: 'Ay, ay, they shall see what Northallerton can turn out, and what I can do: they shall see a piece of gilding fit for our Parliament member's best chamber. When it's done, and folks see it, I wonder who will send their work again to York or Leeds? No, no: 'try Ramble, send to Ramble,' they'll say, and say right too. Nothing will be talked about but Ramble's gilding: is there any thing like it? No, no, no; I should think not, indeed!'

On arriving at his shop, he entered into his *sanctum sanctorum*, or, as he called it, his 'spankum spankorum.' Here he carefully deposited his precious charge in a position favorable for his operations upon the shattered frame of its constitution, and lost no time in commencing his pleasant work: his labor of love. In due time he beheld the completion of his task, glittering like the sun in meridian splendor: at least, such was its appearance to him: and although the work had proceeded by 'slow and sure' degrees under its hands, he stood

transfixed with delight when he beheld the wonders of his art.

'Gilding, indeed!' he exclaimed: 'ay, there's something like gilding, something fit to be called gilding, indeed. What will Mistress Smith say now, I wonder?' What *won't* she say? But, what the deuce, there's a *new* picture-frame, and a *hold* picture,—that will never do at all: the frame now quite shames the picture; it's like a *new* coat and a *hold* waistcoat: a clean stock, and a dirty beard. What's to be done? Oh, I know: I'll rub in a new back-ground.'

To it he went, not hesitating to use the same brush with which he had lately painted the window-shutters of his own shop; 'good, easy man!' Having as he called it, laid in his back-ground, he was delighted with the improvement.

'Ay,' said he, 'that's far better, very far better, a tremendous deal better; but plague take it, *now* there's a *new* frame, and a new back ground, but still a *hold* picture; no keeping there: I must do something: I'll touch up the features of his face a bit: where shall I begin? Let's see; oh! I'll begin with his wig, wig, indeed! stuff! they don't wear such like wigs now: why it's just like what my grandfather used to wear: wig, indeed? Bother! I shall rub it out, and paint him a 'ed of 'air instead: it will be more fashionable, and will become him better: make him look younger too.'

Out went the venerable uncle's still more venerable wig, and soon appeared what Ramble termed a 'ed of 'air,' for he was wondrous quick with his pencil: *brush* I mean. The wig had van shed: melted into thin *hair*. To describe the *flowing* locks is impossible; they stood 'on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine:' but Ramble was satisfied: *satisfied?* he was delighted.

'O beautiful, beautiful, grand! there's work! What will Mistress Smith say now I wonder, hey? But, what the deuce, there's a new frame, a new back-ground, a new 'ed of 'air and a *hold* face: that won't do: all wrong, I must touch up his features a bit: then I *shall* have made a job of it.'

Out went my uncle's black eyes, 'and in their stead,' appeared two lovely blue ones. Ramble soon discovered his error, but reconciled himself with, 'Well, niver mind; what odds? blue *hies* is tenderer far nor black ones: maybe he had blue *hies* when he was young: children often has blue *hies*, and gets black ones when they grows up, and gets vexinated.'

On went Ramble; the cheeks, the nose, the lips, the chin, even its dimple, all yielded to his transforming brush: his magic touch: nor did he himself perceive how great the change, how unlike his picture

was to that of 'my poor dear uncle, who left me the little property I enjoy,' until he had given it what he considered the *finishing* touch: then and only *then*, did he become aware of the fact.

'Ha, oh, what, yes, no, sure, well, I never! what *have* I done? what *can* I do? she'll kill me! why it's not a bit like her poor dear uncle, who left her the little property she now enjoys. Where shall I go? What shall I do? What business had I to paint without orders? I shall be ruined—I shall. It is *very well painted*; but then it's not a morsel like her poor dear uncle. Oh dear, oh dear! what business had she to have the frame touched at all? It might have lasted her time very well as it was: why she's seventy years hold! there's no fool like a hold fool: I always said so; there niver was any sense in hold women, and niver will be, no niver. I never know'd such a fool as she is; no, niver. I niver did. Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do? what shall I do. If I set fire to my shop, I shall be hanged for a burglary. I have it; I'll make it all right: I'll satisfy her, above a bit, I will; I'll rub the face all out and I'll paint her a flower pot instead: what a fool I was not to think o' that before: why, I paint flower-pots capitally: I've done scores o' them in my time on pasteboard. It will save her a vast deal o' trouble, poor hold soul: she's seventy: and when folks call upon her, they keep asking whose picture that is? and she has to tell 'em all over and over again, that it is the picture of her poor dear uncle, who left her the little property she enjoys, so that she talks herself quite out o' breath.'

To work he went, *out* went the face, and in due time *in* came a flower pot. Scarcely did he allow sufficient time for drying, so great was his desire to take it home and delight 'hold Mistress Smith' with the excellence of his art. Mrs. Bridget announced his arrival and the picture's to the old lady, seated in her easy chair, in her snug little parlor, like 'patience on a monument,' anxious to behold again the portrait of her poor dear uncle.

'Oh! Mr. Ramble, how glad I am to find you have finished your job: you can't think how I have missed it; however, you have done it at last: but I won't take one peep at it till it is in its proper place, so that I may be agreeably surprised with the renovation of the frame of the picture of my poor dear uncle, who left me the little property I now enjoy. Go on: you'll find the old nails still in the wall. Be very careful: mind you don't slip off the chair, you might hurt the picture. See that the nails be fast, and the rings quite safe. Don't hurry: and tell me when it's up.'

Mr. Ramble descended.

'Mistress Smith, it's up, ma'am said he

'What's that?' said *she*.

'Your picture ma'am,' said Mr. Ramble.

'Oh, no,' says Mrs. Smith: 'the picture you had of me, you know, was that of my poor dear uncle, who left me the little property I now enjoy: and that's a flower pot.'

'Yes; I *said* every body would know it was a flower pot, it's so very like. However, I can't stop to tell you all about it now, Mistress Smith, ma'am, 'cause I've got to dress a traveller at the Golden Lion: but, you see, ma'am, when I had finished the frame, it quite shamed the picture, the gilding was so hexellently done; so I rubbed in a back ground, and then touched up the face a bit: but, you see, ma'am, somehow, when I had done it, I saw it wasn't a bit like your poor dear uncle, who left you the property you now enjoy: so I rubbed it all out and have painted you a flower pot instead. The frame comes to three and eight-pence: but I can't think of charging you *anything* for the picture.'

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A QUEEN FOR A DAY.

On a cold and rainy day in the month of April, 1791, a post chaise with four horse, was seen to travel the road between Lons-le-Saulnier and Besancon. Two persons occupied the carriage—one of them, a tall, handsome, and elegant-looking figure, reclined alone in the back, while in the front was seated a young woman whose dress and manner at once bespoke the waiting-maid.

'What o'clock is it?' asked the mistress of the maid.

'Four o'clock,' madame.

'We shall never arrive—the postillions are rightfully slow.'

'The road is very bad,' madame.

'What a horrible delay—I was sure my nerves would play me some disagreeable trick; detained three days at Lons-le-Saulnier, ill and unfit to continue my route, with such serious reasons to wish it ended; and to add to my misery, to go so slowly; I believe at each change of horses they have given me the most miserable beasts possible to procure.'

'But, madame, unfortunately we are galloping the whole way, for the jolts are enough to dislocate our joints; it is your uneasiness and impatience prevents your feeling it. This country is pretty, but the day is so wet—I am sure that young man who follows us finds we go too fast.'

'How! is he there still?'

'Yes, madame, but a few paces from the carriage; he has not lost an inch of ground. He is a very good horseman.'

'He must be a most determined idler to

make a journey of seven or eight leagues, in weather like this.'

'Say rather, madame, that he must be very much in love.'

'He must be mad to follow a person whom he scarcely has seen, and never spoken to.'

'It only proves that they have still a remnant of chivalry in the provinces. I should like to see our fashionables of Versailles or Paris gallop in that way in weather like this, and a road bad enough to break one's neck; trust me they do not give themselves much trouble, they are expert at talking nonsense, or in following up an easy intrigue, but most assuredly they would not do as this honest provincial.'

'And they are perfectly right, for what can this young man gain but a broken back or a pleurisy.'

'Poor fellow.'

'You pity him, Suzanne; has he bought you over?'

'You know me too well, madame, to suspect such a thing, the chevalier——'

'Ah! it is a chevalier?'

'Did I not tell you so, and, moreover, before you tore his letters, you read them, and they were signed, his name is De Maillettes, and of a good family.'

'Why, this is a conquest really flattering.'

'He saw you enter the inn at Lons-le-Saulnier, he saw you again when you went to the window, and he fell in love with you. You must know, madame, there are hearts in the world capable of love at first sight, and you should neither be offended nor surprised at having inspired a sudden passion.'

'But I hope you have been discreet. You have not told him who I am? You know that I have good reasons for preserving the *incognito* in this journey; it is for that reason I did not permit the Duc de L——, the Marquis de C——, nor any of my faithful 'vassals' to attend me.'

'Be assured he knows no more than any one else; and it is not his fault, for he did not spare questions. I answered him as I did every one else, that you were called Madame de Pryne, and that you travelled for pleasure. But this did not satisfy him, his curiosity was strong enough to make him shake a purse of gold, hoping the sound of it would make me more communicative. When he saw that his offers wounded my delicacy, that my discretion was incorruptible, he tried conjectures; no doubt, said he, it is a person of consequence whom the troubles and misfortunes of France have obliged to seek safety in flight, but I shall follow her to the end of the world.'

'You see that this foolish fellow will end by compromising me.'

They stopped to change horses, and after a moment's silence Suzanne recommenced the conversation—

'See,' said she, 'this poor chevalier, who still pursues us, and bears his wetting with a patience quite praiseworthy.'

'Does it still continue to rain?' replied Madame Pryne. Then drawing the glove off her white and beautifully formed hand, covered with diamonds, she ran her fingers through the curls of her fair hair, arranged the lace of her cap, and, notwithstanding the rain, leaned her head a little out of the window of the carriage, so true is it that zeal, devotion, and obstinacy, are always rewarded in the end.

'Where are we?' asked the handsome traveller of the postilion.

'At Vaux.'

'And the next stage?'

'Jougne.'

'Is it a good place to stop?'

'Certainly, a town of seven thousand souls, and at the hotel of the *Lion d'Argent*, you are as well treated as in a palace.'

'That will do very well.'

In this little dialogue the words were for the postilion, and the look for the chevalier, for Madame de Pryne was not a woman without pity, and after this act of charity she closed the carriage window.

'Does madame intend to pass the night at Jougne?' asked Suzanne.

'No, no, we shall continue our journey to-night; you know that I ought to be at Besancon by to-morrow morning; we shall only stop for supper at the *Lion d'Argent*, where you are as well treated as in a palace, and then we shall continue our route.'

Scarcely were the two travellers seated at a table in the famous inn of the *Lion d'Argent*, when a functionary wearing a tri-colored scarf entered the dining-room and fixed upon Madame de Pryne a scrutinizing look, and seemed to compare her features with something written on a paper which he held in his hand. After this examination, by which he seemed profoundly occupied, the functionary, who was no less than the mayor of Jougne, desired the travellers to show him their passports.

Madame de Pryne seemed embarrassed—

'Could you not spare us, sir,' said she, 'this formality; all our papers are shut up in one of our portmanteaus.'

'I am very sorry,' drily replied the officer, 'but no one can avoid submitting to a procedure so important at present in this country. Your trunks must be opened.' And notwithstanding the ill humor shown by the ladies, the trunks were taken from the carriage, and brought into the great room of the *Lion d'Argent*. The largest was first opened, and what was the aston-

ishment of the mayor on finding a tolerably large bag full of gold.

'What is this?' cried the officer astounded.

'You see very well, sir,' replied Madame de Pryne, smiling; 'they are louis and double louis. Is it not allowable to carry such, travelling?'

'That's as it may be, madame—there appears to me to be a large amount.'

'Oh! but thirty thousand francs at most.'

'Thirty thousand francs look very like emigration.'

'Indeed, do you think so?'

'Oh! you are quite right to affect indifference; but I am not so easily deceived.'

'I see that there is no necessity for my interference, for you seem to manage very well for yourself.'

'A truce to railery, if you please, madame: my character and the insignia of my office must be respected.'

'Believe me, sir, they have my most profound respect.'

'Very well, madame; but with your permission I must continue my examination.'

'Just as you please, sir.'

The mayor of Jougne was going to reply, when, in lifting a linen cloth, he saw a quantity of rich embroidery, and drew from the portmanteau two dresses covered with gold, and a velvet cloak, trimmed with ermine, and fastened with a clasp of diamonds.

'Ha!' said he, 'these coincide exactly with my suspicions.'

'Will you be good enough to tell me what these same suspicions may be?'

'Confess first that the name of Pryne, which you have written in the book of the inn is a feigned one.'

'I acknowledge it.'

'That is enough—you need not tell me any more.'

'Where is the harm in travelling under a feigned name, when the *incogniti* conceals nothing wrong?'

'We shall see that, madame.'

'Let us end this scene, sir; I will show you my passport.'

'Tis not worth while: your passport signifies nothing to me now, and I will dispense with your showing it. Doubtless, it is easy enough to procure false papers—but stay, here we have enough to confound all dissimulation, and destroy the mystery with which you try to surround yourself.'

And as he spoke he lifted his arms triumphantly in the air, holding in one hand a crown, and in the other a sceptre of gold.

'There is no doubt now; I know who you are.'

'You will perhaps tell me, then?'

'Marie Antoinette of Austria!'

'The Queen?'

'Yes, madame; and you wish to emigrate to Switzerland. I was prepared for you.'

'Really, you knew that the Queen, Marie Antoinette, intended to make her escape, and pass through here?'

'Certainly; they suspected your intentions at Paris, and sent me word, and you see that my vigilance did not sleep. And now in the name of the law I arrest you.'

'Without further proofs?'

'I need no other.'

'And if I again beg of you to examine my passport?'

'Tis useless; what signifies a passport?'

'Then, nothing will shake your conviction?'

'Nothing, madame.'

'In that case, sir, I must submit.'

Suzanne had several times attempted to interrupt the conversation, but with an imperious gesture her mistress commanded her silence.

The Queen and her maid were now lodged in the best apartment of the *Lion d'Argent*, with two sentinels placed at their door; the tattoo was beat; all the influential persons of the place were summoned; the national guard were under arms, and the local authorities established themselves in the large room of the inn. When all the notabilities of Jougne were united, they deliberated upon what they should do in a case of such political consequence. A furious demagogue, the chief of their party, commenced speaking in these terms:—

"Citizens—We have just made a great capture; but as a famous general once said, it is not enough to conquer, you must profit by the victory. In a few days the eyes of all France will be upon us; for proud Jougne is one in the number of illustrious cities which belong to history. Let us raise ourselves to the grandeur of our new position, and let us merit the approbation of the nation which shall soon behold us: may the wisdom of Cato and the patriotism of Brutus inspire us, may our decision be thought worthy to be placed side by side with the sublime sentences of the Greek Areopagus and the Roman senate. 'Tis thus I propose:—the patriots of Jougne shall form themselves into a battalion, place Marie Antoinette of Austria in the middle of the ranks, and conduct her to the bar of the national assembly; each of us to carry one of the insignia of the royalty that we have arrested in flight—this sceptre, this crown, this royal mantle, and all this golden frippery which wound our republican eyes; we shall place our spoils upon the altar of our country, and we shall return gloriously to our firesides,

after having received the felicitations of our brothers and the thanks of liberty.—And that it should cost nothing to the nation, I demand that the thirty thousand francs seized upon the fugitive should be employed in paying the expenses of our journey.'

This speech caused a great sensation; but the more moderate, who always spoiled the finest flights, proposed and carried, by a majority of voices, that they should await the orders of the national assembly.

At this moment, the Chevalier de Maillettes, who had been delayed by a fall, arrived in the hotel of the *Lion d'Argent*, wet, splashed, and wearied. The first thing he asked on entering was, had they seen two ladies pass in a yellow carriage? At this question the landlord seized him by the collar, and dragged him before the committee.

'Who are you?' said the president.

'What is your name?'

'Isidore de Maillettes.'

'What appointment do you hold under those persons, for whom you asked on your arrival here?'

'I don't know them.'

'You don't know them, and you pursue them in this fashion! You don't know them, and yet you seek them! An unhappy attempt to conceal the truth.'

'I don't understand you, sir.'

'Undoubtedly,' said the chiefs of the Jacobins of Jougne, 'this man conceals his real name and rank; he is some noble of Versailles—the Prince of Lamballe or Polignac, perhaps the Count d'Artois himself, secretly returned to France—search him.'

They found upon the chevalier four louis, a watch, and a love-letter folded, sealed but without address; this letter was the object of profound examination.

They sought to find a mysterious and political meaning in the phrases of gallantry which it contained, but it was time lost; for the government of Jougne did not understand the science of interpretation.

'We shall send this letter to the national assembly,' said the president, 'who will, perhaps, be more fortunate than we are, and find a key to those tender hieroglyphics.'

'Can you deny, sir, that this letter was for the Queen?'

'What Queen?'

'Deceit is useless; we came here to arrest Marie Antoinette of Austria.'

'Arrest! here! The Queen, Marie Antoinette?'

'Yes, you see concealment is out of the question, and 'twould be better for your own sake to hide nothing from us. What can you tell us of our prisoner?'

'Me? I have never seen her.'

'You still persist in your absurd system,

and declare that you do not know the persons, whom you asked after, on coming into the inn?

'What! the lady in the yellow carriage whom I have followed all the way from Lons-le-Saulnier, the Queen of France?'

'Citizen,' replied the president, in a stern voice, 'I suspect you wish to mock us; but if so, know that we shall make you repent of it.'

As the chevalier did not reply, they tho't it useless to question him further, and determined on keeping him a prisoner.

When they had decided the fate of the chevalier, they sought the Queen, to inform her of their determination with regard to her.

'Our secretary,' said the orator, 'indites, at this moment a letter to the national assembly. You must remain prisoner here until the return of the messenger, who will depart in an hour.'

'I also have written to the national assembly,' replied the Queen; 'will you have the goodness to forward my letter with yours.'

'Willingly; and until we receive a reply from Paris, thirty-six francs a day shall be allowed for your expenses, taken from the money found in your possession, and twenty-four for the lady who accompanied you, and for the young man who has just arrived.'

'A young man, did you say?' It must be the unhappy Chevalier de Maillettes.'

'Tis such he calls himself; but we have no doubt it is only assumed. Conceal a name of more importance. There is nothing to prevent your seeing this person; if you wish he shall come to your room.'

'I wish it much,' replied the Queen; and then added, in a dignified manner, 'you may retire, gentlemen.'

The moment after De Maillettes entered the room pale and trembling. The Queen received him with a gracious dignity: while he knelt to her, and taking her hand which she held out to him, touched it respectfully with his lips.

'Will your majesty deign to pardon the temerity of my pursuit?' said he, humbly. 'My ignorance must be my excuse.'

'I pardon you, sir; and see nothing in your conduct but an exalted devotion to our royal person.'

'Put it to the proof, madame, and I shall brave the greatest danger to show myself worthy your clemency.'

'Well, chevalier, you have not long to wait an opportunity to show your zeal; the town is in an uproar, the people surround the inn: get rid of them, for they worry me with their noise.'

The chevalier went out and returned in a quarter of an hour saying—

'Your majesty's orders are obeyed. The crowd is dispersed.'

'I shall not forget this service,' said the Queen. 'and I hope one day to be able to repay it, and give you a place at my court when I regain my proper rank; in the meantime I make you my chamberlain; and now I beg of you to order my supper, for I am—shall I confess it—uncommonly hungry.'

'What! at such a moment, and after such cruel emotions! your majesty can feel hungry? What grandeur of soul!'

'The soul has very little to do in this affair. Order three covers, one for me, one for my faithful Suzanne, and one for yourself. We shall all sup together; all difference of rank shall be forgotten in our misfortunes. We will not hold to the etiquette of Versailles at the hotel of the *Lion d'Argent*. Above all things take care and let the champagne be well iced.'

The repast was delightful—the Queen put her companions at their ease by telling them that she wished to banish all ceremony, and pass the time as pleasantly as possible. Suzanne begged the chevalier to relate his history, which the young man did with much simplicity.

'I belong to this country,' said the chevalier, 'and was twenty years old last Easter Monday. My father died in the king's service, and my mother intended me for the church; for I had an elder brother—Achilles—who was destined to maintain the family honors; unfortunately the poor fellow was rather quarrelsome, and was killed in a duel. I was then taken from my studies, launched into the world, where I quickly forgot all I had learned, and entered eagerly into the folly and dissipation usual with young men. I got into debt and difficulty, was obliged to leave my property and live at Lons-le-Saulnier, of which I was well weary. I had just resolved to go to Paris. When you appeared, then my former projects vanished; I tho't of but one person, of whose rank I was ignorant—I need not add how I followed you on horseback, and became prisoner with yourselves.'

The next morning, when the Queen awoke, Suzanne told her that the anti-room was full of visitors who had been there from day-light, and wished to pay their homage.

'Really, Suzanne! but are they of sufficient rank for that?'

'Here is a list of their names.'

The names were those of the highest nobility, who courageously came to render homage to persecuted royalty.

The Queen received them with a touching kindness of manner, and reproached them mildly for the imprudent step they had taken. 'I thank you,' she said, 'and feel deeply the generous expression of your

loyalty; but I must insist upon your not exposing yourselves further by remaining with me.'

The Queen's remonstrances were useless. Such was the zeal and enthusiasm of those who surrounded her, that they insisted on forming a court in the *Lion d'Argent*, and it was only by choosing four of the number that she could prevail on the rest to leave her.

Those four persons, Suzanne, and the Chevalier De Maillettes formed the society of the Queen, who excited their admiration by her grace, her constant serenity and gaiety, so remarkable under the circumstances in which she was placed.

Meanwhile the mayor and committee of public safety of Jougne sent each day to the national assembly of Jougne a bulletin with a detailed account of the manner in which the prisoner occupied her time.

'To-day,' said the bulletin, 'the Queen rose at ten o'clock; at twelve she dined, with a very good appetite, with the persons who composed her suite; after dinner her majesty wished to be alone; she paced her chamber in a state of agitation, pronouncing words which we could not catch the exact meaning of. Bourthold, who is a man of information, pronounces them blank verse. At three o'clock the Queen demanded her attendants, and played a game of 'reversis' with the Abbe de Blanzy, the president Du Ribois, and Madle. Casterville —; at five o'clock her majesty stopped playing, and conversed in an under tone with the *soi disant* Chevalier de Maillettes, when the conversation became general, and they talked gaily on frivolous subjects—at eight o'clock the citizen de Moiret read a lecture in a loud voice—at nine o'clock supper was served, which lasted till midnight—at twelve the Queen retired to her apartment.'

This state of things lasted five days, when the Baron de Moiret, who passed a portion of his time out of the hotel, took the Queen aside, and said to her. 'All is ready for your escape. Our friends have re-united secretly, and a hundred thousand crowns are at my disposal. I have bribed the sentinels, and at midnight a post-chaise will wait for you at the end of the street. My measures are taken, so that we can pass out of the city and across the frontier without danger—to-morrow your majesty can dine at Fribourg.'

'No,' replied the Queen. 'To-morrow I shall set out for Besancon or for Paris; for to-morrow the reply of the national assembly will arrive, and my fate will then be decided. I have confidence in the result, and I do not wish to fly: it would but serve to expose my friends to new dangers, and you have already done enough for me.'

The messenger having arrived from Pa-

ris with despatches for the authorities of Jougne, the committee assembled and requested her majesty might be present at the opening of the letter. This letter, addressed to the mayor of Jougne, ran thus:

'Citizen—We would have you to know that Marie Antoinette of Austria has not quitted Paris; and we would recommend your setting your prisoner at liberty, Mademoiselle Sainval, actress of the Theatre Francais, who is expected at Besancon, where she is to give several representations.'

'Mademoiselle Sainval,' cried the worthies of Jougne. 'So, madame, you have been mystifying us all this time!'

'Gentlemen,' replied Mademoiselle Sainval, 'I am Queen, Queen of Pont, of Palmyra, of Babylon, of Carthage, of Tyre, and of twenty other kingdoms of tragedy. Is it my fault if the mayor of Jougne has taken the diadem of Melpomene for the crown of France? You mystified yourselves; nothing could dispel your absurd error, and I submitted. You wished to raise yourself in history, and you have only made yourselves ridiculous; I recommend you to be more circumspect in future, and with the permission of the national assembly, I will now order post horses, resigning a part which I have played in spite of myself; to-morrow I shall resume my own; only be assured the play-bill of Besancon shall explain the cause of my delay. Good morning, gentlemen.'

After having given vent to this lively sally, Mademoiselle Sainval turned towards her courtiers—

'I owe you,' said she, 'some justification of my conduct in assuming a title which I in vain refused, and by which I hoped to render service to the august person who alone has a right to it. If the Queen were to escape, and pass through here as it is supposed, I think they will be in no hurry to seek, or detain her. Finally, ladies, you have not lowered yourselves by being in my company; though I belong to the theatre, I have noble blood in my veins, my name is Alziari de Roquefort, and my family one of the most influential in the province.' Then addressing Monsieur de Maillettes, she added—'As to you, chevalier, this affair may perhaps teach you, not to run foolishly after adventures on the high way. I promised you a place at my court when I regained my throne; I shall keep my word, my court is the *comédie Francaise*; and when you come to Paris, the best box in it shall be at your service!'

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LEAP-YEAR.—A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

In the summer of 1838, in the pleasant little county of Huntingdon, and under the

shade of some noble elms which form the pride of Lipscombe Park, two young men might have been seen reclining. The thick, and towering, and far-spreading branches under which they lay, effectually protected them from a July sun, which threw its scorching brilliancy over the whole landscape before them. They seemed to enjoy to the full that delightful *retired openness* which an English park affords, and that easy effortless communion which only old companionship can give. They were, in fact, fellow collegians. The one, Reginald Darcy by name, was a ward of Mr. Sherwood, the wealthy proprietor of Lipscombe Park; the other his friend, Charles Griffith, was passing a few days with him in this agreeable retreat. They had spent the greater part of the morning strolling through the park, making short journeys from one clump of trees to another, and traversing just so much of the open sunny space which lay exposed to all the 'bright severity of noon,' as gave fresh value to the shade, and renewed the luxury of repose.

'Only observe,' said Darcy, breaking silence, after a long pause, and without any apparent link of connexion between their last topic of conversation and the sage reflection he was about to launch—'only observe,' and, as he raised himself upon his elbow, something very like a sigh escaped from him, 'how complete, in our modern system of life, is the ascendancy of woman over us! Every art is hers—is devoted to her service. Poetry, music, painting, sculpture—all seem to have no theme but woman. It is her loveliness, her power over us, that is paraded and chanted on every side. Poets have been always mad on the beauty of woman, but never so mad as now; we must not only submit to be sense-enthralled, the very innermost spirit of a man is to be deliberately resigned to the tyranny of a smooth brow and a soft eye. Music, which grows rampant with passion, speaks in all its tones of woman: as long as the strain lasts we are in a frenzy of love, though it is not very clear with whom, and happily the delirium ends the moment the strings of the violin have ceased to vibrate. What subject has the painter worth a rush but the beauty of woman? We gaze forever on the charming face which smiles on us from his canvass; we may gaze with perfect license—that veil which has just been lifted to the brow, it will never be dropt again—but we do not gaze with perfect impunity; we turn from the lovely shadow with knees how prone to bend! And as to the sculptor, on condition that he hold to the pure colourless marble, is he not permitted to reveal the sacred charms of Venus herself? Every art is hers. Go to the theatre, and whether it be tragedy, or comedy, or opera, or

dance, the attraction of woman is the very life of all that is transacted there. Shut yourself up at home with the poem or the novel, and lo! to love, and to be loved, by one fair creature, is all that the world has to dignify with the name of happiness. It is too much. The heart aches and sickens with an unclaimed affection, kindled to no purpose. Everywhere the eye, the ear, the imagination, is provoked, bewildered, haunted by the magic of this universal siren.

'And what is worse,' continued our profound philosopher—and here he rose from his elbow, and supported himself at arm's length from the ground, one hand resting on the turf, the other at liberty, if required, for oratorical action—'what is worse, this place which woman occupies in *art* is but a fair reflection of that which she fills in real life. Just heavens! what a perpetual wonder it is, this living, breathing beauty! Throw all your metaphors to the winds—your poetic raptures—your ideals—your romance of position and of circumstance: look at a fair, amiable, cultivated woman, as you meet her in the actual, commonplace scenes of life: she is literally, prosaically speaking, the last consummate result of the creative power of nature, and the gathered refinements of centuries of human civilization. The world can show nothing comparable to that light, graceful figure of the girl just blooming into perfect womanhood. Imagination cannot go beyond it. There is all the marvel, if you think of it, in that slight figure, as she treads across the carpet of a modern drawing-room, that has ever been expressed in, or given origin to, the nymphs, goddesses, and angels that the fancy of man has teemed with. I declare that a pious heathen would as soon insult the august statue of Minerva herself, as would any civilized being treat that slender form with the least show of rudeness and indignity. A Chartist, indeed, or a Leveller, would do it; but it would pain him—he would be a martyr to his principles. Verily we are slaves to the fair miracle!'

'Well,' said his companion, who had all this time been leisurely pulling to pieces some wild flowers he had gathered in the course of the morning's ramble, 'what does it all end in? What, at last, but the old story—love and a marriage?'

'Love often where there is no possibility of marriage,' replied Darcy, starting up altogether from his recumbent posture, and pacing to and fro under the shadow of the tree. 'The full heart, how often does it swell only to feel the pressure of the iron bond of poverty! This very sentiment, which our cultivation refines, fosters, makes supreme, is encountered by that harsh and cruel evil which grows also with the growth of civilization—poverty—civ-

ilized poverty. Oh, 'tis a frightful thing, this well-born, well-bred poverty! There is a pauper state, which, loathsome as it is to look upon, yet brings with it a callousness to endure all inflictions, and a recklessness that can seize with avidity whatever coarse fragments of pleasure the day or the hour may afford. But this poverty applies itself to nerves strung for the subtlest happiness. No torpor here; no moments of rash and unscrupulous gratification—unreflected on, unrepented of—which being often repeated make, in the end, a large sun of human life; but the heart incessantly demands a genuine and enduring happiness, and is incessantly denied. It is a poverty which even helps to keep alive the susceptibility it tortures; for the man who has never loved, or been the object of affection, whose heart has been fed only by an untaught imagination, feels a passion—feels a regret—it may be far more than commensurate with that envied reality which life possesses and withholds from him. No! there is nothing in the circle of human existence more fearful to contemplate than this perpetual divorce—irrevocable, yet pronounced anew each instant of our lives—between the soul and its best affections. And—look you! this misery passes along the world under the mask of easy indifference, and wears a smiling face, and submits to be rallied by the wit, and assumes itself the air of vulgar jocularly. Oh, this penury that goes well clad, and makes a mock of of its own anguish—I'd rather die on the wheel, or be starved to death in a dungeon.

'My excellent friend,' cried Griffith, startled from his quiescent posture, and tranquil occupation, by the growing excitement of his companion, 'what has possessed you? Is it the daughter of our worthy host, is it Emily Sherwood, the nymph who haunts these woods, who has given birth to this marvellous train of reflection? to this rhapsody on the omnipresence of woman, which I certainly had never discovered, and on the misery of a snug bachelor's income, which to me is still more incomprehensible? I confess, however, it would be difficult to find a better specimen of this fearfully fascinating sex.'

'Pshaw,' interrupted Darcy, 'what is the heiress of Lipscombe Park to me? a girl who might claim alliance with the wealthiest and noblest of the land, to me, who have just that rag of property, enough to keep from open shame one miserable biped? Can a man never make a general reflection upon one of the most general of all topics, without being met by a personal allusion? I thought you had been superior, Griffith, to this dull and hackneyed retort.'

'Well, well; be not wroth'—

'But I *am*. There is something so odious in this trite and universal banter. Besides, to have it intimated, even in jest, that I would take advantage of my position in this family to pay my ridiculous addresses to Miss Sherwood, I declare, Griffith, I never will again to you, or any other man, touch upon this subject, but in the same strain of unmeaning levity one is compelled to listen to, and imitate, in the society of coxcombs.'

'At all events,' said Griffith, 'give me leave to say that I admire Miss Sherwood, and that I shall think it a crying shame if so beautiful and intelligent a girl is suffered to fall into the clutches of this stupid baronet who is laying siege to her, this pompous, empty-headed Sir Frederic Beaumantle.'

'Sir Frederic Beaumantle,' said Darcy, with some remains of humour, 'may be all you describe him, but he is very rich, and, mark me, he will win the lady. Old Sherwood suspects him for a fool, but his extensive estates are unencumbered, he will approve his suit. His daughter makes him a constant laughing-stock, she is perpetually ridiculing his presumption and his vanity; but she will end by marrying the rich baronet. It will be in the usual course of things; society will expect it; and it is so safe, so prudent, to do what society expects. Let wealth wed with wealth. It is quite right. I would never advise any man to marry a woman much richer than himself, so as to be indebted to her for his position in society. It is useless to say, or to feel, that her wealth was not the object of your suit. You may may carry it how you will, what says the song?

"She never will forget;
The gold she gave was not thy gain,
But it must be thy debt."

'But come, our host is punctual to his dinner hour, and if we journey back at the same pace we have travelled here, we shall not have much time upon our hands.' And accordingly the two friends set themselves in motion to return to the house.

Our readers have, of course, discovered that, in spite of his disclaimer, Reginald Darcy *was* in love with Emily Sherwood. He was, indeed, very far gone, and had suffered great extremities; but his pride had kept pace with his passion. Left an orphan at an early age, and placed by the will of his father under the guardianship of Mr. Sherwood, Darby had found in the residence of that gentleman a home during the holidays when a schoolboy, and during the vacations when a collegian. Having lately taken his degree at Cambridge, with high honours, which had been strenuously contended for, and purchased by severe labour, he was now recruiting his health, and enjoying a season of well-earned lei-

sure under his guardian's roof. As Mr Sherwood was old and gouty, and confined much to his room, it fell on him to escort Emily in her rides or walks. She whom he had known, and been so often delighted with, as his little playmate, had grown into the young and lovely woman. Briefly, our Darcy was a lost man, gone, head and heart. But then, she was the only daughter of Mr. Sherwood, she was a wealthy heiress—he was comparatively poor. Her father had been to him the kindest of guardians: ought he to repay that kindness by destroying, perhaps, his proudest schemes? Ought he, a man of fitting and becoming pride, to put himself in the equivocal position which the poor suitor of a wealthy heiress must inevitably occupy? 'He invites me,' he would say to himself, 'he presses me to stay here, week after week, and month after month, because the idea that I should seek to carry away his daughter never enters into his head. And she—she is so frank, so gay, so amiable, and almost fond, because she has never recognized, with the companion of her childhood, the possibility of such a thing as marriage. There is but one part for me—silence, strict, unbroken silence.'

Charles Griffith was not far from the truth, when he said that it would be difficult to find a better specimen of her fascinating sex than the daughter of their host. But it was not her beauty, remarkable as this was, it was not her brightest of blue eyes, nor her fairest of complexions, nor those rich luxuriant tresses, that formed the greatest charm in Emily Sherwood. It was the delightful combination she displayed of a cheerful vivacious temper with generous and ardent feelings. She was as light and playful as one of the fawns in her own park, but her heart responded also to every noble and disinterested sentiment; and the poet who sought a listener for some lofty or tender strain, would have found the spirit that he wanted in the gay and mirth-loving Emily Sherwood.

Poor Darcy! he would sit, or walk, by her side, talking of this or that, no matter what, always happy in her presence, passing the most delicious hours, but not venturing to betray, by word or look, how very content he was. For these hours of stolen happiness he knew how severe a penalty he must pay: he knew and braved it.—And in our poor judgment he was right. Let the secret, stealthy, unrequited lover enjoy to the full the presence, the smiles, the bland and cheerful society of her whom his heart is silently worshipping. Even this shall in future hours be a sweet remembrance. By and by, it is true, there will come a season of poignant affliction. But better all this than one uniform, perpetual torpor. He will have felt that mortal man *may* breathe the air of happiness;

he will have learned something of the human heart that lies within him.

But all this love—was it seen—was it returned—by her who had inspired it?—Both, both. He thought, wise youth! that while he was swallowing draught after draught of this delicious poison, no one perceived the deep intoxication he was revelling in. Just as wisely some veritable toper, by putting on a grave and demure countenance, cheats himself into the belief that he conceals from every eye that delectable and irresistible confusion in which his brain is swimming. His love was seen. How could it be otherwise? That instantaneous, that complete delight which he felt when she joined him in his rambles, or came to sit with him in the library, could not be disguised nor mistaken. He was a scholar, a reader and lover of books, but let the book be what it might which he held in his hand, it was abandoned, closed, pitched aside, the moment she entered.—There was no stolen glance at the page left still open; nor was the place kept unmarked by the tenacious finger and thumb. If her voice were heard on the terrace, or in the garden—if her laugh—so light, merry, and musical, reached his ear—there was no question or debate whether he should go or stay, but down the stairs, or through the avenues of the garden—he sprung—he ran; only a little before he came in sight he would assume something of the gravity becoming in a senior wrangler, or try to look as if he came there by chance. His love was seen, and not with indifference. But what could the damsel do? How presume to know of an attachment until in due form certified thereof? If a youth will adhere to an obstinate silence, what, we repeat, can a damsel do but leave him to his fate, and listen to some other, who, if he loves less, at least knows how to avow his love?

CHAPTER II.

We left the two friends proceeding towards the mansion; we enter before them, and introduce our readers into the drawing-room. Here, in a spacious and shaded apartment, made cool, as well by the massive walls of the noble edifice as by the open and protected windows, whose broad balcony was blooming with the most beautiful and fragrant of plants, sat Emily Sherwood. She was not, however, alone. At the same round table, which was covered with vases of flowers, and with books as gay as flowers, was seated another young lady, Miss Julia Danvers, a friend who had arrived in the course of the morning on a visit to Lipscombe Park. The young ladies seemed to have been in deep consultation.

'I can never thank you sufficiently,' said Miss Danvers, 'for your kindness in this affair.'

'Indeed but you can very soon thank me much more than sufficiently,' replied her more lively companion, 'for there are few things in the world I dislike so much as thanks. And yet there is one cause of thankfulness you have, and know not of. Here have I listened to your troubles, as you call them, for more than two hours, and never once told you any of my own. Troubles! you are, in my estimation, a very happy, enviable girl.'

'Do you think it then so great a happiness to be obliged to take refuge from an absurd selfish stepmother, in order to get by stealth one's own lawful way?'

'One's own way is always lawful, my dear. No tautology. But you *have* it—while I'—

'Well, what is the matter?'

'Julia, dear—now do not laugh—I have a lover that *won't* speak. I have another, or one who calls himself such, who has spoken, or whose wealth, I fear, has spoken, to some purpose—to my father.'

'An! you would open the mouth of the dumb, and stop the mouth of the foolish?'

'Exactly.'

'Who are they? And first, to proceed by due climax, who is he whose mouth is to be closed?'

'A baronet of these parts, Sir Frederic Beaumantle. A vain, vain, vain man.—It would be a waste of good words to spend another epithet upon him, for he is all vanity. All his virtues, all his vices, all his actions, good, bad, and indifferent, are nothing but vanity. He praises you from vanity, abuses you from vanity, loves and hates you from vanity. He is vain of his person, of his wealth, of his birth, of his title, vain of all he has, and all he has not. He sets so great a value on his innumerable and superlative good qualities, that he really has not been able (until he met with your humble servant) to find any individual of our sex on whom he could, conscientiously, bestow so great a treasure as his own right hand must inevitably give away. This has been the only reason; he tells me so himself—why he has remained so long unmarried; for he has rounded the arch, and is going down the bridge. To take his own account of this delicate matter, he is fluctuating, with an uneasy motion, to and fro, between forty and forty-five.'

'Old enough, I doubt not, to be your father. How can he venture on such a frolicsome young thing as you?'

'I asked him that question myself one day; and he told me, with a most complacent smile, that I should be the perfect compendium of matrimony—he should have wife and child in one.'

'The old coxcomb! And yet there was a sort of providence in that. Now, who is he whose mouth is to be opened?'

'Oh—he!—can't you guess?'

'Your cousin Reginald, as you used to call him; though cousin I believe he is none; this learned wrangler?'

'The same. Trust me, he loves me to the bottom of his heart; but because his little cousin is a great heiress, he thinks it fit to be very proud, and gives me over—many thanks to him—to this rich baronet. But here he comes.'

As she spoke, Darcy and Griffith entered the room.

'We have been canvassing,' said Emily, after the usual forms of introduction had been gone through, 'the merits of our friend, Sir Frederic Beaumantle. By the way, Reginald, he dines here to-day, and so will another gentleman, whom I shall be happy to introduce to you, Captain Garland, an esteemed friend of mine and Miss Danvers.'

'Sir Frederic seems,' said Griffith, by way merely of taking part in the conversation, 'at all events, a very good-natured man. I have seen him but once, and he has already promised to use all his influence in my behalf, in whatever profession I may embark. If medicine, I am to have half-a-dozen dowagers, always ailing and never ill, put under my charge the moment I can add M. D. to my name; not to speak of certain mysterious hints of an introduction at court, and an appointment of physician extraordinary to Her Majesty. I suppose I may depend upon Sir Frederic's promises?'

'Oh, certainly,' said Miss Sherwood, 'you may depend upon Sir Frederic Beaumantle's promises; they will never fail; they are inexhaustible.'

'The fool!' said Darcy with impatience, 'I could forgive him any thing but that ridiculous ostentation he has of patronising men, who, but they have more politeness than himself, would throw back his promises with open derision.'

'Reginald,' said Miss Sherwood, 'is always forgiving Sir Frederic every fault but one. But then that one fault changes every day. Last time he would pardon him every thing except the fulsome eulogy he is in the habit of bestowing upon his friends, even to their faces. You must know, Mr Griffith, that Sir Frederic is a most liberal chapman in this commodity of praise: he will give any man a bushel-full of compliments who will send him back the measure only half filled. Nay, if there are but a few cherries clinging to the wicker-work he is not wholly dissatisfied.'

'What he gives he knows is trash,' said Darcy; 'what he receives he always flatters himself to be true coin. But indeed Sir Frederic is somewhat more just in his dealings than you, perhaps, imagine. If he bestows excessive laudation on a friend

in one company, he takes it all back again in the very next he enters.'

'And still his amiability shines through all; for he abuses the absent friend only to gratify the self-love of those who are present.

The door opened as Miss Sherwood gave this *coup-de-grace* to the character of the baronet, and Sir Frederic Beaumantle was announced; and immediately afterwards, Captain Garland.

Miss Sherwood, somewhat to the surprise of Darcy, who was not aware that any such intimacy subsisted between them, received Captain Garland with all the cordiality of an old acquaintance. On the other hand she introduced the baronet to Miss Danvers with that slightly emphatic manner which intimates that the parties may entertain a 'high consideration' for each other.

'You are too good a herald, Sir Frederic,' she said, 'not to know the Danverses of Dorsetshire.'

'I shall be proud,' replied the baronet, 'to make the acquaintance of Miss Danvers.'

'She has come to my poor castle,' continued Miss Sherwood, 'like the distressed princess in the Fairy Queen, and I must look out for some red-cross knight to be her champion, and redress her wrongs.'

'It is not the first time,' said the lady thus introduced, 'that I have heard of the name of Sir Frederic Beaumantle.'

'I dare say not, I dare say not,' answered the gratified baronet. 'Mine, I may venture to say, is an historic name. Did you ever peruse, Miss Danvers, a work entitled "The History of the County of Huntingdon?" You would find in it many curious particulars relating to the Beaumantles, and one anecdote especially, drawn, I may say, from the archives of our family, which throws a new light upon the reign and character of Charles II. It is a very able performance, this "History of the County of Huntingdon;" it is written by a modest and ingenious person of my acquaintance, and I felt great pleasure in lending him my poor assistance in the compilation of it. My name is mentioned in the preface. Perhaps,' he added with a significant smile, 'it might have claimed a still more conspicuous place; but I hold it more becoming in persons of rank to be the patrons than the competitors of men of letters.'

'I should think,' said Miss Danvers very quietly, 'it were the more prudent plan for them to adopt. But what is this anecdote you allude to?'

'An ancestor of mine—but I am afraid,' said the baronet, casting a deprecatory look at Miss Sherwood, 'that some here have read it, or heard me repeat it before.'

'Oh, pray proceed,' said the young lady appealed to.

'An ancestor of mine,' resumed the baronet, 'on being presented at the Court of Charles II., soon after the restoration, attracted the attention of that merry monarch and his witty courtiers, by the antique fashion of his cloak. "Beaumantle! Beaumantle!" said the king, "who gave thee that name?" My ancestor, who was a grave man, and well brought up, answered, "Sire, my godfathers and my godmothers at my baptism." "Well responded!" said the king with a smile; "and they gave thee thy raiment also, as it seems." These last words were added in a lower voice, and did not reach the ear of my ancestor, but they were reported to him immediately afterwards, and have been treasured up in our family ever since. I thought it my duty to make it known to the world as an historical fact, strikingly illustrative of a very important period in our annals.'

'Why, your name,' said Miss Danvers, 'appears to be historical in more senses than one.'

'I hope soon—but I would not wish this to go beyond the present company,' said Sir Frederic, and he looked round the circle with a countenance of the most imposing solemnity—'I hope soon that you will hear of it being elevated to the peerage—that is, when Sir Robert Peel comes into power.'

'You know Sir Robert, then?' said Griffith, with perfect simplicity.

'Public men,' said Sir Frederic, 'are sufficiently introduced by public report. Besides, Mr Griffith—we baronets!—we constitute a sort of brotherhood. I have employed all my influence in the county, and I may safely say it is not little, to raise the character and estimation of Sir Robert, and I have no doubt that he will gladly testify his acknowledgment of my services by this trifling return. And as it is well known that my estates'—

But the baronet was interrupted in mid career by the announcement of dinner.

Miss Sherwood took the arm of Captain Garland, and directed Sir Frederic to lead down Miss Danvers.

'You will excuse my father,' she said, as they descended, 'for not meeting us in the drawing-room. His gout makes him a lame pedestrian. We shall find him already seated at the table.'

At the dinner-table the same arrangement was preserved. Miss Sherwood had placed Captain Garland by her side, and conversed almost exclusively with him; while the Baronet was kept in play by the sedulous flattery of Miss Danvers.

After a few days, it became evident to all the household at Lipscombe Park that a new claimant for the hand of Miss Sherwood had appeared in the person of Captain Garland. The captain did not reside in the house, but, on the pretence of a very

strong passion for trout-fishing, he had taken up his quarters in apartments within a most convenient distance of the scene of operations. It was not forgotten that, at the very time he made his appearance, Miss Danvers also arrived at the Park, and between these parties there was suspected to be some secret understanding. It seemed as if our military suitor had resolved to assail the fort from within as well as from without, and therefore had brought down with him this fair ally. Nothing better than such a fair ally. She could not only chant his praise when absent, (and there is much in that,) but she could so manoeuvre as to procure for the captain many a *tete-a-tete*, which otherwise would not fall to his share. Especially, (and this task she appeared to accomplish most adroitly,) she could engage to herself the attentions of his professed and redoubtable rival, Sir Frederic Beaumantle. In fifty ways she could assist in betraying the citadel from within, whilst he stood storming at the gates, in open and most magnanimous warfare. Darcy was not slower than others to suspect the stratagem, and he thought he saw symptoms of its success. His friend Griffith had now left him; he had no dispassionate observer to consult, and his own desponding passion led him to conclude whatever was most unfavorable to himself. Certainly there was a confidential manner between Miss Sherwood and these close allies, which seemed to justify the suspicion alluded to. More than once, when he had joined Miss Sherwood and the captain, the unpleasant discovery had been forced upon him, by the sudden pause in their conversation, that he was the *one too many*.

But jealousy? Oh, no! What had he to do with jealousy? For his part, he was quite delighted with this new attachment—quite delighted; it would set at rest for ever the painful controversy so often agitated in his own breast. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that he felt the rivalry of Captain Garland in a very different manner from that of Sir Frederic Beaumantle. The baronet, by virtue of his wealth alone, would obtain success; and he felt a sort of bitter satisfaction in yielding Emily to her opulent suitor. She might marry, but she could not love him; she might be thinking of another, perhaps of her cousin Reginald, even while she gave her hand to him at the altar. But if the gallant captain, whose handsome person, and frank and gentlemanly manners, formed his chief recommendation, were to be the happy man, then must her affections have been won, and Emily was lost to him utterly. And then—with the usual logic of the passions and forgetting the part of silence and disguise that he had played—he taxed her with levity and unkindness in so soon pre-

ferring the captain to himself. That Emily should so soon have linked herself with a comparative stranger! It was not what he should have expected. 'At all events,' he would thus conclude his soliloquy, 'I am henceforward free; free from her bondage and from all internal struggle. Yes! I am free!' he exclaimed, as he paced his room triumphantly. The light voice of Emily was heard calling on him to accompany her in a walk. He started, he flew. His freedom, we suppose, gave him wings, for he was at her side in a moment.

Reginald had intended, on the first opportunity, to rally his cousin upon her sudden attachment to the captain, but his tongue absolutely refused the office. He could not utter a word of banter on the subject. His heart was too full.

On this occasion, as they returned from their walk through the park, there happened one of those incidents which have so often, at least in novels and story-books, brought about the happiness of lovers, but which in the present instance served only to bring into play the most painful feelings of both parties.

A prize-fight had taken place in the neighborhood, and one of the numerous visitors of that truly noble exhibition, who, in order to do honor to the day, had deprived Smithfield market of the light of his countenance, was returning across the park from the scene of combat, accompanied by his bull-dog. The dog, who doubtless knew that his master was a trespasser, and considered it the better policy to assume at once the offensive, flew at the party whom he saw approaching. Emily was a little in advance. Darcy rushed forward to plant himself between her and this ferocious assailant. He had no weapon of defence of any kind, and, to say truth, he had at that moment no idea of defending himself, or any distinct notion whatever of combating his antagonist. The only reflection that occurred to his mind was, that if the animal satiated its fury upon him, his companion would be safe. A strong leg and a stout boot might have done something; Darcy, stooping down, put the fleshy part of his own arm fairly into the bull-dog's jaws; assured that, at all events, it could not bite two persons at the same time, and that, if its teeth were buried in his own arm, they could not be engaged in lacerating Emily Sherwood. It is the well-known nature of the bull-dog to fasten where it once bites, and the brute pinned Darcy to the ground, until its owner, arriving on the spot, extricated him from his very painful position.

In this encounter, our senior wrangler probably showed himself very unskilful and deficient in the combat with wild beasts, but no conduct could have displayed a more engrossing anxiety for the safe-

ty of his fair companion. Most men would have been willing to reap advantage from the grateful sentiment which such conduct must inspire. Darcy, on the contrary, seemed to have no other wish than to disclaim all title to such a sentiment. He would not endure that the incident should be spoken of with the least gravity or seriousness.

'I pray you,' said he, 'do not mention this silly business again. What I did, every living man who had found himself by your side would have done, and most men in a far more dexterous manner. And indeed, if instead of yourself, the merest stranger; the poorest creature in the parish, man, woman or child, had been in your predicament, I think I should have done the same.'

'I know you would, Reginald. I believe,' said Emily, 'that if the merest idiot had been threatened with the danger that threatened me, you would have interposed, and received the attack yourself. And it is because I believe this of you, Reginald'——

Something apparently impeded her utterance, for the sentence was left unfinished.

'For this wound,' resumed Darcy, after a pause, and observing that Emily's eye was resting on his arm, 'it is really nothing more than a just penalty for my own want of address in this notable combat. You should have had the captain with you,' he added; 'he would have defended you quite as zealously, and with ten times the skill. Emily made no answer; and they walked on in silence till they entered the Hall. Reginald felt that he had been too ungracious: but he knew not how to retrieve his position. Just before they parted, Emily resuming, in some measure, her natural and cheerful manner, turned to her companion, and said; 'Years ago, when you were cousin Reginald, and condescended to be my playfellow, the greatest services you rendered were to throw me occasionally out of the swing, or frighten me till I screamed by putting my pony into a most unmerciful trot; but you were always so kind in the *making up*, that I liked you the better afterwards.—Now, when you preserve me, at your own hazard, from a very serious injury—you do it in so surly a manner—I wish the dog had bitten me!' And with this she left him and tripped up stairs.

If Darcy could have followed her into her own room, he would have seen her throw herself into an armchair, and burst into a flood of tears.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Danvers it has been said, (from whatever motive her conduct proceeded, whether from any interest of her own, or

merely the desire to serve the interest of her friend, Captain Garland,) showed a disposition to engross the attentions of Sir Frederic Beaumantle as often as he made his appearance at Liscombe Park. Now as that lady was undoubtedly of good family and possessed of considerable fortune, the baronet was not a little flattered by the interest which a person who had these elegant qualifications for a judge, manifestly took in his conversation. In an equal degree was his dignity offended at the preference shown by Miss Sherwood for Captain Garland, a man, as he said, but of yesterday, and not in any point of view to be put in comparison with himself. He almost resolved to punish her levity by withdrawing his suit. The graver manner, and somewhat more mature age of Miss Danvers were also qualities which he was obliged to confess were somewhat in her favor. The result of all this was, that one fine morning Sir Frederic Beaumantle might have been seen walking to and fro in his own park, with a troubled step, bearing in his hand a letter, most elaborately penned, carefully written out, sealed, but not directed. It was an explicit declaration of his love, a solemn offer of his hand; it was only not quite determined to whom it should be sent. As the letter contained very little that referred to the lady, and consisted almost entirely of an account, not at all disparaging, of himself and his own good qualities, it was easy for him to proceed thus far upon his delicate negotiation, although the main question; to whom the letter was to be addressed, was not yet decided. This letter had indeed been a labor of love. It was as little written for Miss Sherwood as for Miss Danvers. It was composed for the occasion whenever that might arise; and for these ten years past it had been lying in his desk, receiving from time to time fresh touches and emendations. The necessity of making use of this epistle, which had now attained a state of painful perfection, we venture to say had some share in impelling him into matrimony. To some one it must be sent or how could it appear to any advantage in those 'Memoirs of Sir Frederic Beaumantle,' which some future day, were to console the world for his decease, and the prospect of which (for he saw them already in beautiful hot-pressed quarto) almost consoled himself for the necessity of dying? The intended love-letter! This would have an air of ridicule, while the real declaration of Sir Frederic Beaumantle, which would not only adorn the Memoirs above mentioned, but would ultimately form a part of the History of the County of Huntingdon. We hope ourselves, by the way, to have the honor of editing those Memoirs, should we be so unfortunate as to survive Sir Frederic.

But we must leave our baronet with his letter in his hand, gazing profoundly and anxiously on the blank left for the superscription, and must follow the perplexities of Reginald Darcy.

That good understanding which apparently existed between Emily and Captain Garland seemed rather to increase than diminish after the little adventure we recorded in the last chapter. It appeared that Miss Sherwood had taken Darcy at his word, and resolved not to think any the more kindly of him for his conduct on that occasion. The captain was plainly in the ascendant. It even appeared, from certain arrangements that were in stealthy preparation, that the happiness of the gallant lover would not long be delayed. Messages of a very suspicious purport had passed between the Park and the vicarage. The clerk of the parish had been seen several times at Liscombe. There was something in the wind as the sagacious housekeeper observed: surely her young *missus* was not going to be married on the sly to the captain. The same thought, however, occurred to Darcy. Was it to escape the suit of Sir Frederic Beaumantle, which had been in some measure countenanced by her father, that she had recourse to this stratagem? Hardly worthy of her, and quite unnecessary, as she possessed sufficient influence with her father to obtain his consent to any proposal she herself was likely to approve. Had not the state of his own feelings made him too interested a party to act as counsellor or mediator, he would at once have questioned Emily on the subject. As it was, his lips were closed. She herself, too, seemed resolved to make no communication to him. The captain, a man of frank and open nature, was far more disposed to reveal his secret; he was once on the point of speaking to Darcy about his 'approaching marriage;' but Emily, laying her finger on her lip, suddenly imposed silence on him.

One morning as Darcy entered the break-fast-room, it was evident that something unusual was about to take place. The carriage, at this early hour, was drawn up to the door, and the two young ladies, both dressed in bridal white, were stepping into it. Before it drove off, Miss Sherwood beckoned to Darcy.

'I had not invited you,' she said, 'to the ceremony, because Captain Garland has wished it to be as private as possible. But we shall expect your company at break-fast, for which you must even have the patience to wait till we return.' Without giving an opportunity for reply, she drew up the glass, and the carriage rolled off.

However, Darcy might have hitherto borne himself up by a gloomy sense of duty, by pride, and a bitter—oh, what bitter resignation: when the blow came, it ut-

terly prostrated him. 'She is gone: lost: fool that I have been: What was this man more than I?' Stung with such reflections as these, which were uttered in such broken sentences, he rapidly retreated to the library, where he knew he should be undisturbed. He threw himself into a chair, and planting his elbows on the table, pressed his doubled fists with convulsive agony to his brows. All his fortitude had forsaken him: he wept outright.

From this posture he was at length aroused by a gentle pressure on his shoulder, and a voice calling him by his name.

He raised his head, it was Emily Sherwood, enquiring of him very calmly, why he was not at the breakfast table. There she stood, radiant with beauty, and in all her bridal attire, except that she had thrown off her bonnet, and her beautiful hair was allowed to be free and unconfined. Her hand was still upon his shoulder.

'You are married Emily,' he said, as well as that horrible stifling sensation in the breast would let him speak; 'you are married, and I must be forevermore a banished man. I leave you, Emily, and this roof, forever. I pronounce my own sentence of exile, for I love you, Emily: and ever shall, passionately, tenderly, love you. Surely I may say this now; now that it is a mere cry of anguish, and a misery exclusively my own. Never, never, I feel that this is no idle raving; shall I love another? Never will this affection leave me: I shall never have a home; never care for another: or myself: I am alone; a wanderer: miserable. Farewell! I go; I know not exactly where: but I leave this place.'

He was preparing to quit the room, when Emily, placing herself before him, prevented him. 'And why, said she, 'if you honored me with this affection, why was I not to know of it till now?'

'Can the heiress of Liscombe Park ask that question?'

'Ungenerous! Unjust!' said Emily. 'Tell me, if one who can himself feel and act nobly, denies to another the capability of a like disinterested conduct: denies it rashly, pertinaciously, without cause given for such a judgment: is he not ungenerous and unjust?'

'To whom have I acted thus? To whom have I been ungenerous or unjust?'

'To me, Reginald: to me. I am wealthy and for this reason alone have you denied me, it seems, the possession of every worthy sentiment. She has gold, you have said, let her gold content her, and you withheld your love. She will make much boast, and create a burdensome obligation, if she bestows her superfluous wealth upon another: you resolved not to give her the opportunity, and you withheld your

love. She has gold ; she has no heart, no old affections that have grown from childhood : no estimate of character ; she has wealth : let her gratify its vanity and its caprice ; and so you withheld your love. Yes, she has gold let her have more of it : let her wed with gold ; with any gilded fool ; she has no need of love. This is what you have thought, what your conduct implied, and it was ungenerous and unjust.'

'No, by heaven ! I never thought unworthily of you,' exclaimed Darcy.

'Had you been the wealthy cousin, Reginald, of wealth so ample, that an addition to it would scarcely bring an additional pleasure, would you have left your old friend Emily to look out for some opulent alliance ?'

'Oh, no, no !'

'Then, why should I ?'

'I may have erred,' said Darcy. 'I may have thought too meanly of myself, or nourished a misplaced pride, but I never had a disparaging thought of you. It seemed that I was right ; that I was fulfilling a severe ; oh how severe a duty. Even now I know not that I was wrong : I know only that I am miserable. But,' added he in a calmer voice, 'I, at all events, am the only sufferer. You, at least, are happy.'

'Not, I think, if marriage is to make me so. I am not married, Reginald,' she said, amidst a confusion of smiles and blushes. 'Captain Garland was married this morning to Miss Julia Danvers, to whom he has been long engaged, but a silly selfish stepmother.'—

'Not married !' cried Darcy, interrupting all further explanation. 'Not married ! Then you are free ; then you are'—But the old train of thought rushed back upon his mind : the old objections were as strong as ever : Miss Sherwood was still the daughter of his guardian, and the heir of Liscombe Park. Instead of completing the sentence, he paused, and muttered something about 'her father.'

Emily saw the cloud that had come over him. Dropping playfully, and most gracefully, upon one knee, she took his hand, and looking up archly in his face, said, 'You love me : coz you have said it. Coz, will you marry me ? For I love you.'

'Generous, generous girl !' and he clasped her to his bosom.

'Let us go in,' said Emily in a quite altered and tremulous voice, 'let us join them in the other room.' And as she put her arm in his, the little pressure said distinctly and triumphantly ; 'He is mine : he is mine.'

We must take a parting glance at old Mr. Sherwood's room. He is seated in his gouty chair : his daughter stands by

his side. Apparently Emily's reasonings have almost prevailed ; she has almost persuaded the old gentleman that Darcy is the very son-in-law, whom, above all others, he ought to desire. For how could Emily leave her dear father, and how could he domicile himself with any other husband she could choose, half so well as with his own ward, and his old favorite, Reginald ?

'But Sir Frederic Beaumantle,' the old gentleman replied, 'what is to be said to him ? and what a fine property he has.'

As he was speaking the door opened, and the party from the breakfast table, consisting of Captain Garland and his bride, and Reginald, entered the room.

'Oh, as for Sir Frederic Beaumantle,' said she who was formerly Miss Danvers, and now Mrs. Garland, 'I claim him as mine.' And forthwith she displayed the famous declaration of the baronet, addressed to herself.

Their mirth had scarcely subsided, the writer of the letter himself made his appearance. He had called early, for he had concluded after much deliberation, that it was not consistent with the ardor and impetuosity of love, to wait till the formal hour of visiting, in order to receive the answer of Miss Danvers.

That answer the lady at once gave by presenting Captain Garland to him in the character of her husband. At the same time, she returned his epistle, and explaining that circumstances had compelled the captain and herself to marry in a private and secret manner, apologized for the mistake into which the concealment of their engagement had led him.

'A mistake indeed ; a mistake altogether : exclaimed the baronet, catching at a straw as he fell ; a mistake into which this absurd fashion of envelopes has led us. The letter was never intended, madam, to be enclosed to you. It was designed for the hands'—

And he returned to Miss Sherwood, who, on her part, took the arm of Reginald with a significance of manner which proved to him that, for the present at least his declaration of love might return into his own desk, there to receive still further emendations.

'No wonder, Sir Frederic,' said Mr. Sherwood, compassionating the baronet's situation : 'no wonder your proposal is not wanted. These young ladies have taken their affairs into their own hands. It is *Leap-Year*. One of them, at least, (looking to his daughter,) has made good use of its privilege. The initiative, Sir Frederic has taken from us.'

The baronet had nothing left but to make his politest bow and retire.

'Reginald, my dear boy,' continued the old gentleman, 'give me your hand. Em-

ily is right. I don't know how I should part with her. I will only make this bargain with you, Reginald—that you marry us both. You must not turn me out of doors.'

Reginald returned the pressure of his hand, but he could say nothing. Mr. Sherwood, however, saw his answer in his eyes that were filling involuntarily with tears.

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THREE THOUSAND POUND NOTES.

The proverbial hospitality of Cork was a theory to me when I marched down the Barrack Hill, for the first time, in the discharge of my duty as caterer of our depot mess—(I belonged to the Fifth Foot, Goslin Greens, or Northumbrian Fusiliers)—and stepped into the shop, or *emporium*, as he chose rather to call it, of Mr Denis Macarthy, of Patrick-street, grocer, wine merchant, provision and tobacco *ditto*, with I know not how many other occupations *in commendum*. I had a great many things to buy, and, for the better aiding and assisting a rather short memory, carried with me a catalogue of required combustibles, comedibles, combibables, and what not. Handing this document to a mealy-faced youth, in a canvas bib, behind the counter, not without remarking that a court-martial would have convicted him, *prima facie*, of sucking the sugar candy, I desired him to prepare the several articles in the quantities ordered, and to send them to the barracks with the least possible delay. Having thus acquitted myself satisfactorily of the onerous duties attached to my responsible situation, (others would have bothered about tasting samples, asking prices, and so on; for my part, I always, and ever hated trouble,) I was betaking myself out of the shop of Mr Denis Macarthy, in full cry after two stylish girls, then and there passing the door, when a gentleman in black, with a white hat, whom I had observed to occupy an arm-chair in the *emporium*, came forward, and having requested to be allowed the pleasure of speaking a word to me, gave me the trouble of retracting my steps into the shop, through the back shop, then into a well-fitted counting-house, and last of all, into a capitally-furnished parlor. Here lunch, consisting of a cold roast turkey, a famous ham, and a round of spiced beef was already laid out, not without a decanter of port, another of sherry, and a foaming jug of ale. In a few moments the door opened, and a neatly dressed maid-servant brought in a dish of the national potato. Mine host, who had announced himself as Denis Macarthy, proprietor of the *emporium*, and so forth, pressed me to partake,

himself doing the honors. Imagining that all this civility would appear in the invoice of my order, I did not relish the thing at first, but reflecting that, if so, the mess would have the pleasure of paying for it, I tackled to, and in an incredibly short space of time appropriated half the turkey, a couple of pounds of ham, and a quart of stunning ale. Cigars were then introduced, and the sherry circulated freely. I became rather prepossessed in favor of mine host, from his contradicting me once or twice, in an easy gentlemanlike manner, and from the total absence of that abominable *blarney*, which sticks in a stranger's throat like the smack of Cape wine. I could not help reflecting how many hundreds of pounds I had circulated in country quarters in England, without having been once invited to ham and cold turkey, and resolved, if Macarthy did not cheat us in the way of business, to report him to the mess as a devilish honest fellow.

'Beg pardon, sir, but thought I saw two young ladies attract your notice in the front shop, just now?'

'Do you know who they are?'

'Odd if I didn't, captain, living in the beautiful city these five-and-twenty years; father's a pig butcher in Blarney-lane.'

'Ah! I thought they looked vulgarians, rather.'

'Then, I can tell you, captain, you were never more mistaken in your life: no expense spared on their education; French governess, and all that; fortune not a farthing under thirty thousand each.'

'Eh! did you say thirty thousand?—Yes, you're right, Macarthy, there is something stylish about them, certainly, after all: another glass of wine?'

'With pleasure, captain; try that cigar. Melinda, I assure you, is the reigning toast of town; such a pipe, sings like a nightingale: and as for Erlina, the younger, if ever swan had such a neck, I'll be bound to eat him, feathers and all: put a few of these in your pocket, captain.'

'Thirty thousand—damn me, that's a good round—what are these weeds a pound?'

'Can't afford to sell them; keep them for my particular customers and friends; but, as for those girls, captain; I assure you, 'pon honor, Cork does not contain sweeter creatures: the father—'

'Bad style of person, no doubt: pig butcher does not go down: excellent sherry this.'

'Duff and Gordon's, I assure you: as you say, captain, the father is *not* the thing, though I say it.'

'Pig butcher. Eh? Ah! Bah!'

'Oh, as for that, we call him a provision merchant, and that goes down here very well: the pig line is first, and first in this city. You have heard of the Callaghans,

but no matter: Regan is a boy, beyond all doubt.'

'Have you had any dealings with him, then?'

'Once, captain, only once;' here Mr Denis Macarthy interjected a parenthetical suspiration, adding with great apparent emotion, '*once too often!*'

'Cheated you, I suppose, in the way of his profession—pig butchers are but men, you know, Macarthy, preying, like other heroes, on the swinish multitude: the good old rule holds with him, dare say,

'They may pay who cannot help it;
They may cheat who can.'

'Why, as to cheating, captain, I don't accuse Regan of that; others may, and do, but I cannot say he ever cheated me exactly, because I never had any dealings with him, except once; and after all, I cannot bring the matter home to him; I suspect, in short, that he eased me of three thousand pounds.'

'Three thousand—a good haul—as he would say himself, a pretty bit of fat, how did the old fellow contrive to lift you so far off the ground?'

'Why, 'tis a long story, sir, and I have no great appetite for telling it; but if you would do me the honor to taste my old Madeira any evening you may be disengaged, I shall be happy to give you the particulars, and introduce you to my wife, who, poor thing, although she is a daughter of Jerry.'

Now, before I go farther, I must inform the, as yet, ignorant reader, that I am the only man of my name in, or as far as I know, out of the army list; imagination could not invent a more extraordinary, outlandish, or ridiculous cognomen. The most curious part of the business is, that the name is written one way, and pronounced another, so that from seeing my name in the army list, you will have just as much notion how your tongue should get about it, as if you had been born deaf and dumb. I mention this peculiarity of my name to account for a singular train of events hereafter to be detailed; for the present I must content myself with stating that, on my informing the hospitable Macarthy that he was to direct, not to Captain, but to Lieutenant —, of the 5th depot, the man's face grew suddenly pale, then red as fire, then pale again: seizing pen and paper, he laid them before me, but without speaking, or seeming, from some internal agitation, able to utter a word. I certainly felt rather queer in the room, alone, with this original, who might be a lunatic, for all I knew to the contrary, and kept a sharp eye upon him, lest in his paroxysm he might have taken it in his head to throttle me. Recovering himself, at length, however, he found speech so far as to desire me to write the name, which

I immediately did. The grocer took up the paper, made several attempts futile, of course, to pronounce my patronymic correctly, then, with an expression of visible chagrin, laid it down again.

'Rather peculiar name, Mr. Macarthy,' said I; 'pray have you ever happened to fall in with it before?'

'I thought I had, sir,' replied the grocer; 'but five and twenty years is a long time back; would you do me the favor to pronounce it again, sir.'

I did so.

'No sir, that is not the name: and yet I think I dare swear that the name was written somewhat as yours is, unless I am very much mistaken: but the pronunciation certainly does not strike my ear as I wished and expected.'

'Have you any interest Mr. McCarthy, in recollecting a peculiar name, such as this of mine is universally acknowledged to be?'

'I have, certainly a great interest: would you have the goodness to inform me sir, whether your name is never pronounced otherwise than you yourself are in the habit of doing?'

'Oh! certainly: for example my servant invariably pronounces, or rather mispronounces the name thus——'

'By——, I have it at last,' said the grocer, starting up, seizing the paper whereon I had written a name capable of producing as it appeared, a paroxysm of insanity, and rushed out of the apartment with the speed of light. I took my cap and stick, following as quickly as possible, in utter astonishment what share my name could have in the fortunes of a Munster tea-dealer, and anxious to see what might be the end of all this. Nothing could I see, however, save the hatless figure of Macarthy rushing distractedly across the street, with the scrap of paper fluttering in his hand.

Often as I had occasion to drop in at Macarthy's, to order pickles, preserves, anchovies, wine, and all those little *et ceteras* a military mess knows how well to get rid of, I never troubled myself about mad Macarthy, nor did I happen to see him, either in his shop, or about town; it was, therefore, with no ordinary surprise that I received, in about a fortnight after the eccentric affair of the back parlor, a polite note, in a neat female hand, gilt-edged paper, and everything *en regle*, as if from the delicate fingers of Miss Melinda Regan herself. The contents unfolded themselves in words and sentences following, that is to say:

'Mr Denis Macarthy presents his respectful compliments to Lieutenant —, of the fifth regiment, and requests the particular favor of his company to dinner on Monday next, at five o'clock.'

'Mr D. M. hopes Lieutenant — will not deny him the favor requested, as Mr D. M. has every reason to thank his lucky stars for having thrown Lieutenant — in his way.

'P. S.—A hop in the evening. Any of Lieutenant —'s brother officers will be heartily welcome.'

I made up my mind at once to accept the invitation, without letting any of our fellows into the secret, and dispatched my servant forthwith, with a note expressive of my satisfaction in accepting Mr D. Macarthy's polite invitation.

Accordingly, the appointed day saw me elegantly attired in *mufti* [regimentals, of course, were expected, but *that* I could not afford, in justice to the regiment] rattattatting at Mr Denis Macarthy's private entrance on the Grand Parade, as one of the principal streets of the 'beautiful city' has the honor to be denominated. The door was opened by a servant in genteel livery, who, after carefully laying aside my hat and cane, as hostages for the shilling he expected on my leaving the house, ushered me with much ceremony to a handsomely furnished drawing-room, where my friend and host, Mr Denis Macarthy aforesaid, received me with great warmth of hospitality, introducing me to his wife, a remarkably genteel woman, and to a gentleman of the name of Murphy, a pretty good-humored personage, one of the clan of Murphys who luxuriate in Cork.

Dinner was announced in the nick of time, just as the ordinary topics of Hibernian conversation, that is to say, the weather, politics, and religion had been exhausted.

When the lady soon after the removal of the cloth, retired, and we had done justice to our loyal feeling, in a bumper to the king, another to the army and navy, proposed in a highly complimentary manner by our entertainer, and a third to the prosperity of Ireland, given by Mr Murphy, our hearts were abundantly open, and we began to get jolly and familiar.

'Captain —,' observed our host, 'I have to apologise to you for a most unusual breach of the common rule of hospitality at our last meeting.'

'Don't mention it; I presume your business required your immediate attendance, and business, I know, must be, of all things, attended to.'

'Why, true: the fact is, a pressing engagement was the cause of my leaving you so abruptly; but I assure you your coming into my shop on the day you did was to me one of the luckiest accidents of my life.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes; and thereby hangs a tail.'

'If I might not be considered impertinently inquisitive —'

'By no means, captain: you have a very

good right to hear the particulars, and you should this moment, if I were not afraid of fatiguing my friend here, who has already had more than enough trouble in the business.'

'Never mind me,' interposed the good-humored Murphy, 'I have got to look in on my clerk at the counting house, and will return to make one at a quiet rubber; so good bye, gentlemen, for the present.'

'To tell you the truth, captain —'

'Lieutenant, if you please —'

'I beg your pardon; but faith, all military men are captains, who come to our net, so if you don't wish to put me out, you must take it as it comes.'

'Or, as it *will* come, let us hope —'

'And the sooner the better. We'll drink, if you please, to your speedy promotion. Well, sir, now that you have lit your cigar and settled yourself comfortably, I will let you know that the very moment you entered my shop the two young ladies, the Regans, you recollect, passed my door, and that brought to my recollection, that on the very same day, five-and-twenty-years before, I led to the hymenial altar, as the saying is, the elder sister of Melinda and Erlina Regan. The father, at that time in less splendid circumstances than he is now generally reported to enjoy, was still considered the warmest man in Blarney-lane; his enterprising rivals in the provision business did not fail to attribute to him the devil's luck and his own in all his business transactions: certain it was, that, as I told you once before, even his failures were lucky. The old gentleman, I should premise, was, and continues to be, a regular *knife*, or I should rather say razor, sharp back and front, so that without cutting your fingers, you can touch him nowhere. Stingy and penurious in all that related to his own personal expenditure, sticking to business like a leech, thinking only of money, talking only of money, and giving everybody to understand that he had money it is not wonderful that he had credit at his fingers' ends, and got along swimmingly.

'Regan, although no more of a philosopher than I am, was fully convinced that the bulk of mankind is wonderfully taken with the appearances of wealth. Acting on this principle, the old gentleman would give a cheque on his banker for his baker's bill; his butcher must draw upon him for his little account at two months after date and he would discount the acceptance himself at banker's prices. He scorned to be supposed capable of perusing anything in the newspapers, save the price of stocks and the fluctuations of the money market, with all the mysteries whereof he affected to be quite familiar. He knew all the 'warm' men in Blarney-lane and other

parts of our metropolitan city, and had shrewd notions of such as were 'shaky.' He never directly owned to the possession of ready money himself, but could always direct a customer to those who had it. In this way my excellent father-in-law incurred a general suspicion of sharing the profits without incurring the odium of usury.

'No man on earth was more punctual in his payments in his early day than Regan; he never was known to 'fly a kite,' and his 'paper' was as good as the Bank of England. He had at his tongue's end full particulars of all the gentry round Cork, whose estates were embarrassed, and what was a much easier charge upon his memory, particulars also of such as were not. The very aspect of my worthy father-in-law's establishment indicated a moneyed man; no show, no flam, no gilding upon his gingerbread; all was solid and substantial as his credit, from the huge iron crane wherewith his tierces of beef and pork were transferred from his store to the wagons, down to the massive iron knocker on the hall door of his dwelling house hard by. Such was the ostensible position of Reginald five-and-twenty years ago, when I became acquainted with his only daughter Kathleen (for Melinda and Erlina were not thought of at that time) in the following manner;—Regan, who was strongly suspected of posting his books on Sundays, was in the habit of sending Miss Kathleen to early mass by herself, for he had at this time lost his first wife, and had not as yet married his second. It so happened that I always went to early mass myself, because I was then glad to take the best opportunity of getting a seat, which it is difficult to do at mass, for you see, captain, there's a fashion in masses as in other things.

'At this time common report had laid it down as a settled thing that Miss Kathleen Regan's fortune was ten thousand pounds. ten thousand to a half a penny, so accurately had a discerning public ferretted out the amount, that you would have thought her father had no more to do than just to pay the money. I don't know how it is, captain that ladies' fortunes are always given out in round numbers.'

'As I was saying my prayers, I could not help thinking, God forgive me, whether there was so much money in the world. Ten thousand pounds represented in the person of one modest, pretty little girl, (she was younger then, than she is now by a quarter of a century,) saying her prayers with as much devotion as if she had not a cross to bless herself. Eyeing her from time to time over the edge of my prayer-book I thought she must be made of money, and by the time the priest had got to the '*De Profundis*,' I assure you solemnly

I was over head and ears in love with her. You must know, captain, that the old pig butcher had given it out that his daughter was to marry a real gentleman from Kerry—one of that class that would swallow a good estate in whiskey punch, and marry the devil's daughter to bring it up again. While the sermon was preaching I was turning over in my mind what a pity it was so fine a girl, the money, of course was nothing—should become the prey of a drunken Kerry dragoon. If I had the ten thousand I mean the girl,—what's to prevent me from setting up a thriving wholesale grocery, adding in time the tobacco and spirit line; becoming common councilman, alderman of the ward, and in due rotation, mayor of the city; let me see then if Jerry Regan would venture to turn up his ill-looking nose at my worship.

While I was thus amusing my innocent mind building castles in the air, the sermon had ended, and the entire congregation plumped down on their marrow-bones to receive the *benedicite* before I knew where I was; nor would I have awakened from my ambitious 'reverie' even then, had not a brattle of thunder over head, followed on the instant by a terrible storm of rain, restored me to my recollection, and made me bless my lucky stars that my Sunday clothes were safe, as I had taken the precaution, though the morning was treacherously fine, to bring with me my cotton umbrella. As I went down the gallery stairs to go out, what should I see at the chapel-door but a pretty tiny foot popping out from under a petticoat, and popping in again, and whose foot should this be, do you think, but pretty Kathleen Regan's. There she stood, awaiting the cessation of the thunder-storm, looking as if she would move the very heavens themselves to pity. Stepping up to the sweet creature, I offered her my cotton umbrella, and added, that as I feared it would be too heavy for her to carry, I must request the favor of being allowed to hold it over her precious head; and this being granted, with a smile that would have melted a hogshead of sugar, off we went in the direction of that select locality, Blarney-lane.

'I am sure I am greatly obliged to you, sir; I fear I am taking you out of your way, and giving you a great deal of trouble.'

'Trouble, Miss Kathleen. If you'll believe me, Miss Regan, upon my sacred affidavit I would lay down my life for you, much less hold up an umbrella, Miss —'

'Oh! sir —'

'Believe me I would; and what is more, on my oath of honor, I might as well be blind or deaf for all I see or hear in chapel when your sweet face is in it, Miss Kathleen; but indeed that is no ways wonder-

ful, for such a face for beauty I never did see.'

'Fie for shame, sir; you ought to go to chapel to say your prayers, and not sin your soul by thinking of any thing else.'

'No more I do, Miss Regan; on my oath I am always praying that I was good enough, and rich enough, to ask you to think of me now and then, when you have nothing else to do.'

'Think of you, sir—think of a young man—I should not think of such things at my time of life, I am sure. I think the rain is lighter now, sir.'

'By no manner of means, Miss Kathleen; it rains cats, dogs, and dairy maids; but it will rain twice harder before it quenches my love for you, if you'll believe me.'

'Your love for me! don't talk nonsense.'

'Nonsense! I wish it was, Miss Kathleen, I would be able to eat my allowance, and sleep like a top, and not be sighing all day like a smith's bellows. You never were in love, Miss Kathleen Regan.'

'I am too young, sir.'

'Never too young to learn, miss; you may be taken by surprise if you haven't a little experience in love matters, and maybe married before you know where you are, to a man you don't like.'

'Married to a man I don't like! Never!'

'Miss Kathleen had hardly got out the last words, which she uttered with more emphasis and decision than I expected from her mildness of manner, when raising my umbrella, so as to get a peep at the length of the street, who should meet my astonished optics but old Regan, in his broad-brim and leathern gaiters, hurrying along, bending under the weight of cloaks and umbrellas, in full speed towards the chapel, no doubt, to bring his treasure home with a dry skin. There wasn't a moment to be lost; so, telling my fair charge that there was a puddle knee-deep right in our way, I gave her a short turn down Bachelor's-quay, round Mallow-lane, cutting out the old buck completely, and making the best of my happy opportunity: the only one, as I well knew, I was likely to have for some time to come, which made me the more desperate in making the most of it. Fortune favors the bold, they say, and so it was in my instance; for at the very time I chanced to fall in with Miss Kathleen, her father, as I afterwards discovered, was pressing her, through thick and thin, to marry that same Kerry dragon that I spoke of, whose sole recommendation was that he was nominal owner of some half hundred acres of mountain, that he could drink half a score tumblers of whiskey punch at a sitting, drive tandem when he could get it, and had the honor and glory of, once upon a time, killing a man in a duel. Now, it so happened that not one of these accomplishments of

Mr Mac Gillicuddy recommended itself to the tender heart of Miss Kathleen Regan; she disliked the habits of Mac Gillicuddy, she disliked the name Mac Gillicuddy, and she disliked the man Mac Gillicuddy. In short, Kathleen was found by me in that happy condition when, to avoid falling into the clutches of a man she really hated, she was ready to think favorably of a man that in the indifference of her heart she would not have allowed herself to think of for a moment; so that, vanity apart, her favorable prepossessions towards me arose from the fact, not that she loved me much, but that she hated Mac Gillicuddy more. Well, sir, Sunday after Sunday I threw myself in the dear girl's way, and although speaking openly was out of the question, it seldom happened that I did not get an opportunity of informing her of the progress of my passion in a bit of writing, stuffed in her muff sideways in the squeeze as we came down the gallery stairs. In short, when old Regan—he was not so old then, you may suppose, as he is now—found out from the indisposition of his daughter to throw herself away upon the gentleman of his choice, and from the hints of certain good-natured friends, who are always to be found active in such cases, that there was something in the wind between Miss Kathleen and your humble servant, his rage and indignation knew no bounds, and the parental vagaries customary in such cases, of threatening to throw her out of the window, of giving her his curse; which would have been, I take it, no more evil to any body than his blessing; and of cutting her off with a shilling, were all in due course inflicted upon poor Kathleen, with the inevitable natural result of confirming her in the attachment she had by this time formed for myself. To save the poor girl further annoyance, and also to prevent old Regan making a fool of himself by any exposure, I thought the wisest way was to put matters into that condition when it becomes prudential to put the best face upon them, and so took my sweatheart in the cool of the evening over the old fellow's garden-wall, and off to Sunday's-well, where we got a temporary splice from a well-known couple-beggar, (as the venerable man is irreverently called,) who keeps an unlicensed temple of Hymen in that holiday neighborhood.

Of this little escapade I took care to inform Regan in a very penitential, poor-mouth epistle which produced no answer for a considerable time, until the urgency of our circumstances became so great that we were in danger of having no place whereon to lay our heads, when shame coerced my father-in-law into doing that which could never have been expected from his humanity. A day was appointed for an interview. Af-

ter rolling his glaring eye-balls half out of their sockets and gnashing his teeth with rage, he opened a battery of Billingsgate upon us, and especially upon me that might have served a regiment of fishwomen for a twelvemonth.

When he had done raging and crying alternately over the hard fate of his daughter in escaping a gentleman rascal and marrying an honest plebeian, turning to a huge iron safe built in the wall, he drew forth a sheaf of paper, which I could easily discern, not by sight but by the peculiar rustling to be promised to pay of the governor and company of the Bank of Ireland. Taking from the roll three notes the old fellow handed them to me, accompanied with a tissue of abusive language, such as was beyond the patience of Job himself to have submitted to in silence.

'I'll tell you what, old spare rib' said I, flitting the notes carelessly between my finger and thumb, 'I think it would do you no manner of harm to keep a civil tongue in your head. Recollect you were a poor boy once yourself, and remember that I belong to the Macarthys of the west, who mounted their horses while the Mac Gillicuddys held the stirrup.' Laying down the notes which I had glanced at sufficiently only to ascertain that they appeared to be bank post bills for a thousand each, (not bank notes, you will recollect) I told my father-in-law that I despised him and his money, that I was as good a man as himself, and would one day prove it to the world, with much more nonsense of the same description.

The old fellow appeared ready enough to take me at my word, and was about to clutch the money, when my discreet spouse, to whose good sense and discretion in worldly matters, as well as to her affection and duty towards me, I am indebted for every thing I have, stepped forward, quietly folded up the notes, and put them in her reticule. When the old gentleman saw this he stormed and raged more furiously than ever; called us beggars who had come for no other purpose than to rob him, and so on. Getting tired of the transaction, my wife who had repeatedly asked him for his blessing, which he brutally refused, took my arm, and we left the place, not by any means satisfied with our reception, but consoling ourselves with the reflection that three thousand pounds would take the sharp edge off our misfortunes, and enable me to start, with reasonable prospects of success, in some respectable line of business. We returned, therefore, to our temporary home, where, while my wife made arrangements for entertaining a few humble friends who were expected that evening, I went out to complete a negotiation I had formed with a respectable man in my line of business for

a partnership on advantageous terms, which I had brought, in anticipation of the prospects I had from my father-in-law, almost to a conclusion. As I was anxious to settle and get work at once, I signed an agreement with my future partner on the instant, binding myself to put two thousand pounds into the concern, in return for which and my personal exertions, I was to have one third of the nett profits, to be increased to one half on the payment within ten years, of another like sum.

We were very merry and comfortable, when a knock at the hall-door, announced, some unexpected guest, whom I went out to receive and welcome. Judge my surprise when, on opening the door, I encountered full butt, the lean, half-starved skinny visage of a maiden sister of my father-in-law, who since the death of Kathleen's mother, had kept house for him, and was currently believed to be as great an old knife and miser as himself. We passed the evening very pleasantly, my wife and myself losing a rubber or two to old Miss Regan, who, all we could do, would take her departure before supper, promising her best interest with my wife's father for a complete and perfect reconciliation. At long and at last, our friends retired, while we sat chatting, as newly married couples will on various matters trifling in themselves, but to us of great importance. When we had determined to retire for the night, Kathleen bethought her of her reticule and the money it contained, and went to bring it to me for the purpose of depositing it in some place of greater security: returning with a pallid face, flushed eye, and quivering lip, I asked what could be the matter: she replied by turning the reticule inside out before my eyes. There it was, but the precious lining, the MONEY WAS GONE.

'We searched as you may suppose, up and down, high and low—the money was nowhere to be found.

'One only means of accounting for its disappearance remained, namely, that some of our guests had eased us of our little store; neither dare hint the suspicion to the other Kathleen in her heart surmised that some of my relations, who were not over-incumbered with worldly wealth, had taken the liberty of making their fortune by a short cut, and I returned the compliment by letting the whole weight of my suspicion fall, I know not how truly, upon that old withered hag, Miss Regan. After a night of agony, the morning came, and if with it came not cool reflection at least my better nature triumphed so far over my passion as to induce me to outface ill fortune, and make the best of a bad bargain. But here new and unforeseen troubles awaited me. When I stated my unfortunate case to the party with whom I had the day before entered into a written

agreement of co partnership, his only reply was the intimation to take immediate proceedings to compel me to the fulfilment of my agreement. My wife went to her father with a recital of her misfortune, was laughed at and almost insulted. The story soon got wind, and while the magnanimity of old Regan giving his undutiful daughter, who had refused to marry a Mac Gillicuddy, the liberal fortune of three thousand pounds, was every where applauded, the fact of the money having been stolen was altogether disbelieved; the general impression being that I had trumped up this plausible tale for the purpose of extorting more money from the benevolent old gentleman. When this prejudice became general, as it speedily did, I found that my former employer refused to receive me again into his establishment and as I met with equal difficulty in every other quarter, the prospect of starvation stared me in the face, and probably that would have been my lot, if I had not luckily been arrested for debt, and thrown into the city jail, where I had the good fortune to meet in that excellent man and member of an excellent family, who dined with us to-day, and who was a member of the jail committee a sympathizing and active friend. To him I related my melancholy case, and he implicitly believed it. He gave me his best advice as to my future conduct, and what was of no less importance, released me from prison, and gave me temporary employment. All attempts to recover the money proved fruitless. I was determined to justify to an unbelieving world not only my character but my talent, and instead of sinking under my misfortune, I determined to succeed in spite of it. You may suppose my wife and I lived very humbly for some years but our poverty never was embittered by any vain altercations or contentions; she always behaved to me in the most dutiful and affectionate manner, and I discovered at once that though I had lost my wife's fortune, I had gained a fortune in my wife. A few years saw my character so far re-established that I had sufficient credit to establish myself in business in a small way. What with industry and good fortune I had a very fair connexion, and finally, joining with my friend Murphy in some speculation, I made a little money, which enabled me to remove to this more commodious situation. I need not say that my worthy father-in-law and I had no further intercourse: he married a second time soon after my affair, and the young ladies you saw on the parade are his daughters by this second marriage. He has grown in wealth abundantly since then, but bears a rather suspected character. If indeed he plays off such tricks on others as suspect he did on me, it is not to be wondered at that he is better known than trusted. You

may suppose that although I was now a free man and had every prospect of decently maintaining and bringing up my family, the mysterious disappearance of the three thousand pounds ever and anon recurred to my memory. Often and often I dream that I had discovered the numbers, and the name of the person to whom the bills were payable. I thought of every odd name and odd number, but I never could make any approach towards satisfying myself upon the subject. I dare say, captain, if you are fond of music, you may sometime or other have heard a tune without recollecting when or where, which you are anxious to recall but in vain. In this way exactly was I often attempting to recover the particulars of the bank bills which I had certainly looked upon, as I thought with sufficient attention, so far as eyes were concerned, but which failed of impression upon my memory, because of the agitation in which my mind was kept during our short interview, by the slang whanging of my worthy father in law. When I was musing in this way one afternoon, the thought suddenly struck me that the books of the bank of Ireland might afford me some information, if I could gain access to them,

‘However, my trusty friend and benefactor going to Dublin on business, I took that opportunity of accompanying a man so justly respected, in the hope that the bank might afford me some advice to guide my investigations in future. Arrived in Dublin, I was introduced to the Directors, and every facility given to my inquiry. On examining the bank books for a series of years, we discovered that all the notes and post bills to the amount of one thousand pounds, had repeatedly passed through the company, save and except three—those whose order these were payable, I was not allowed to be informed.

To your fortunate arrival, I am indebted for being three thousand pounds richer than I was this day three weeks. Your extraordinary name struck me on the instant with a force that left no doubt of its being the same as the payee of the bills in question. In an hour I was on my way to Dublin, where the Directors satisfied by this proof of my statement paid me the three thousand pounds!

‘And now, if you will have another glass of wine, captain, we will join the ladies.’

From the Dublin University Magazine.

GENORA, OR THE GRAVE-ROBBER. A GERMAN LEGEND.

Beauty, as yet unwedded—matrons pure,
With smiling household blest—to you the Muse
In reverent homage thus inscribes her song;
Her song that tells of strange mysterious things
To truth pertaining, such as gentle hearts
May love to know—and, knowing, treasure deep
In their fair memories. No loftier meed
Need Poet ask—and I, a bard unknown,
Perchance uncredited, yet, nevertheless,
Presuming on attention, never yet
By you to Poesy denied, begin.

Some centuries since, there dwelt beside the Rhine,
In Cologne city, by the minster there,
A fair and noble lady, over whose brow
Three years of wedded life and love had passed,
And left her childless—yet, for this, her lord,
The brave Count Albert, loved her not the less—
But, tender husband as he was, essayed
To soften ills high Heaven alone may cure.

But sooth to say,
This fair and gentle creature longed to hear
A mother's honored name—and oft with tears,
Low bending 'fore the Holy Virgin's shrine,
Like Syrian Rachel patriarch Jacob's wife,
Cried weeping Give me children, or I die!
So passed many a day e'en till desire,
Though anger pure, unsatisfied had spread
A marble paleness o'er her love y brow,
And dimmed the brightness of her radiant eye—
For who shall tell, save woman woman's heart,
Which childless, longs for offspring more than earth,
Parched by the summer, doth for cooling rain.

Let none condemn her—though her prayers arose
Awhile unanswered Heaven's withholding hand
Is blest, as the bestowing—nor denies
Fulfillment to our wishes, but for our good.

One night while slumber seal'd her tearful eye,
And gave her bosom's sorrow to repose,
She dreamt that, wa king by the river's side,
A strain of richest music from the skies,
Burst sudden on her ear—and as she stood,
Deep wondering at the sound an angel-band,
With palms and wreaths of living green drew nigh—
Above them on a cloud of purple light,
In majesty serene the Virgin sat
Sweet smiling and with words of gracious love,
Bade her approach—then placed within her hand
A strange mysterious gift—a human skull,
From which grew roses three, in choicest bloom.
Take this the Virgin Mother said and feel
Your prayers are answered. Woman loved, farewell!
Then, upward rising, slowly disappeared.

She woke with fear, and to her husband told
The awful vision. He, with not less fear,
Heard the recital—and at earliest dawn,
With care oppress, hied to the hermitage
Which towered but, overlooks the country round
For many a league, and to the holy man
There dwelling to tell the dream, and begged his skill
It to interpret—the deep thoughted sage
Heard him with wonder, and, as hermits wont,
With prayer beseeched the gracious ear of Heaven
In their behalf—then rising from his knee,
A one with truth inspired to Albert said—
This dream relates to death, and joys beyond
A darksome grave. Now, son my counsel take—
Prepare thee for the worst, if worse that be
Which is high blessedness and joy supreme—
This to thy wife vouchsafed by her who bore
Heaven's blessed One, was no foretold in vain.

He heard with sorrow, for he loved her well—
And to his home returned where bathed in tears,
He found his gentle spouse, and cheered her heart
With other words than those the hermit told.

Some few months passed, when, on his wedding day,
Yearly by Albert kept, a goodly feast—
Whilst in his lordly halls a hundred guests
Assembled sat and quaffed Enjoyment's bowl,
The fair Genora sudden drooped and died—
Was mourned and buried—and the city poured
Her thousands to behold the hearse of one
So loved and honored—for her dream had gained
Attention universal, and her name
Was numbered with the blest. I need not tell
How Albert sorrowed—gentle hearts will frame
His wretched state, and save the sad recital.

Now, in Cologne, from unremembered time,
It was a custom and it may be vain,
But so it was that every matron wore
Her wedding ring down with her to the grave.
This well the sexton knew—a sordid wretch,
Whose cold and flinty bosom proof to fear,
Insensible to pity and the tears
With which afflicted love bedews the dead—
Knew and resolved to grieve. There are who deem
The dead as worthless valueless, and vile.
But he was one who robbed them in the tomb.

As rung the minster chimes their midnight peal,
Mournful and sweet, the onward march of time,

Forth, from his dwelling near, the robber stole,
Close-wrapped and cautious, to his helpless prey.
Beneath his ample cloak a covered lamp
He held secure with fitting implements
To work his black and traitorous design.
Reach & now the portal of the holy place,
He stood attentive, lest some straggler near
Might spy his motion, and the watch a arm.
So stands the wolf beside the fleecy fold,
To scent if shepherds by their charge abide—
They absent, o'er the pales the monster springs,
And bears his prize, some hapless lamb, away.
All silent slept the city—not a sound
Broke on his ear of revelry or grief—
The watch was sumnering, or perchance retired—
And so a sured of secrecy, he turned
The key, and entering, left the door unlocked.

Down the long, dark and narrow aisles he trod,
Still hung with sables for the honored dead—
By pictures rich from which devoutest saints
Frowned sternly on his sacrilege abhorred—
By sculptured marbles, from whose life-like forms
Looks, more than human, seemed to cry Forbear!
Unmoved, unterrified, he passed and sought
The stairs descending to the vaults beneath,
Within whose darkness, drear and desolate,
The sad remains of many an age reposed
On massy shelves of cold, damp, dripping stone—
Age, youth and beauty in their coffins lay—
Some fresh as yesterday, while others fallen
Beneath corruption's hand, to sight disclosed
Their bare and bleached bones. Rich burghers here
Lay rotting in their pride municipal—
Whilst high above, as though in mockery,
The tattered banners and escutcheons told
Of doughty chiefs who fought in Palestine—
There warring 'gainst the Saracens, what time
Enthusiast Peter roused the Christian world
From apathy supine to frantic rage.
And led her myriads to the Asian shore,
Ignobly there to suffer and to die.

Heedless of all, unfearing, undismayed,
For gloomy death is guilt's security,
He onward passed, with firm, determined step,
To where, within the furthest recess,
Beneath an empty niche, Genora lay—
Upon an antique tomb, so old they say,
As the minster, they had placed the dead.
It was the founder's—and upon the stone
The sculptor's hand had traced this simple line—
'I sleep to be awakened,'—and no more.

Here stopped the guilty wretch, and straight prepared
To gain the object of his black design.
High in the niche he set the blazing lamp,
Threw by his cloak, and from the coffin plucked
The wreath of roses which her husband found
Had placed there in memorial of his love—
Unscrewed the lid, and from her finger drew
The pledge and promise of unbroken vows—
Unbroke of all save by destroying death.
And now his hasty hand had well nigh closed
The rich wrought chest forever when his eye
Caught the bright glitter of a golden chain
Which, from her pale and lovely neck fell down
Upon her bosom, ending with a cross—
The symbol of her faith—for, when she died,
Her weeping husband gave her to the grave
With all her jewels. Ha! the robber cried,
As he beheld the unexpected prize.
'Shall this inherit darkness?' and anew
Prepared him for more spoil and straight removed
The garnished lid that to full view disclosed
The still, cold pale and breathless dead.
Oh, sight to melt a fiend! and from his heart
Force out compassion ineffable here.
All other vices have their estimate,
Still measured by repletion more or less
Lust pals in his possession—hatred's foot
Stamps not forever on her prostrate foe—
And e'en Revenge red eyed malignant, stays
His icy butchery when Horror cries, 'No more!
But Avarice is like the hungry grave,
Insatiable, remorseless! and the wretch
Who there stands craving is her vilest slave.
What is to him the helplessness of death,

And what to him that coffin'd angel there?
 He sees not, hears not, though the sweetest flower
 That ever bloom'd in life's fair garden, lies
 Outstretched and perish'd—beautiful she looked
 As chiseled marble, ere the breath of time
 Hath blown upon its loveliness, and dimmed
 The virgin freshness of its faultless form.
 Her long fair hair in twining ringlets fell
 Down round her shoulders, and to fancy seem'd
 Like corn bespread with dew-drops, ere the sun
 Hath called the glittering sparkles to the skies.
 For here and there about her elfin locks
 Were wreathed pearls shining, yea, the very same
 That graced her 'spousa's, when the hoary head
 Of age attendant whispered, 'Never yet
 Have I till now beheld so fair a bride!'
 And straightway blessed her, yea, and she was blessed.

But to our story. In his eager haste
 To seize the gold, the villain overthrew
 The coffin lid, that on the hollow floor
 Sounded like thunder, when the angry gods
 Take cognizance of sin, and through the vaults,
 Beneath and round him, echoing long and loud,
 Wakened the dead—(so seeming,) and her eye
 Fell on the wretch that close beside her stood,
 Unconscious of his object and her fate!

But he, the robber of the grave, writhed, shrunk,
 And reeled by terror smitten, to the door,
 And rushing headlong up the widening stairs,
 Struck his bare brow against a jutting stone,
 Pillar, or buttress, of the edifice—
 Thence, stunned and staggering, down the marble steps,
 Rolled on the floor a bleeding, lifeless corpse.
 Some say Heaven smote him with her vengeful fires,
 A monument of sacrilege abhorred—
 For they who found him on the morrow told
 His face was blackened, as by lightning scathed,
 And his clenched hand still held the wedding ring.

And now, as from a dream, the buried woke,
 Arose, threw off her grave-clothes, seized the lamp
 That still burnt brightly in the niche above,
 And left the vault to solitude and death.

Meanwhile, within his hall, her mourning lord
 Sat waiting for the rising of the early sun,
 To leave Cologne forever. Grief his heart
 Had wasted utterly, and on his brow
 Stamped the dark image of the fiend Despair—
 And whilst his faithful servants mourned their loss,
 And strove in vain to comfort their dear lord,
 He, all absorbed in sorrow, restless rose
 And paced the sounding floor—and now he drew
 Towards the lattice, whose sight overlooked
 The not far distant pile, within whose walls
 His life and love in death's embraces lay.

Lured by the night—for sorrow ever loves
 Her shades congenial, he his mansion left,
 And, unattended, wandered on to where
 The cemetery of the minster spread
 Its full green bosom to the shining moon—
 And entering on its path, he stood beside
 A monument on which creative Art
 Had placed a lesson for the sons of Grief—

For there, erect, sweet-smiling Virtue stood,
 And pointed drooping Sorrow to the skies—
 Whilst Hope, her fair attending minister,
 Beguiled his pains, and chid away his fears.

There, as the mourner stood, with tearful eye
 Fixed on the portal of that holy place,
 He saw, or thought he saw—for grief is nurse
 To strange imaginations, true and false—
 A figure, like an angel, from the door
 Step out in the broad moonlight, gaze around,
 Then rush close past him down the avenue—
 All noiselessly her hasty footsteps fell
 As snow upon the waters, and as swift
 As flashing light she vanished from his view.
 Deep-wondering and amazed, awhile he stood
 To see who next might follow—for he deemed
 That form divine had fitting company,
 Guardian, or guide angelic—But no more
 Spirit or angel from the portal came.

Amaz'd, yet undismayed—for sorrow knows
 No fear when all she loves is lost—he stood
 Awhile deep musing, then towards his home
 He turned, and slowly left the sacred place.
 And now, whilst yet afar, his eye descried
 His late dark mansion lit with many a light.
 As though for Joy's espousals, and his ear
 Caught the strange sounds of frantic merriment
 Wild laughter's gathering voice, and sobs, and shrieks,
 And sounds of footsteps hurrying to and fro—
 Doubting which, he stands, and questions much
 If all be not a dream, until renewed,
 Out bursts afresh the frantic echoing cries,
 Quick uttered and repeated. On he flew,
 By anger firm and indignation fired,
 Towards the door, whose entrance, wide agape,
 Told sight, as well as hearing, the abuse
 Of misplaced confidence and trust betrayed.
 Not long debate asks punishment, when wrong
 Is able to redress—so in he ran,
 Drew his bright sword, and rushed amid the throng.

Not he who saw (Ezekiel, prophet holy,) in the walls
 Of God's own temple, black idolatry,
 When Israel's elders to the towers obscure
 Of Moab burnt their incense, wilder stood,
 Or suffered more amazement. There, as round
 Her frantic maidens stood, or knelt, or lay—
 For joy wears aspects strange and various—
 Sat his own dear genora, clad as when !
 She died within his arms, or seemed to die.
 Down from his outstretch'd arm his gleaming sword
 Fell to the ground, and hurrying, staggering on,
 O'ercome by glad astonishment, he sunk,
 Full mute and senseless, at the lost one's feet.

* * * * *

Pass we his quick recovery, to tell
 Their joyous greeting, like as when above,
 Death-sundered spirits meet, whilst welcome fills
 The starry courts of heaven. The coming day
 Beheld them kneeling at the altar's base,
 Afresh united—and the Virgin's gift,
 Symbolical of life from death, was shown
 In three fair babes, the Roses of her dream.

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JULY, 1843.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE POOR LAWS.

We hear a great deal about the sufferings of the common people; but we seldom hear of their opportunities of providing against those sufferings: yet they are many, and in many instances adopted with the most complete effect. The lower classes, for example, are exempt from those things which make the heaviest burdens of the middle order. They are not under the necessity of keeping up what is called an establishment of any kind; they are not perplexed with having servants to manage, feed, and pay; and they are not pressed upon by the expenses of their children's schooling, or the extreme difficulty of finding a profession for them. If the middle order were called to make out a case of hardship, they might find materials in their position, of a much more serious nature than the cottager with all his children working for him, his rent low, his employment regular, his occupation the healthiest of all, and his time profitably filled; or than the artizan, possessing all the advantages of the peasant, with the exception, however, of that best of all, health—produced by a life in the open air.

But we repeat that the phrase of the 'labouring poor' is a gross mistake wherever it is not a wicked fallacy; and, that in nine instances out of ten, it is used for the purpose of telling the peasant that his only remedy is, to *rob the rich*. We say that the labourer is not necessarily poor; while he has wages which meet his fair wants, he is virtually as rich as the owner of £100,000 a year, who has to spend it all on the demands of rank, or chooses to lavish it on extravagance. Vanity has no bounds, but nature has set a measure to our real wants, and that measure is exactly the same for every class of society—the appetite for food and the necessity for clothing. The stomach of the man of £100,000 a year cannot consume an ounce of food more than the stomach of his footman, and seldom with so much enjoyment. Or, if we are to be told, that the work of the labourer and the artizan is precarious, we answer, that men should be prudent, and be prepared for its precariousness; that when the labourer or the artizan ob-

tains high wages, he should remember the liability to change—that circumstances may throw him out of employ—that his master may become bankrupt—or he himself become unhealthy, and that he should not expend the whole of the earnings which are to sustain him in the day of illness or dismissal. But this dismissal seldom comes in agriculture—the good laborer will be valued and kept. Even in manufactures this precariousness is greatly exaggerated. If, on the building of a new factory, the ploughman chooses to leave his plough, and hurries to the speculation, without enquiring whether it is the project of a man of property or a man of straw—if he throws up his regular half crown a-day to get five shillings, and take his chance of seeing the whole affair in the Gazette within the next six months—what is to blame but his own avarice? If he finds himself starving in the streets of Manchester, instead of sitting in his comfortable cottage, on his master's estate, after his day's work, and sitting as sure of his wages as if he had them in his hand, he has only to thank his own rashness, and perhaps his ingratitude.

But then we are told, how can any man support a wife and family upon twelve or fifteen shillings a-week. The true answer to this is, what right has any man, in any state of life, to have a wife and family, unless he knows beforehand that he shall be able to support them? It is not the case of the laborer alone, it is that of every man in every condition. The professional man who marries without having the means of supporting a family, exposes himself to exactly the same state of suffering with the ploughman, who, on his half-crown a-day, has condemned himself to feed a wife and half-a-dozen children. He is even in a worse condition, from his being unable to make his children earn any addition to the family subsistence. The country clergyman who marries imprudently, in the same sense, condemns himself to a struggle for life. The military man who marries without being prepared for the inevitable expenses of married life, may as well abandon his profession at once, for his whole career is almost surely but a progress from one privation to another. And this is so largely and painfully

felt, that multitudes of professional men as willing to marry as any peasant on earth, feel themselves altogether prohibited from marrying. And why should the peasant have more right to be improvident than all other men, or have any right whatever to make other men pay for his imprudence? For what is a pauper marriage but a direct demand—that other people should pay for his wife and children? Neither peasant nor gentleman should marry until he can keep his family from pauperism.

Yet, that all the lower orders are *not* imprudent, and that when they are inclined to be provident they have the means, to a remarkable extent, is demonstrated by the state of the savings' banks. The national amount actually funded from those deposits, is upwards of twenty millions of pounds sterling, and that amount is constantly increasing. The weekly payments to the savings bank of St. Martin's parish in London, have been stated at L.12,000. The Marylebone savings bank has already funded L.262,000, and is receiving a constant stream of gold. Every parish in the metropolis is constantly pouring in an accumulation of wealth, wholly the saving of the lower orders. On the other hand, the expenditures of those orders in *luxuries*—for to them gin and tobacco are as much to be classed under the head of useless and dangerous superfluities, as claret and champagne to their superiors—still continues on an enormous scale. The quantity of gin passing through the excise, has been stated as above the value of sixteen millions sterling a year, and this, too, independently, of course, of all the smuggled gin, the whole being drunk by the common people. The tobacco, the filthiest and most unwholesome of all indulgences, amounts to some millions. And all this without reckoning the whiskey, the rum, and the beer consumed by them; or the brandy, the wine, the liquors belonging to the consumption of the higher orders. It is probable that the superfluous and deleterious luxuries of this complaining class, amount to little less than forty millions sterling a year—a voluntary waste nearly equal to the whole public expenditure of the kingdom, of the whole interest of the national debt, leaving about ten millions surplus, which, if applied to the national debt itself, would clear the country of it in the course of the next fifty years.

These are the encumbrances which men lay on themselves, and we must not suffer them to shift the burden of their sottishness on our shoulders. This taste for low indulgences is at the bottom of almost every complaint. The London shopman walks the streets with a cigar in his mouth, half-a-dozen of which are his essential expenditure for the day; having thus dispos-

ed of one shilling, he finishes his evening at the half-price of the theatre, or the *Concert de Societe*, which costs him another shilling, and winds up the whole with the tavern, which costs him a third. He then exclaims against the wretchedness of the times, which will not allow a gentleman more than a guinea a-week for his absolute necessities of existence.

The clamour against the Poor Laws is one which has existed in every period since the days of Elizabeth; for no legislation will ever reconcile the man who chooses to have all the indulgences of an idle life, to the restraints laid upon those indulgences by the men who have to pay for them.

Unquestionably there cannot be too much avoidance of all harshness in the administration of relief. But the expired Poor Laws had gone a length which actually threatened to throw the chief property of the land into the power of the paupers. The country was filled with instances of farms given up, because the holders were unable to pay the enormous poor-rates. Idle ruffians roamed every parish, insisting on extravagant wages, or throwing up their work altogether, because they could not get "two shillings a-day from the parish for doing nothing." The poor-rates, even with little more than half our present population, had reached the fearful amount of eight millions sterling a-year, and they were advancing. This state of things must have ruined the country in a few years, and the whole must have closed in bankruptcy.

We are not enamoured of the present Poor Law, nor shall we ever be enamoured of any. The truth is, that a Poor Law is like a cantharides blister, perhaps useful to relieve an immediate pain; but at no time a pleasing application, and never to be confounded with a work of nature. A Poor Law is a direct contradiction to the principle, that man should be a provident animal; in all things providing for the coming time, providing in the day of activity against the day of decay, providing when in full possession of faculties, employments, and opportunities, against the time when the whole three may fail. This constitution implies self-constraint, diligence, prudence, and the general exercise of all the higher qualities of human nature; and thus the very precariousness of human things was evidently designed as a school for the acquirement of vigour and virtue. But a Poor Law, or any law which makes poverty a "a right" to public support, extinguishes, so far as it goes, this whole discipline. It takes from the drunkard, the idler, and the profligate, that only human guard against their vices, which is to be found in the dread of the consequences.—We have actually heard it said by the drunkard, in answer to the remonstrance,

'Do you not know that these habits of intoxication must ruin you?' 'Well, I can only go to the workhouse after all.' And this is not a single case. It operates to an immense extent; and is the feeling, and the answer, and the temptation, of tens of thousands. Those Poor Laws encourage the 'strikes' of workmen, and provide an indemnity for that villanous spirit of combination which destroys trade; still we cannot get rid of them. And there are instances in which sudden loss of sight, loss of health, and various accidents which no prudence can perfectly anticipate, and which throw the sufferer as a burden on the common charity of man—for those, there ought to be some provision. And yet those cases are comparatively so few, that probably L. 10,000 a-year would meet their whole expense in England. The real burden consists, in our having to pay the workmen whom A or B chose to draw into his factory from their fields, and then discharged at an hour's notice, or to pay for the dozen children whom John Hobbs thought proper to give the public, without providing a dozen pence for their support. In all fairness, we might as well be called on to pay for the Duke of Devonshire's tenth coach and horses, if the ducal income entitled him to keep but nine. We feel for the poor as much as any man, but it is impossible to feel for those who despise all prudence, and take no rational step to avoid misfortune.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WORLD OF LONDON—THE THEATRES.

While the Opera is the chosen place of resort for the great, our patent theatres stand at the head of those entertainments that lie more open to the upper, middle, and lower classes. Going to the play, is a favorite recreation of the Londoner; his convenience is suited in every possible way as to price and variety of amusement; almost every class has its theatre, with performances adapted to their several tastes and predilections: theatres for the east, and theatres for the west; theatres for this side the river, and theatres for that; theatres for performances equestrian and aquatic: theatres legitimate and illegitimate; each and every of these theatres having a character peculiarly its own, and an auditory that appertains to no other theatre, as characteristic in its own way as the performances. Thus, for example, while at the little GARRICK, away in the oriental regions beyond Whitechapel, three dozen crews of Indiamen, the captains with their ladies in the dress circle, the mates with their wives in the pit, the fore-castle men with their doxies in the gallery, are being

entertained with the *FLYING DUTCHMAN*, interluded with naval songs and hornpipes, and concluded by the *WRECK ASHORE*, a select auditory at the St. James's Theatre in the far west is delighted with the performance of Monsieur Perlet, in the inimitable 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme' of Moliere; at the same moment that rival operas, *Norma* at Convent Garden, *Acis and Galatea*, at Drury-lane, are being executed before admirable audiences, burlesque imitations of these operas are giving unalloyed delight on the same evening, to crowded houses at the Adelphi and the Surrey; at Sadler's Wells in the north, and the Victoria Theatre in the south, melodramatic performances, extravaganzas, and domestic tragedies, entertain the company at the little theatre in the Haymarket, comedies of the old school alternate with plays by Bulwer and others: then there is the Pavilion in the Whitechapel Road, the City of London in Norton-Falgate, and many others too tedious to mention, of the fire-and-brimstone, blue-light, and extra-melodramatic character.

High or low, rich or poor, the theatre is a supreme delight of your Londoner; he is not, it is true, like the Parisian, a habitual play-goer, but when he does go, he enjoys himself the more; play-going is not his business but his recreation.

The play's the thing; it is always prepared, and may be enjoyed without previous arrangement, or any other trouble than that of paying your money at the door; then the price of the amusement is studiously adapted to the condition in life of the customer; again, it is an enjoyment which may be had after the day's work, and is the more pleasantly taken because not interfering with business; and lastly, which is of no small importance, play-going is a highly thirst-provoking affair, greatly promoting the imbibition of gin and beer. Then, there is always something new at the theatres—something to give a subject for talk to the world of chat and gossip; there is a perpetual rivalry among the managers to outdo one another, and every playhouse is no more than an enormous rat-trap, baited with some savory cheese or other nicety, studious to capture that long-tailed animal the public. Our theatrical adventurers are left altogether to themselves; no such thing is known among us as Government patronage, of caterers for public amusement: no accounts-current between the house and the Treasury; no official intercourse between statesmen and comedians: no diplomatic relations between opera dancers and officers of state; our amusements, like our industry, are allowed to hang by their own tail, and we got on all the better for it. Not that we are without restrictions in matters theatrical; the Lord High Cham-

berlain exercises, within the limits of London and Westminster, the office of dramatic censor; the beauty and harmony of this wise restriction, will be obvious to every reader, from the fact that the one side of Oxford Street no dramatic performance can be exhibited except by leave of the Chamberlain, while on the other his jurisdiction is altogether superseded; for theatrical purposes, therefore, there is a licensed and an unlicensed side of the street. How far, in our day, restrictions upon theatrical entertainments are requisite or advisable, may be matter of question: we cannot help considering, that restricting the performance of the legitimate drama to patent theatres, and giving them a monopoly within the limits of London and Westminster, is a very different mode of encouraging dramatic talent, whether of author or actor, while there is no power of compelling the managers of our patent theatres to give that encouragement. We can recollect the time when our Theatres-Royal—old Drury in particular, who, recollecting John Kemble, Siddons and Kean, should have been ashamed of himself—rivalled the Victoria and Astley's in their wild beast attractions, and deserted Shakespeare, Jonson, and Sheridan, for the panthers, lions, and tigers of Van Amburgh's menagerie. It is to this monopoly by the houses twain, 'of Convent-Garden, and of Drury-lane,' that the town is indebted for that degraded taste in the drama, of which the bills of the play at all our minor houses are sufficient evidence; instead of playing up to the public taste, or soaring above it, they are compelled to descend to the low level of melo-dramatic trumpery, and to become instruments not of instruction but of mere unintellectual entertainment. The drama suffers under the effects of this blighting monopoly as much as the public; authors who live to please, must please to live, and the low tastes thus generated, must be pandered to; actors, in like manner have no opportunity of holding the mirror up to nature at these minor houses; even nature is never thought of, so that to keep up the old monopoly of theatricals within a circle of a few miles round Convent-Garden and Drury-Lane, all hope of converting the minor houses into places of rational entertainment is lost sight of. Perhaps it may be said, that these illegitimate houses, if we may call them so, are not in arrear of the popular taste, but on a level with it; we know the reverse of this to be the fact. At the Surrey, for example, which is a transpotine house, wherein melo-dramatical, nautical, and mock-heroic pieces are ordinarily enacted, we have attended when 'La Somnambula' and L'Elisir d'Amore' were performed. Lord lose you! the auditory seemed quite another class under the refining influence of an

entertainment in which the hand of genius and taste is visible: the pit becomes select, the gallery polite, and the boxes exclusive. Let the same auditory assemble on the following night to witness 'The blood-stained leathern apron,' or the 'Deed of the broad-Awl,' and you will think you see an amphitheatre of cannibals grinning around you, gloating over horrible details of love, jealousy, and revenge, disguised in every variety of double milled fustian.

At the little Garrick, too, the most delighted auditory we ever recollect to have seen, assembled to witness the performance of Colman's 'Heir-at-Law'; they seemed even capable of comprehending the humor of Pargloss, and quite alive to the absurdities of Lord and Lady Dubberly; yet this is an auditory considered capable of relishing Jack Ashcre, Long Tom Coffin, or some such other egregious absurdity. The truth is, we are in the habit of underrating very much, too much, the capacity of the masses for intellectual enjoyment; we step in between them and their tastes with the wand of a Lord Chamberlain, motioning away every dish that is good for them, like another Don Pedro Positive Snatchaway, and then we cry out—'Dear me, what low creatures! what tastes, what habits, what vulgarity!' Sir Walter Scott was accustomed to say, that no mistake could be greater than to make boys and girls' books, or create a nursery literature written down to infantile capacities; he desired that 'they should have something to chew, something to puzzle over, something to exercise their reflective faculties,' and he was right; the very same course should be adopted with grown children. Instead of having a bastard progeny of melo-dramatic theatres sprinkled over the town, why should we not study to have little Drury-Lanes, little Convent-Gardens and little Opera-houses? why not have the superior tastes now gratified within the walls of those privileged establishments, diffused to the uttermost ends of the town, to the elevation of our popular tastes, feelings and habits?

All this the Lord Chamberlain, however, forbids, for no other reason that we can see than this—that formerly monopoly was everything, and everything a monopoly; and that although other monopolies have been discontinued, it is still fitting that there should be a monopoly of intellectual recreation. This might be all well if the theatre were a mere vehicle of amusement; but the end of theatrical entertainments is not so insignificant; they have exercised, now exercise, and will continue to exercise a potent influence on the formation of national character for good or evil: their educative tendencies are very great and highly important, and it is in this point of view, that we are led to

consider all attempts at restriction worse than useless.

Poets, and suchlike, talk of first love—what an event in the life of man, or rather boy, is first play. For real gun, flesh and blood poney, *bona fide* watch that ticks and *will* go, not primal breeches nor original 'long tail,' not promised Christmas box, nor holidays enjoyed in anticipation, equal the longing expectation with which adolescence regards the near approach of the first promised play.

From that momentous day when Pa or Ma promise the young hopeful, that if he does so and so, or does not do so and so, he shall stay at home and be whipped, or go forth to play and supper, as the case may be—little first steps to bribery and corruption on the part of Pa and Ma, which young master turns to excellent use upon his own account, when he comes in the fulness of time to vote at elections—there is neither peace nor rest in the mansion: night after night, the urchin reiterates his demand to be introduced to the presence of her majesty's servants on the boards of the theatre: Pa and Ma, worn out, wish in their hearts they had whipped the boy and said nothing of the theatre. At last, however, they gave it up, and what they promised at first in jest, are teased into performing in earnest. Who can describe the delight of young master, as he draws near the magic portals opening to his inexperienced eyes the scenic world: with what a light and agile step he skipped up stairs before Pa and Ma, nor pausing till he is stopped by the cheque-taker; the lights amaze his untutored optics, and when he beholds the lobby, he imagines himself in the theatre, until pulled into a box by Pa and Ma: he looks round, as if enchanted in that magic circle; he sniffs the mingled odors of saw-dust, train oil, and orange peel, thinking it a most delicious odor: the green curtain is a mystery, and the knocking of carpenters behind the same seemeth something like goings on in another world; the altitude above to the scraping galleries, and below to the abysses of the pit, amaze the juvenile; much wonderment doth he express at the emergence of the musicians from beneath the stage, and likeneth them to rats popping out of holes; he grineth with delight at the growing aggregation of humanity in the pit.—

'At first while vacant seats give choice and ease,
Distant as near they settle where they please.
But when the multitude contracts the space,
And seats are rare they settle where they can.'

The rise of the foot-lights, day-dawn of the stage, strike him with great wonder: he supposes, in Ma's ear, that the sun rises in that manner; Ma says that it is so, but that there is a great difference in the machinery: the boy enquires what differ-

ence; Ma rebukes the boy for being inquisitive, directing his attention to a fiddler with a red face, who is regarded by the boy as an orchestral phenomenon.

Now, the leader emerges from his hole with an air, hastily making his way through the vulgar herd of fiddlers as if he was afraid of catching something; now he taps with his bow, and looks round like Apollo in a fit: now squeaks, scrapes, grunts, and tootle-tootles rescend through the house, notes of awful preparation: now a black twinkling eye, (you are not to suppose it an odd one belonging to Vestris, peeping through a hole in the green curtain, takes the measure of the house and the fulness thereof; now a self-acting carpet crawls out from beneath the green curtain, disposing itself over the stage in a mysterious manner, indicative of the forthcoming enactment of that description of comedy called genteel, of which it is no treason to say that the carpet is oftentimes the best thing in it; now the overture begins—sit down there in front, take your hats; and now as Mr. Puff observes in the critic, 'Up curtain, and let us see what our scene-painters have done for us.'

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE SEA-LAWYER.

Just before the Regency devolved upon the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., there seemed to be a sort of struggle going forward between that numerous body who lived by forgery in all its ramifications, and the commercial classes; and much ink and blood were shed in the contest. Those who had to pay for the waste of a few drops of black fluid with young and healthy lives, might be deemed to be fighting at a great disadvantage, yet they fought on and swung by dozens, and the extermination of individuals only increased the magnitude of the band. Authority grew callous and placing Justice with her bared sword on the judgment seat, ordered Mercy out of the court. The more certainly that convictions followed forgeries, did death ensue upon convictions.

At this time there lived a Jew salesman at Portsmouth in very flourishing circumstances. He had a handsome villa at a very romantic village on the road to Winchester. He banked with the principal banker in his own neighborhood, and though he did not keep his carriage, it was the boast of himself and his family that he could if he chose. His place of business in Portsmouth was, however, of the meanest and most sordid description. The windows of his shop or warehouse were incrustated with the undisturbed dust of years and consequently its exterior was remark-

able, and we believe intentionally, obscure. A little degree of darkness proves very serviceable when one has to sell second-hand clothes 'but wash better than new.'

Moses Myers dealt in everything that could and could not possibly be required by the seamen, his principal customers. All articles, from the most expensive sextant down to the cheapest tobacco-stopper, from the gold and jewelled watch to the pinchbeck ornaments for Poll of the Common-Hard, were to be found in his emporium. Slops and all manner of nautical habiliments, impeded his doorway and loaded his counters. Yes, Moses, was the sailor's factotum. When Jack was alive, Moses would obligingly supply him with everything for a 'considerashun;' when present, he loaded him with the most servile civility; when absent he sought to be his agent—when dead, his executor. Moses was also a great dabbler and dealer in powers of attorney, and mariners' wills. He thrived accordingly. Sometimes a poor broken-down woman, in faded widow's weeds, would be seen hanging about his shop, her features pinched by famine, and even with despair. If admitted to an audience by Moses, everything seemed apparently fair and legal: there were seals and parchment, and signatures, such as 'Thomas Bowling,' scrawled over an amazingly broad space, or 'Thomas Bowling, his X,' or anybody else's, all very duly witnessed. If all this attorneyed and imposing pomp, and circumstance of parchment awed not the bereaved wife into acquiescence, and silenced not her clamors, the indignant and wronged virtue of Moses Myers assumed a very high tone, and she was handed over to the tender mercies of his eldest son, Aaron Gent., one &c. &c., that is to say, a sharp-practice lawyer, who always drew up and generally witnessed all the wills and powers of attorney in favor of his respectable father.

But little was the sensation created in Portsmouth by these infrequent explosions. Moses knew how fatal they must prove to his reputation, so he was always careful to anticipate them when apprehended, and to hush them up when they actually occurred. He was an elderly, fat, well-shaven man, very plausible in his address, and had a great deal more of sea-slang than Jack himself. Did a blue-jacket pass his door, it was with him, 'What cheer, messmate, 'to bear up, come to an anchor, and freshen his hawse.'

These were very captivating manners to a thirsty sailor, and over the grog he pronounced the inviter the least of a Jew of all the seed of the patriarchs. Strong grog, long credit, and plenty of soft soap down Jack's back-bone, and Moses was pronounced a jewel of a Jew.

Myers, 'like Japhet, the judge of Israel,

had one daughter, and she was surpassing fair.' But we will not speak of her just now, mingled up with forgeries, rum-and-water, and 'old clo'. We will merely say that she was named Dinah.

We have before stated that Moses Myers begat Aaron, by the means of his indentures, and five hundred pounds premium, begat a very active and acute lawyer, in his own person, eminently qualified to spoil the Gentiles, and particularly those 'who go down in ships on the mighty waters.' Whilst he was completing his apprenticeship, the hero of our short story first got acquainted with the Hebrew family, and strangely enough the yarn of his life (shore-going folks would call it the thread) became inseparably intermingled with theirs.

Edmund Desborough was the son of a yeoman in good circumstances, could trace back his family for several generations, and who possessed no small share of that straight forward English independence which was called by his superiors insolence and by his inferiors upstart pride. His son Edmund, in very early youth, so early that we blush to mention it, got entangled with a woman thrice his age, in what is foolishly called a love affair. The woman had great capacity of oath, and the surrounding squires and magistrates were much amused at the idea of the boy-father, and some of them were basely gratified at this opportunity of mortifying Giles Desborough, for the said sturdy Giles rode better horse-flesh than most of them, and would neither sell nor give away a favorite hound or hunter when any of his aristocratic neighbors condescended to require it.

In order to avoid all the talk and disgrace of this awkward affair, Giles resolved to send Edmund, who was nothing loath, to sea for a short trip up the Mediterranean with a friendly skipper. It proved to be an unfortunately long one. Edmund was pressed, and drafted from one man-of-war to another until he had visited most places on the face of the waters, and fought his country's battles in many of them. During this time old Giles broke his neck by riding an ill-broken horse at a fox-chase against the whippers-in of the pack, and the rector of the parish. Every one then discovered what an honest neighbor and excellent companion he had lost. Edmund's elder and only brother inherited all Giles's estate and wealth. When after ten years' absence, Edmund returned to his paternal home, instead of the fatted calf being killed to welcome him, he was only offered the cold shoulder of a man, and that man the only living relation he had on earth.

So Edmund took up his bundle, and literally 'cut his stick,' from the blackthorn

hedge that bounded the property he once was taught he would equally possess with his brother. This was a trespass, certainly, but one that will surely be forgiven him, since he forgave his brother his avarice and his hardness of heart. Equally flush of money and indignation, the young sailor returned to Portsmouth. He had a long-service ticket of leave in his pocket, of which more than three weeks were unexpired, and with a sort of ferocious feeling of independence, one beautiful summer's eve, he found himself near the door of Moses Myers. The oily-visaged Hebrew was at his usual stand, and when Edmund approached him there was the accustomed wily smile on his countenance, accompanied by the usual 'What cheer, messmate?'

'Very poor,' said Edmund, surveying his accoster with a glance that displayed as much contempt as his extreme good nature would admit of. 'The ship has tumbled overboard, and the marines won't go in the boat to pick her up, so they've cut away the main hatchway, hoisted the pig ballast for a jury-jib spanker, and gone in chase.'

'Ah, you're a vag! ash the quarter-master said to the dog-vane, can't you be still till I seesh how the vind blowsh,' replied Moses to the seamen's banter. 'A south-veshta vind in the bread-bag: ish't it so, my hearty?'

'Not a bit of it, Nabachasneazer. Do you hear how the rhino rattles?' said Edmund, slapping his trousers-pocket. 'Ah, I see you do, for your mouth waters like a hungry dog's at the sight of a hog-pudding.'

'Ah, my good friend,' said Moses, rubbing his hands cheerfully, 'you musht come in vid me and freshen his hawsh.'

'But who sthands cook? I'll be tinkered if I do,' said Edmund.

'Vy, my good friend, I invitesh you as my guest. You shall tell me all about your cuttingsh-outs, and your fights in big ships, and your prize-money and so forthsh.'

'Ah, prize money! heave a-head, old joker, or shall I take you in tow by the beard. Why, Moses, by the holy, what have you done with your beard? You shave too close, Moses.'

And thus with rude and unmannered hustling did Edmund hurry the Jew through his shop into his back parlor, and then as they tumbled into the apartment together, suddenly the boisterous seaman remained motionless, as if struck into the figure-head of Silence. It was not the abrupt transition from the gloomy and close shop into a light and airy place, nor the comparative splendor of the room itself, nor the fragrance of the small but well-stocked garden into which the windows of that room opened, that thus for

more than a moment, paralyzed the honest sailor. When the short stupefaction of astonishment had passed off, he seemed to have changed his nature; he was no longer the rough devil-may-care tarpaulin. He assumed, or rather resumed, a courteous manliness, and with a grace that makes humility its greatest pride, he bowed lowly, as if unexpectedly ushered into the presence of confessed majesty. The object was worthy of that quiet, yet intense adoration. It was the Jew's daughter, Dinah.

Yes! at that moment ten years of Edmund's life were rolled back, he was the rollicking tar no more, but the polished head scholar of the grammar-school, where he had associated with the high-born, and where, to satisfy paternal pride, he had been taught all those graces and accomplishments which dignify whilst they embellish society. He could then have spoken his long neglected Latin, and the almost forgotten Greek trembled upon his tongue. He lifted his revering eyes from the beauty before him, and turning to her father, and with all the urbanity and much more than the sincerity of a lord in waiting, he assured the Jew that, 'On no consideration would he intrude upon the young lady's privacy.'

The tones and the grace of manner with which this was uttered—the words were so softly spoken, yet so distinctly enunciated, that Moses Myers was taken flat aback. He said so himself, and plainly asked Desborough 'Vash he a shentleman vat wash come to masquerade?'

'No, Mr. Myers,' said the sailor proudly, 'I am not;' and then bowing respectfully to the lady, 'and till this moment I never wished to be. I am nothing more than the captain of the foretop of his majesty's ship the Trident.'

But the Jew was incredulous even beyond the incredulity of his race, and continued to persecute Edmund by all manner of impertinent questions, and at length came to this conclusion so very flattering to the whole body of naval officers—

'Well, misther, if you're not a shentleman, you must be an offisher in disguise.'

And what was Dinah Myers? She was a beautiful, a solemn mystery. She had two existences; one, that of the everyday world was a sordid and almost a base one—and another totally devoted to the lofty and vague aspirations of her people. She was well versed in Hebrew, and had plunged deeply into the ambitious writings of the Rabbi. She had a smattering, and a smattering only, of Christian accomplishments. She sang sweetly, knew a little of music, a little of drawing, a little of French, and a few words of Italian; but her dancing was inimitably superior to and totally unlike anything taught in the pro-

vincial schools to which she had access. She was somewhat slovenly dressed in the mornings—most richly and tastefully in the evenings, and then she wore a profusion of the most costly jewels, her fingers were enveloped in a blaze of diamonds, and above all she kept her hands scrupulously clean, a rare virtue in a Jewess.

And her person? It was majestic in loveliness, and her countenance was radiant with that profound and mystic beauty, born of the East or of Paradise itself. There are but two or three like her in a Hebrew nation, of whom the rest of the daughters of Israel seem to have been spoiled to make wonders of perfection; and Dinah Myers was one of the most wonderful of these. She knew herself destined to be the bride of one of the youthful heads of her tribe: and that she might go worthily dowered to her future lord she disdained not any of the toils, and we are compelled to say, some of the wiles, that might help to enrich her.

Her singular beauty was most attractive to her father's business, and though she would not drink in the presence of the Gentile mariner, she hesitated not to mix his grog, and with a gracious smile to present it to him with her own hand. She saw nothing degrading in this, it was the trial through which she had to pass in order to achieve some glorious yet indefinite end. The notions of the Hebrews are not ours, nor is ours their morality. We understand them not, nor do they understand themselves further than that they are driven forward by some mighty and supernatural impulse. The modern may be expiating the crimes of the ancient race, or they may be the instruments of regeneration for all mankind.

As Dinah's father and Edmund entered the parlor, she had made up her business-smile, half-cordial and half-satirical, and was just in the act of placing the day-book on the table near the case-bottle of rum, for she thought that there was another victim entangled in the net. She was as much astonished as the sailor. The very opposite to herself in the style of his beauty, he was nearly as perfect. The complexion fair to brilliancy, but rendered manly by sun-freckles; the ruddy color, the broad shoulders, and the curling flaxen hair, all denoted his Saxon lineage. His smile was bewitching sweet; and then the sudden change in his deportment. Yes, Dinah was wonderfully struck—with love at first sight? Oh, no, not a taint of it. The Jew slopseller's daughter would have then condemned an alliance with a Gentile prince. Her sentiments towards Desborough were respect, admiration, and wonder.

'Vell, Dinah, dearish,' said Moses My-

ers, 'you shall get the grogs for my friend, the sailor who vash no shentleman.'

With a heightened color, the lady replaced the day-book on the shelf, and then retired, but returned immediately, accompanied by one of the dirtiest of Christians, a female slavey of all work, who under her directions, removed the bottle of rum, and substituted for it red and white wine with biscuits. It was a silent compliment to the sailor, and as such he felt it deeply.

'Ah! 'tish well, Dinah,' said Myers, a little surprise, 'mine goot friend may be the shentleman out for a lark after all—so I say 'tis vell.'

'I tell you, Mr. Myers, I am no gentleman—I am no officer. Look, lady,' continued Edmund, extending his hands to Dinah, 'look at these rough and disfigured hands; condescend to touch these horny palms—revolting to the sight and ungrateful to the feeling—become so, in order that beauty like yours, madam, may sleep in peace and bloom in security.'

Desborough's rough hands lingered on the velvety palms, and the rosy and jewelled fingers of the Jewess, a moment longer than was necessary. It was quite long enough, however, to turn the whole current of the sailor's life. He trembled through all his limbs, and his features strangely quivered.

It was enough. He had cast his soul down before the beauty, and worshipped.

'He, this well-favored youth is certainly not a gentleman, father, in your sense of the word. He may be something better,' was Dinah's reply.

It is not our purpose now to dilate on the intimacy which henceforward took place between the sailor and the Jew's family. The foretopman loved the Jewess with a vehemence nearly approaching to insanity. She conducted herself delicately, respectfully, and at the same time coldly towards him. The father on the contrary, whilst Edmund's money lasted, and it was a very considerable sum, warmly encouraged all his visits.

Edmund enjoyed an intense pleasure in visiting at Myer's country-mansion in plain clothes, and in enacting the private gentleman. Every thing of course was purchased of the Jew; but of jewelry so acquired, none of it could the enamoured seaman force upon the young lady. The father, however, very kindly relieved him of it, promising to find the opportunity of prevailing on his daughter to accept it. Edmund Desborough was very grateful.

The money is all spent. The Jew looks cold, and the Jew's daughter sorrowful: and for the first time, somewhat kind. Edmund's dream was not out: for knowing it was but a dream, he intended to dream on for the rest of his life. When he took his leave of the lady, she said to him,

'Edmund, we had better part forever; I sorrow ever to have met you. I never thought to have said so much to a mere Christian.'

Desborough had made rapid work of it. His heart was gone in a moment, and his pay and prize-money in less than three weeks. He deemed that he had spent his two hundred and fifty pounds gloriously. Under a feigned name he had been enacting the gentleman and the lover: in the latter character there was nothing feigned. His ship was still moored at Spithead, so he went on board to live on memory—flour, flint and salt-junk.

For three years we must leave him to lay out on the weather-yard arm, to haul out the earing of the fore topsail; and then there ensued a tremendous fight with a line of battle ship, more than physically equal to his own ship, the Trident. The loss on either side was terrible. After the action had commenced it fell calm, the two ships lying alongside of each other, but at too great a distance for either mercifully to put an end to the slaughter by boarding. Every shot told, and the decks became perfect shambles. The English conquered, and Edmund did great and heroic service. His superior education and his general excellent deportment had previously won the approbation of his captain and officers, and after the battle he was made a gentleman in rank, being promoted to their quarterdeck as master's mate.

By some clerical error he was in the official account forwarded to the Admiralty returned among the killed. When this was gazetted, Aaron Myers, the son of Moses, had been two years turned out to prey upon the world, a full-fledged attorney, with strong, sharp, and large claws, and a corresponding beak.

Aaron was altogether an improvement upon Moses in his style of living. He sported a gig, and that sort of animal now known under the designation of a 'tiger.' Agencies multiplied, he must have been the most powerful of attorneys, if we may judge by the number of powers of attorney in his possession, and he might have been held to be almost the universal executor and residuary legatee of the foremost men in the navy, who were in the habit of visiting Portsmouth.

Although Aaron had never seen, he had heard much of the gentleman-sailor. When the gazetted intelligence of Edmund Desborough's death reached home, Moses and Aaron were closeted together for some hours in privacy. The superb Dinah sought also the solitude of her own chamber. She mourned the untimely fate of the gallant youth with an increased bitterness since she had recently seen the man to whom she was betrothed, the only son of a rich German Jew banker and cap-

italist. Then much, very much of her visionary fabric tottered into ruins.

Moses and Aaron found themselves on very safe ground, and as this ground was of their own creating, no wonder when they looked about it they found two properly attested documents, signed and sealed by 'the goot youth who wash so fond of Dinash,' a will entirely in her favor, and a power of attorney in that of Moses Myers.

Moses, himself, had a little document of his own, a short, but a tremendously heavy bill against Edmund Desborough, for apochryphal necessities furnished to him at imaginary times. This was a little too bad, as it was robbing his own daughter of wealth that she had no right to possess.

At all this, the few persons to whose knowledge it came, felt no surprise; for Edmund's romantic attachment to the Jewess was well known, as, so far from making a secret of it, he made it a subject of boast and glory.

After a due and decent time, Aaron Myers went up to London, and he was most agreeably surprised to find from the ship's agent that Desborough's share of prize money was very great indeed. His pay also amounted to a considerable sum. All self-complacency and hilarity, he then hastened to the Navy-office, and there he was nearly struck dead by hearing the astounding news that Edmund Desborough was living—had not even been wounded—that the very next despatches from the captain of the Trident had corrected the mistake of the erroneous return.

Aaron's confusion excited the notice and the suspicions of the clerks. Rumors had got abroad, complaints of informalities among Jew attorneys at seaport towns had become too loud and too common, and Aaron himself was not in the best odor among the officials. So two of the provincials were sent for, and he was very civilly told that Edmund Desborough would be written to concerning the attorney, and in the mean time they felt it their duty to impound that document and the will also.

The Hebrew race are not remarkable either for physical or moral courage, except when under the influence of fanaticism. All the young lawyer's energies were prostrated. Alive only in his most horrible fears, he returned to Portsmouth, and the meeting between the father and son was horrible. They recriminated: they quarrelled; they seized each other by the throat. This violent struggle, and their vociferations, brought Dinah Myers to pacify them. They accused each other, and in a moment, she knew all. She wrung her hands with anguish, and then bowed down her head with shame.

The father was the first, to grow calm.

He consoled himself with the reflection that he was safe, as he had neither forged nor uttered the unfortunate instruments. Prudence then whispered her counsels, and it was determined to hush up the matter and prepare for the next events.

Dinah advised her brother immediately to leave the country, for they were hanging three or four every week for the crime which he had committed. But the young man was paralyzed. He temporized and lingered, hoped and despaired, yet did nothing but increase his peril. In one day, in utter despondence he would roam alone, with his head hanging over his breast, through the lonely fields and the unfrequented lanes; and the next dressed in far more than even a Jewish idea of the blaze of fashion warranted, he would be seen driving in his gig through the principal streets of Portsmouth, with a strange and wild air of bravado.

He had friends on the watch; the news came that he had not a moment to lose—that there was but a few miles' distance between him and the Bow-street runners, and that the gates of the town were watched by civilians as well as military.

He divested his face of its exuberance of raven-black hair—hair of which he was so proud—dressed himself at all points like a seamen serving before the mast, and in an hour after was found dancing at one of the sailor's hops in a low public house, and treating everybody.

That soon happened on which he had confidently calculated. With some more he was impressed, and conveyed on board the *Theseus*, which ship sailed next morning. He was now perfectly safe for a time. He had vanished from Portsmouth like a wreath of mist before the sun. The Bow-street officers were thrown out, and very much were the acute gentleman astonished. It was believed that Aaron Myers had committed suicide by throwing himself into the sea, and that his body had been washed down channel by the tide.

We must now return to Edmund Desborough, whom we have last mentioned when he was promoted to the quarter-deck. It is not a pleasant thing to have to command your old messmates and companions. This was felt by Mr. Desborough as well as by his brother officers, so he was soon drafted on board the very *Theseus* which contained the sea-lawyer Aaron, which frigate touched at Rio Janeiro on her way to the East Indies.

Aaron had shipped a purser's name—it was John Smith of course. Most of the men in the navy who have made the escape from the civil powers, call themselves John Smith.

Now the new master's mate, Mr. Desborough, knew nothing of John Smith, and the person of Aaron Myers he had

never seen; but Aaron Myers, though he did not expect to see a gentleman and an officer in the person of Edmund Desborough, knew Edmund Desborough at once, from his name and from the ship which he had just left, to be the person whom he had so considerably saved the trouble of making his will: and he quailed exceedingly.

Neither the burly boatswain's mates, nor the stern-ship's corporal, nor the first lieutenant, could make anything sailor-wise of the *soidisant* John Smith. He gave law for everything, if told to jump and do anything quick, he would turn round and show cause against the motion. He would enter his plea against anything he did not like, and was soon known throughout the ship as the 'sea-lawyer.' The captain used to complain that he could never flog him with any comfort, for at every stroke of his three or four dozen, he would urge a staying of proceedings, offer bail, or claim his right to traverse until the next sessions. The getting out of him anything like a seamen's duty, or even a lubber's labor was out of the question. He shammed fits, and thus escaped being sent aloft—and it was just as easy to make a cat put her paw in cold water, as to get him to handle the tar bucket, or make him dirty his long bony fingers.

The king had a very bad bargain in John Smith. The fellow's work and services did not pay for the cats and rope's ends worn out upon his back, and yet nothing could stop his tongue. His gift of the gab was a perpetual annoyance to all who came near him: in fact, he was a general nuisance—yet he was always chattering like a monkey, and like a monkey, 'he got more kicks than halfpence.'

A volume would not contain the droll anecdotes to which the 'sea-lawyer's' proceedings gave rise. When his shipmates were in a good humor, he was the butt with which they were most pleased to make merry: when ill-tempered the article to be cuffed and kicked—he afforded them a much better vent for the spleen than the most orthodox fit of swearing.

Aaron, whenever he came near Mr. Desborough, did not fail to eye the man who held his life in his hands, with awe and terrible fright; and yet he was always seeking occasion to gaze upon him. It was a fascination to the poor Jew.

Edmund Desborough, in his turn, began to notice the man who was perpetually staring at him awe-struck looks. He soon found some resemblance between the sallow and haggard 'sea-lawyer' and his resplendent lady-love. There were the same heroic cast of countenance, but shockingly debased—the same black, large, and lustrous eyes. And there was, too, something

in his speech—a very faint echo—that reminded him of the mellow harmony of his Oriental beauty. And then the poor Jew looked ill, and wofully unhappy, and thus the generous Desborough was imperceptibly drawn towards him, and he noticed him kindly, and interfered for him, and put him to lighter work: and at last began in a manner to protect him.

Aaron was so much encouraged by the generous conduct of the handsome master's mate, that he had resolved to confide to him everything, and begging for his life, to throw himself on his mercy; but his cowardice spoilt all. Before he could find the opportunity to make his confession, the *Theseus* fell in with a French frigate, and a well contested action ensued, during which Aaron Myers fled howling from his gun, and hid himself in the ship's copper, where the poltroon, who knew not, was quite as much exposed to the enemy's shot as in any other part of the vessel.

This was too much to be overlooked. The captain had determined to bring him to a court-martial—and had he done so the 'sea-lawyer' would most certainly have been hung at the yard arm, or have died under the punishment of being flogged through the fleet. Of course he was put in irons, and allowed to communicate with no one.

Indeed, for some days, he excited but little attention, all hands being fully employed repairing damages, and in refitting the prize. When the *Theseus* neared the port, his agony became frantic: and at length he came to the resolution of flinging himself on the mercy and the influence of the man whom he had so deeply injured. He wrote a letter to Mr. Desborough, which was given to him by the sentry, in which he besought him to intercede for his life for the sake of his sister.

But the lost Jew could not understand any sentiment that was purely disinterested and generous. He thus reasoned with himself:

'If I tell him that I have endeavored to rob him of his money, and that I have forged his name, his heart will be hardened against me, and I shall never be forgiven.'

When Edmund received the culprit's letter, all his love—love?—it was something more—it was his mental existence and identity—at once impelled him to seek the captain, and to intercede as he would have done to his God, for mercy for the unfortunate Jew.

Many reasons made his commanding officer not disinclined to favor his suit. He was a humane man, in good humor with himself and all the world on account of his recent victory; and he was exceedingly averse to tarnish that victory by trying one of his own men for cowardice, and

in some way loading his conscience with an execution. At all times, a court martial that may probably end in death, is a very unpleasant occurrence. Cowardice is certainly a fault that justice ought hardly to punish at all; for it is as involuntary a defect as if a man were born lame, and yet stern expediency must always demand for it the forfeit of a life; for were it passed over with impunity, but few who have nothing to fight for would fight at all, and thus the defence of nations and communities be left in a most precarious state.

'Let the Dastard Jew escape,' replied the captain to Desborough's pathetic appeal. 'Mind, Mr. Desborough, we are upon honor. You may contrive it with the surgeon.'

It was contrived, and the night after the ship had dropped her anchor, there was no prisoner in irons on the half-deck. They said that, being released to go to the doctor's, he had jumped through the main-deck port-hole, and thus Aaron Myers a second time escaped by the means of the report of having drowned himself. His disappearance excited neither sensation nor remark beyond a passing word, that for once the sea-lawyer had done well, and that everybody was glad to be rid of him.

For this late action Desborough received an acting order as lieutenant. In the mean time it must not be forgotten that a letter of inquiry from the Navy Board was pursuing him from ship to ship nearly all over the world. It never found him, however.

Aaron Myers after undergoing hardships and privations that it never could be supposed he could have borne and survived, disfigured by accident, and so altered by sufferings and climate, that neither his father nor his sister could have recognized him, at length found his way to Portsmouth, and a retreat in the paternal home.

According to our notions of justice in the present day, he had already more than expiated the crime which he had committed. The former spruce attorney was now employed as a menial in his father's house and was compelled, at due intervals, to exchange the blue-bag of the attorney for the dirty, dingy sack, which contained those particular 'old clo's,' which were to be made to appear 'much better ash new.'

Bad as was our Hebrew, he had the grace to tell his father and sister in what manner he had been indebted for his life to Edmund Desborough. Moses did not seem much struck with the extent of the obligation done to him personally, but contented himself with saying, 'Twas a good shentleman sailor, and a well-favored youth.'

On Dinah, who made no remark on the subject, the effect was great and perma-

ment. For some time, to use a not very orthodox expression, her mind had gradually become, to a great degree, unjudaized. Her moral views had changed, her enthusiasm had abated, and she ceased to dream of one day being as a princess in the lands of the East. As her thoughts deserted these glowing prospects, they reverted with much force to the handsome gentleman sailor. She confessed to herself that, had he been an Israelite, just such a man she would have selected for her husband.

The scene is again in the Jew's pleasant back-parlor. Ragged, jaded, and decrepit, though so young, Aaron has flung his bag of abominations on the floor; Dinah has tendered him wine, which with his hand he has even resentfully put back.

'It is not wine I want. Money, money, money. Father, blessed father! out of your immense wealth give me but ten thousand pounds, and let me depart from this accursed country, where my life is not safe, even for an hour. Plead for me, Dinah. Only ten thousand pounds. Good father, think how much of it I have assisted you to get.'

'Ten thousand! you vash vait, Aaron, till I diech.'

'Tis I who will die—swing—hang. Do you hear that, father? Let it be five then. By the Almighty whose people we are, spare me but five.'

'No, I have views and occashuns—you shall vait my good son. Ve shall all go to Sharmany next year; and when Dinah is married, ve shall all be shentlemens. I must give great doweries vid Dinah. Carry the pag a littlesh vile more, and keep the patch more over vun eye.'

'Only one thousand, father, for the sake of my departed mother.'

'No, not vun hundred, nor vun fifty.'

And then Dinah went on her knees, and begged to sacrifice all her hopes, all her portion, to favor the escape of her wretched brother; and in the midst of her most pathetic entreaties, the door opened and in the full uniform of a lieutenant, improved in manly beauty, Edmund Desborough entered. Aaron in a moment flung himself in a corner of the room, and covered himself with dirty clothes, and the old rags which he had just collected. The father at first knew not the young officer but Dinah, her heart recognized him immediately. With all her stateliness, she turned very pale, nor could she repress her tears.

'My old friend—my beautiful companion,' said Edmund shaking her father's hand heartily and leaving it, and then seizing that of Dinah, which he did not so readily relinquish. 'Here I am, a gentleman at last. I have just landed—I have not a quarter of an hour to spare—I am

away up to London to the Navy office. I have just reached a very strange letter from the big-wigs—something about some rascals having forged my will and power of attorney. I'll see you again the moment I return.'

He had thus proceeded when his attention was caught by a low groan, from where he could not discover, and then Moses Myers turned pale as death, his knees knocked together, and he sank half lifeless into a chair. His surprise at all this was nothing to that which completely overcame him when Dinah, the proud and reserved Dinah, starting up, flung herself into his arms and shrieked out,

'Edmund! dear Edmund! for the love of our common God, go not.'

For the first time in his life the young officer held in his arms that wonderful combination of beauties, of which, only to dream, had been his most ecstatic bliss. He was not at all eager to terminate this unexpected rapture, when there was another demand on his amazement. The heap of 'old clo' became agitated, and the mountain of rags produced not a mouse, but Aaron Myers, who crawled on the floor to Edmund, and fawningly embraced his feet.

'Oh! I understand it all,' said the lieutenant. 'Here's my old shipmate who went into the coppers. Really Mr. Myers—really Dinah, you overpower me quite with your gratitude. Do you think, Miss Myers, whilst I had life, I would have suffered your brother to have been hung—'

'Blessed words!' she exclaimed, interrupting him; most blessed words! Swear to me—swear—give me your honor as a gentleman and as an officer, that you will always hold to this resolution?'

'Most certainly, beautiful Dinah! Cowardice, dear Dinah!—'

'Oh, no, no, no—it is not that!'

The lady was still hanging upon the sailor's shoulder, his arm fondly encircling her waist, when two London runners forced their way into the room, and seizing Aaron, exclaimed, 'This is our prisoner!' The patch over one of Aaron's eyes had slipped off, and the abject wretch, by his craven deportment, fully testified a consciousness of guilt. None of the family asked with what crime he was charged. To Edmund's inquiry, the only answer received was that the Jew was arrested by the orders of government, and that he must be taken to London immediately.

Moses Myers, when his son had been removed, was totally powerless from consternation. He continued, with his hands clasped between his knees, swaying himself to and fro in his chair, and moaning,

'Why didn't poor Aaron take the monish? His father would not let him. Poor dear Aaron.'

Dinah's agitation had been so excessive that Desborough had placed her upon a sofa, and seating himself beside her, began an attempt at consolation. At length slipping from his upholding arm, she again sank on her knees before him, and in the attitude of prayer, she exclaimed with an irresistible intensity of pathos,

'This is my place—from here I move not till you have given me your promise that you will do all you can to save my miserable brother. He has owed his life to you once—once more spare him. My generous friend. I cannot tell you his crime, it looks so black, and against you. Save his life, and in saving it, preserve the remnant of his days to that miserable, gray-haired old man. And my life, dear Edmund—it is—my heart tells me—it is of some value to you. Oh! spare it!'

He stopped and kissed her high and clear forehead, and then he claimed,

'A dreadful meeting this, my loved one. These tortures have torn aside all the veils of pride, and the little innocent casuistries by which we trust to save our self-esteem, and avoid the miseries of the rejected. You know, Dinah, that I loved you from the first moment that I saw you—hopelessly it is true, but most faithfully for these six years, is also most sacredly true, or why am I here? You do well not to tell me your brother's crime. I will save him if I can. No sacrifice, that I can make shall be spared. Dishonor only—I—I—even for you, most beautiful—and I believe most noble—cannot dishonor himself. Tell me not his crime—let me not have that between me and the image of yourself. Farewell! my beloved! Look to your poor father. Farewell.'

'Edmund Desborough,' said she, 'had I not been assured that, when you know all henceforward you would avoid me as much as you now seek for my society, I would not have suffered you to have spoken of love. Know this, Edmund, I esteem, I reverence, I valued you beyond all human beings—beyond my own existence—beyond all my kindred. But a disgraced Jewish maiden dare not think of love. This is a sister's kiss. Again, farewell! and may the Lord of Hosts new and forever bless you.'

'We shall see, we shall see,' said Desborough, with a strange sense of happiness in his heart, notwithstanding all the misery which he had just witnessed.

Our friends will easily understand the business that the Navy-office had with the young lieutenant. He could not help smiling when he found his own will properly drawn, signed and attested in favor of the resplendent Jewess. Of course he was obstinate not to prosecute or move in the matter. The higher powers interfered. Just then the crusade against forgery was

at its height, and the frauds against ignorant seamen might well seem to justify any severity, for never before were they so numerous or so gross. To all remonstrances from powerful quarters, Desborough had only to reply that he was averse to the shedding of blood from humane and religious principles, and that the forged instruments would have only worked out his own intentions (for above all things, he wished to make the Jewess his heiress,) and that he would readily have given his power of attorney to her father, had he been asked for it.

This contumacy was visited by the Lords of the Admiralty, by striking Edmund Desborough off the list of lieutenants—and very properly—and so Aaron was discharged from custody.

Aaron went to Portsmouth a new man. Again a bunch of seals of the size of a cauliflower dangled from his fob, rings glittered on his fingers, and jewellery of the most capacious description shone upon him wherever jewellery could be placed: and there was much rejoicing at the sloop-seller's at Portsmouth. Aaron wore very unblushingly the airs of an innocent and injured man. All the account that he deigned to give of his liberation was, that he had been much wronged, as there was not a tittle of evidence against him. Very little was said of the man who had twice saved his life. The world at length said, that Aaron could not have been guilty. 'For see, he has again set up his gig.'

So Edmund Desborough was once more penniless. He staid in town almost three months, endeavoring to make interest for the restoration of his commission. The only reply to all intercession was 'Prosecute.' The public voice was not with him. He had now to cast about for the means of supporting existence. He resolved, at last, to see Dinah Myers before he selected his next course of life, and was not a little curious to discover in what manner she and her family would treat him.

In rather shabby plain clothes he arrived one wet and muddy day at the sloop-seller's door, at which was then standing Aaron's fancy gig. As Edmund was about to cross the threshold, the dashing Jew sprang into his vehicle, smiled triumphantly, kissed his hand graciously to the way-worn traveller, then, with a knowing touch with his whip on the flank of his high bred horse, he caused him to rear and plunge, so that he splashed Edmund from head to foot with mud; at which he again smiled, and then squaring his elbows, he drove off rapidly.

Dinah and her father were at the doorway. At the appearance of the ex-lieutenant, the father looked nervous and shy, and the daughter, taking the hand of Edmund, and respectfully kissing it, led him

into the old back parlor, weeping as if her heart was breaking. She seated him in the chair of honor, and before he could utter one word, she thus addressed Moses Myers:

'Now father, arouse yourself. For once shake off this torpor, or never more awake to the beautiful sensibilities of life—to the love and tenderness of your daughter. Hear the truth—appreciate, love it. And you, Edmund Desborough, I conjure—I implore you to explain to us this very moment all that has been done, and all that you have done; and, at what sacrifice, in order to save the light and reputation of one so dear to this wretched family—and God forgive him!—of one so ungrateful. Alas! Edmund, you have suffered much; you look ill your raiment is worn, and you no longer appear in uniform. Indeed, you are distressingly thin. Speak! Say all.'

And Edmund Desborough, with his fixed on the exalted beauty, simply discovered everything.

Then Dinah, with her radiant eyes flashing forth indignant fires, arose, and going to her father, gently shook him, saying,

'Moses Myers, have you heard? Have you understood? This glorious youth has beggared himself—has thrown away all his hopes in his profession, to save you and me from ignominy—your only son from the hangman. All your immense fortune is too—oh! wretchedly too small to repay this soul-deep debt. What say you, my dear father!—quick—quick—is not all that we have his? Are you not his bondsman, and I his unworthy servant?'

To all this energy of appeal the old man answered, stupidly,

'I'll consult Aaron about it. You are too violent, Dinah. As far as one hundred pounds—or even one hundred and fifty—'

Here a direful shriek interrupted the calculating Jew. 'Dinah, you are so violent—and the expenses of his journey to and from the town—nothing more, no, no, no.'

All this was uttered in his usual slipshod English.

'Edmund,' said Dinah, 'I see visibly the finger of the Divinity directing me. I obey. Take me, and take all that is mine. I have much independent property. Let me leave this dwelling, and as we go out let us shake the dust from off the soles of our feet. There must be a curse upon it. Lead me forth to my aunt, Rachel. She is well stricken in years, and loveth me much. Edmund Desborough, henceforward I will say unto you, 'Entreat me not to leave thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people, and thy God, my God.'

Some ten years after we find Edmund Desborough possessed of one of the largest and most beautiful estates in one of the middle counties of England, and of the handsomest wife, supposed to be a foreigner. There is domesticated with them a very happy but imbecile old man, the father of the lady, which old man often affords his merry and lovely grandchildren much amusement by sticking on his head three or four hats, one upon the other, and crying for the hour together 'Old clo'!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

HOURS IN HINDOSTAN.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

A TALE OF WRITERS BUILDINGS.

We had drank deeply; Writers' Buildings re-echoed with our shouts of mirth; eleven o'clock sounded, yet not a word of parting had yet been pronounced. The *boll shrob* (claret) was excellent; the guests amusing; unlike orgies of a similar description in Europe, not an argument had arisen to dim the bright hilarity of the evening. A feeling of brotherhood exists amongst Englishmen in India, arising from the distance of their common home, that joins them in closer ties of friendship than those we enter into elsewhere, more particularly if you are "in the service." In our country a man may be in the army, navy, church, or law, and yet not feel that every one in his profession is, consequently, his intimate friend. In India, however, those who, as I said before, are "in the service," consider themselves as members of fraternity which binds them together by links of the strongest friendship. It is true, the civilian is apt to think himself a much greater man than the soldier; yet, as this feeling is principally displayed by opening his house, and entertaining his less rich fellow labourers, the military man has little to grumble at, and consequently partakes of the sumptuous fare afforded him without murmur, as I did on the evening I have selected for this sketch.

Jack Thornton had lately arrived. He was the son of a director, and, perhaps, assumed a few airs and graces in consequence, which were willingly admitted; for in Bengal we look upon the lords of Leadenhall as something exceeding the Emperor of Russia in power, in riches beyond Cæsar, and (I must in common gratitude add) in kindness unequalled by any other rulers in the world. To come back, however, to my story.

The conversation had turned upon ghosts. Some boldly admitted their belief in such appearances; others half-doubted; while the third, and most numerous portion of the company loudly ridiculed the idea as

being impossible, offering to undergo all kinds of tests in order to prove their scepticism. At the head of this party was young Thornton.

"It is really too ridiculous to talk of such things in the nineteenth century," cried he. "Ghosts, indeed! I should like to see one."

"So should I," chimed in Gravestock; "nothing would give me so much pleasure."

"Here's a health to all ghosts and goblins!" laughingly shouted Tom Baghott, a young cavalry-officer, and the toast was drank with great merriment.

"As an amendment, I vote that we go and drink it in the churchyard," said Thornton; "they'll hear us better there."

"Really I fear, my dear sir, you are going a little too far," said Mr. Martin, the clergyman of St. John's; "like yourself, I am no believer in such appearances as you describe; but I must confess that I am wholly opposed to such indecorous proceedings as those you propose. Invocations of the kind might, indeed, summon with anger the dead from their graves."

"Twaddle!" interrupted Gravestock.

"Egad! if they're to be had out of their very resting-places," said Thornton, "we'll have 'em. Here goes!" said he; and, assuming a very serious air and manner, in despite of the opposition of the clergyman, he pronounced in a solemn voice, "By all the powers of necromancy, past, present, and future, by every incantation, holy and unholy, by every adjuration, I hereby, if such a thing be possible, call upon the dead to appear."

Baghott, who had left the room for a single instant, hearing this pompous conjuration, suddenly burst into the room with a loud "Bah."

The effect was so sudden, so unexpected, that Thornton uttered a loud scream, and sprang from his chair. In an instant the general laugh recalled him to himself, when, smarting under the quiz, which being unanimously kept up at his expense, he wisely refrained from resenting, he re-seated himself, determined, however, not only to be quits with Master Tom on a future occasion, but also to redeem his character from the braggadocio hue which now slightly tinged it. After much laughing, after a hundred other topics had been in turn discussed, Thornton suddenly turned round, and abruptly adverted to the conversation, which had already caused him so much pain:

"Gentlemen, I was taken by surprise just now; I was startled, I acknowledge, and overcome by sudden fear; but, as you have had your laugh at me, it is but fair, in my turn, I should have my revenge on some of you. I require but a slight one. A thousand rupees will compensate for the little affront that has been put upon me.

Now, gents, who will bet me a thousand rupees that I do not go through any ordeal with respect to ghosts and goblins that may be assigned to me?"

"I will," replied the president; for he wished sincerely to make up for his apparent rudeness in having joined the laugh at Thornton's expense, even though he felt he should lose his money.

"Done."

"Done."

"Now, then, what am I to do?"

"It is nearly twelve o'clock. You shall go to the churchyard of St. John's, which is close by, and pick up a skull I saw lying there to-day, near old Hailday's tomb, and with a hammer and nail, which you can take with you, fasten the said skull to the wooden monument temporarily erected over the grave of poor Martin; come back, and finish the evening here.—I think I have let him off lightly," added the president in a whisper to his next neighbor.

"I only bargain for one thing, namely, that no practical jokes are played off on me. To insure this, promise me that no one stirs from this table till I return; I, on the other hand, am willing, on my return, to pledge my honour that I have accomplished the task, or pay the bet. You must however, allow me two hours to perform it, as I must take the opportunity when the watch is off his beat."

These terms were agreed to, the required assurances given, and Thornton started off to his house to prepare himself for his undertaking, leaving the revellers to enjoy themselves till his return.

Once more at home, Thornton sent out a scout to see that the coast was clear; then changing his dress, and donning a large military cloak, he armed himself with a hammer and nail, and started off for St. John's churchyard. The night was one of those beautiful specimens of oriental climates, which in some degree compensate for the violent heat of the day. The heavens presented a sheet of the very darkest blue, thickly studded with stars. No moon was visible, but the lesser luminaries gave sufficient light to distinguish imperfectly objects in the immediate neighbourhood. A gentle breeze fanned the earth, slightly sighing as it passed through the ornamental buildings of the city.

Arrived at this destination, without meeting with a single living being, Thornton boldly entered the churchyard, steadily resolved to accomplish the feat that had been proposed to him. It is true he felt a slight fluttering around the region of the heart, for which he could not account; a continual desire to swallow his saliva, which, though generally admitted to be an indication of fear, or strong emotion, could scarcely be so in the present instance; for the youth never stepped more

firmly than when he entered the place of Christian sepulture.

Without much difficulty he found the skull; but as he picked it up, he could not help thinking he heard some one pronounce his name. As he raised himself a shadow appeared to flit by him. Could he be deceived by his senses? Could the dead thus rise to reproach him? Well he knew, after the pledge that he had received, that none of his companions could have followed him. The man he had sent as scout had too well examined the place to believe that any one could lurk there. Whence, then, the sound which he had heard, as it were close to his ear? Already he began to feel that he was wrong in thus desecrating by his presence the place of tombs. For a moment he hesitated whether he should not return and give up the bet. The money was no object; but the tauntings which would attend such a result he could not bear; so, in spite of everything, he determined to complete his task.

He now strode across the burial-ground. He suddenly felt a jerk. He started, and uttered a low ejaculation. He looked round—it was merely his cloak, that had caught; the corner of a tombstone. He hastily snatched it away, and proceeded. Presently he felt a blow on his leg. For a moment he was startled. In the next he smiled, as he perceived it was only against a prostrate iron rail that he had hit it. On coming close to Martin's place of rest, he stepped upon some new earth, and sunk ankle-deep into it. It was the new grave of a friend, a fellow-passenger, who had been interred that morning. He felt shocked—yet determined on accomplishing his enterprise, he at length laid his hand on the wooden tablet, which, until the marble one should be completed, covered the remains of poor Martin, his brother writer, his late chum.

As he knelt down beside the monument which consisted of a flat piece of board, resting upon four brick walls, about eighteen inches from the ground, he felt more inclined to pray for the repose of the soul of his friend, than thus to pollute the covering to his ashes by an unholy act. Again, however, the idea of the ridicule to which he would be exposed, shot across his mind, and he set about his task, being determined to do it as quietly as possible.

Having placed the skull upon the tablet he was pulling the hammer from his pocket, when, in turning, his hat was suddenly knocked off. He rose, and with the boldness often inspired by fear, looked around him. No one was near. He had, most likely, struck it against something, and so caused it to fall off. In groping around, he grasped a human bone, which he threw away with a shudder. Again he

felt about, and his hand touched a cold, slimy frog. Its icy, clammy chill reminded him of death, and he determined to finish his labor before he again sought his hat—so down he knelt and earnestly commenced his task. With extreme agitation he began to fasten the skull to the tomb. As the nail ground through the bone, he fancied some one or other had twitched him from behind; but determined that nothing now should deter him, he gave one more stroke, and the dead man's head was firmly affixed to the monument of his friend.

He was about to rise, when he felt himself held down by the back of his neck.—Here there could be no mistake. 'Who is there?' demanded Thornton. 'By heaven if you don't let me go, I'll strike you dead with this hammer!' No answer was given and Thornton began to feel exceedingly agitated. 'Who's there, I say? I'll not consider this a joke. Let me up, I say!' And he strove to rise, but in vain; for the same firm grasp held him by the nape of the neck. His horror now almost amounted to madness: for, by stretching out his leg, he had clearly ascertained that no one was behind him. 'Living or dead, you shall not conquer me!' added he, in a paroxysm of fear and desperation; 'you shall not hold me!'—and he attempted suddenly to spring up. In the next moment he was dashed down upon his face, perfectly insensible.

In the mean time the two hours demanded by the adventurous bettor had expired and some of the party at the Writers' Buildings proposed to go and look after Thornton, and claim the bet, which was now clearly won. Supposing that his courage had failed him, and that he had quietly sneaked home to avoid the sneers of the company, it was proposed that they should one and all go to the young man's house, and have their laugh out at his expense.

The proposal was warmly approved of, and they sallied forth—but alas! the bird had flown. From the servant's account, he had evidently gone forth to accomplish the task he had undertaken: so to the burying-place they joyously trudged. The gate was open; Thornton was evidently there; they shouted to him: no reply was given; so in they marched. Presently, they came to Martin's grave, beside which lay their friend, perfectly motionless. In an instant the drunken party became sobered, and they felt too late that they had engaged in an affair likely to terminate in a disagreeable manner, and reproached themselves with having seriously frightened a good comrade and a valued friend.—Those who were nearest immediately stepped forward to raise poor Thornton up.—He was cold and insensible. A doctor who

was of the party advanced; he looked alarmed, felt the pulse, put his hand upon the breast, then turning round, exclaimed, in a voice which struck terror to every heart around him, 'HE IS DEAD—QUITE DEAD!'

The friends who supported him hoped he was deceived, and attempted to move the body, but it was attached to the tomb. In an instant the whole cause of his terror and death was apparent. His cloak had slipped in between the skull and the tablet—he had firmly nailed it to the monument, so that when he had endeavored to rise, he had been held down by the back of the collar, and, striving with a jerk to free himself, had been naturally thrown down by it. The matter was hushed up, and to this day the friends of the unhappy youth know not the cause of his death.—From that moment, none of the company have ever indulged in a practical joke. A brave, a good, and a virtuous youth, was thus immolated in attempting to prove his courage, in a case where no such test was required.

May his example serve as a beacon to the foolhardy.

FREEMASONRY IN INDIA.

The glories of Calcutta are well ushered in by the charms of Garden-Reach, a spot so perfectly beautiful, that the newly arrived Englishman, on passing this part of the river, on his voyage from Diamond-Harbor to the metropolis, at once begins to think himself in Fairy-land. The magnificent stream up which he is sailing, is here wide, and, comparatively speaking, clear. The banks on either side, sloping gently down to the water's edge, are covered with the only real verdure I ever saw in Bengal. Flowers and shrubs of every hue peep forth from amidst the foliage—while bungalows of the most refined taste stud the sides, and invite the traveller to land, to try a foretaste of Indian hospitality. There was a time, indeed, when every rural habitation of this kind was open to the new comer, and bed, board, and a hearty welcome, were proffered to every Briton who here arrived. Even though the master of the cottage was away, the servants had, *then*, orders to receive and wait upon whoever might seek the shelter of these picturesque roofs. Those times have passed away;—munificence and a reckless expenditure have given place to economy and prudence; the style of persons who now seek the shores of Asia has also altered. '*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur ab illis.*' But Garden-Reach is still the same, as regards its picturesque beauties; and though every bungalow is not now open to the stranger and the wayfarer, the person who travels up by water from the place of anchorage to Calcutta,

will do well to stop here, and partake of the good fare which a very nice hotel offers. It is to this house that many families go to meet their relatives arriving from England, and hence conduct them to the capital.

Never was I more delighted with the sight of any spot than I was with Garden Reach. I eagerly gave orders to be set on shore, anxious at once to land on the lovely spot, and meet some friends who had written to Madras, telling me to expect them here. As I approached the neat little hotel, so different from our suburban smoking inns at Blackwall and Greenwich I met a large party escorting an elderly gentleman and a young lady, who seemed to be his daughter, down to a budgerow, which was to convey them to a vessel lower down the river, only awaiting their arrival to sail for Europe. At the water's edge the parting took place, and a more affectionate one I never beheld. The departing friend had been long, apparently, endeared to them—he was evidently highly esteemed by them all. On some of their parchment cheeks I even saw a tear trickle down, as they wrung his hand with earnest friendship, and a light drop glistened in many of their eyes as they fervently pronounced 'God bless you!' Bowled down more by ill health than years, their friend hid his face in his handkerchief, and hurrying his daughter on board the boat, hastened into the cabin to conceal the emotion he felt on thus parting—parting, most likely forever, from the companions of his youth, the friends of his middle age, to whom he felt endeared by every tie of affection and of long acquaintance, about to return to a land which, though once his home, had become desolate to him from the loss of those he loved—about to exchange the warm welcomes of friendship and regard, for the cold and suspicious salutations of strangers—about to visit the spot where he had left parents and kindred, now numbered with the dead, to recommence life, as it were, and recognize once familiar and dear objects, now the property of strangers, or perhaps of enemies,—in a word, to rend every tie he had so happily woven, to burst asunder every link of friendship, and begin life again at an age when sanguine youth no longer lends its energies to overcome difficulties, or bear up against unkindness. Such was the fate of him who now left the shore. Though a stranger, I could not help joining in every wish for his future happiness. There was a look of mild resignation, of philanthropic feeling, beaming in his countenance, which at once engaged my best regards.

During tiffin, I asked who he was, and found that his name was Robinson. He had been a resident in India during twen-

ty years—but unfortunately, having been more generous than prudent, he had managed to amass but little wealth. He was worth, perhaps, ten thousand pounds, certainly not more. With this he was now returning to Europe, the doctors having declared that a longer sojourn in Asia would endanger his life. Poor, but respected, he therefore left his friends, having taken home with him his fortune, invested in indigo, the exchange of the rupee being so low as to compel the Anglo Indian, returning to his native country, to remit it in anything rather than in specie. Robinson had not insured his investment, as he was to sail in the same ship with it. I do not remember the name of the vessel, but we will style it 'The Dover Castle.'

On arriving at the hotel, which was one of the sweetest bungalows I ever entered, commanding a splendid view of the river, we found tiffin ready, and the acquaintances of Mr. Robinson waiting to join us in our meal. I soon learnt that these gentlemen were all Freemasons, who had come down thus far to do honor to their friend, who for many years had presided over the lodge in Calcutta; that he had been greatly instrumental in its foundation, and ever attended and benefited it during the twenty years he had spent in India. They not only deplored his departure as a friend, but as a bright and shining luminary in the order of Masonry.

They spoke so highly of their lodge, and were so pressing in their invitation to me, that I consented to dine with them on the following day, and assist in celebrating one of their greatest festivals. Being discovered to be a Mason, a thousand kind offers were made, and many a warm palm offered to me.

The next evening I was just stepping into my hired palanquin, about to start for Chowringhee, where the lodge was held, when a *pune* (a messenger) suddenly arrived, and announced the dreadful intelligence that 'The Dover Castle' had been totally wrecked on the dangerous sands near Diamond Harbour, and that, though all the crew and passengers were saved, everything in the shape of freight was utterly and irretrievably lost. 'Alas! poor Robinson!' involuntarily ejaculated I; 'he is, then, completely ruined!' and, though personally unknown to him, I jogged away to my destination with a heavy heart.

To describe the mysteries, to touch upon the interior of a Mason's *sanctum*, of course, is not my intention; suffice it to say, our labours were followed by the most splendid banquet I ever beheld, and every one seemed happy and elate. As a stranger, I had not supposed it necessary to tell the news I had heard. I naturally imagined they had also learnt the afflicting ti-

dings. In this, however, I was wrong, for in the evening a *chit* (a note) was brought to the president, who, with unaffected emotion, read it out loud. It told in a few words the event I had already learnt, and confirmed the suspicion I had that poor Robinson was now penniless, compelled to remain in India at the risk of his life, again to toil for the uncertain chance of living to amass a sufficient competency to return to Europe. A general gloom was evident on every countenance, and many a sigh spontaneously burst forth on hearing the dreadful tale. Presently the countenance of one, whom I dare not name, suddenly brightened up. A proposition was made, which instantly diffused general pleasure, and called forth long and unanimous applause.

In Europe the fact will seem almost incredible, yet it is strictly true, that within one month from the circumstance I have just mentioned, Robinson sailed with his daughter for England, bearing with him a fortune of *twelve thousand pounds*, the amount of a voluntary subscription created by his warmly-attached brother-Masons in Bengal.

INDIAN JEALOUSY.

'Your European news seems at once to surprise and please you,' said a young native girl to her patron, an English gentleman, who had laid down his hookah after breakfast, and was reading with avidity a parcel of letters he had just received from his mother country. 'Tell me, Charles, what are they about?'

After a moment's pause, the Briton folded up the communication he had just been reading, and, with a sad expression, fixed his eyes on the female who addressed him.

'Alas! my love, they contain bad news for you.'

The poor girl started up, and burst into tears, at the same time throwing her well made arms round the neck of him to whom she was attached. To explain the irrelative positions would be unnecessary. It will be sufficient to say that she was one of the loveliest beings, if loveliness can lurk beneath a dingy skin, that ever was seen.—Charles Temple was a married man, whose wife had left him some ten years before for Europe, in order to bring up her children. Blame him, if you will. To have formed such a connexion as that alluded to was palpably wrong; but alas! the examples around, the absence of his wife during a series of years, the certainty that the *liaison* could, at most, be but temporary, pleaded with those about him as an excuse. Without, however, seeking to palliate an evidently criminal practice, I shall confine myself to the mere circumstances to which this unhappy connexion gave rise.

'Do tell me, what is the matter?' again and again intreated Mary, for, amongst other fancies, Charles had so christened the young Indian, 'what do those letters say?'

"My wife is about to return to me."

A thunderbolt would not more suddenly, more fearfully, have stricken the inquirer. For a moment or two she seemed to endeavor to call up tears to her aid, but in vain. Anger and annoyance next swayed her beautiful form, as she swung backwards and forwards in mental agony.

"Yes," calmly resumed Temple, "yes, my wife will be here next week. She is already at Madras, and comes round by the first ship. I must instantly go and meet her at Calcutta."

"And what is to become of me?" passionately demanded the wretched woman, throwing herself at his feet, and convulsively seizing his hand.

"Mary, you shall be cared for. Every comfort and happiness which money can secure shall be yours. You shall have everything you want; but we must part."

"Part!—part!—to please a white face who loves you not?—to make way for one who has deserted you during ten long years!—never!"

"My wife has only absented herself for the sake of our children. She now returns, and must be received into my house as the legitimate mistress of it."

"And you tell this coolly to me, who have only lived for you? No! send her away. I will be your slave; I will die for you. See! I am not in joke;" and the frantic girl snatched up a knife, which as instantly Temple wrenched from her.

To portray further this scene is unnecessary. It is only needed to add, that a more heart-rending one never was beheld. Charles, however, was firm, and the only boon he granted to Mary was, that she should live in a bungalow on the grounds; and that his wife should never know who she was. This seemed to pacify her, and Temple started off for Calcutta.

Some weeks after the foregoing scene, Mrs. Temple was strolling one evening through her grounds, once more domesticated, and perfectly happy in Bengal, when she chanced to pass a bungalow presenting a far neater appearance than the generality of such habitations usually exhibit. Having, without success, endeavoured to learn the name of its proprietor, she determined on entering it. She was welcomed by a beautiful young woman, whose agitation on beholding her Mrs. Temple naturally ascribed to Indian timidity. The girl was evidently taken by surprise, and felt the high honour done her; yet there was no servility in her manner, no awkwardness in the way in which she solicited her mistress (of course it was

palpable to Mrs. Temple that she was of the household, connected, probably, with some of the male attendants) to sit down and refresh herself. Pleased with the spot and its beautiful owner, she determined on revisiting the bungalow, and expressed herself to that effect, stating that she would send down some fruit and other eatables, of which she would partake the following evening with Mr. Temple in this lovely cottage. The girl for a moment seemed startled; then, suddenly appealing to her, besought her not to tell her husband that she had been there, and declined most respectfully receiving him, as she had made a vow no male should ever enter beneath her roof.

"Well, then," rejoined Mrs. Temple, "as such is your determination, I will not bring him, nor even tell him of my discovery; but I suppose I may come myself?"

The girl eagerly acceded to the lady's wish, and they parted excellent friends.

Late on the following evening Mrs. Temple returned to her mansion, far from well, and hastened to seek her couch.—Her husband was called from a party of friends to see her, since she hourly grew worse. The most racking pains began to assail her; she felt that she was dangerously ill. A surgeon was sent for, who declared the sufferer to be in imminent danger. She had, probably, swallowed some poisonous berry or root, for the symptoms, were of deadly poison; the lady heard this, and desired the chamber to be cleared.—When alone with her husband, she was about to explain to him her visit of the evening. She had already began her narrative, when suddenly the door was thrown open, and in rushed the lovely girl, in whom our readers will have already recognized Mary.

"I have come, Charles," cried the unfortunate female, "to see you suffer. Think you I could outlive your love, and see another possess that affection I once so fondly imagined my own! No! Such moderation was not in my power. I avoided the temptation to do ill, and shut myself up from the sight of every one. Fate, however, led your wife to my cottage. I would there have avoided her; but she forced herself upon me. Yes! impelled by her *nusseed*, she again sought me, and tempted me by an opportunity too palpably placed before me by the gods of my fathers to resist. I poisoned her. Nothing can now save her. In half-an-hour she will be a corpse. You may start, and seem to doubt me; but, by the Heaven of the Christians, it is true. And now you would menace me, I see; but your anger comes too late. I cannot survive your wife many moments, I do not cry, as the pale-faced one does. I do not groan; yet the same pains now tear my frame. The poisoned fruit she left

I swallowed. Ah ! he ! ah ! You thought, because my complexion was dark, I could not feel. You cast me off to die in misery. Who triumphs now ?

I will not further dwell on the dreadful scene. Within one hour Temple sat between the corpses of his wife and his mistress. The matter was hushed up. Suspicion, it is true, directed her glance that way, yet the whole truth was never known. The wretched man, whose grey hairs, and precocious old age speak a youth of sorrow, point out to the passer-by the once gay, and handsome Charles Temple.

TOO NEAR TO BE PLEASANT.

The Bundlecunds may justly be styled the wilderness of India. No human hand has ever endeavored to recover the jungle-covered land from its primitive wildness. Overgrown with closely tangled brushwood its swampy soil is reckoned so unhealthy, that few wretches, however poor, have as yet been found hardy enough to settle here. Through this district, however, the military officer is sometimes compelled to pass to arrive at head quarters of his regiment. Such was the fate of Arthur Mactavish, who related to me the following adventure, which there befel him.

Mac. having grown dreadfully weary of his long confinement on board the little boat in which he was slowly voyaging through the Bundlecunds, determined on landing near the first spot which should present to his eye the agreeable view of a human habitation. Aware that the whole country around him was swarming with ferocious wild animals, he wisely refrained from going on shore on many of the beautiful but solitary spots by which he passed. At length he came to a little knot of Indian hovels, which stood some half a mile from the banks. Arthur here desired his head *dandy* (boatman) to *lugow* (the act of fastening the boat to the shore,) and instantly shouldering his Manton, started for the native village. On his approach being perceived, a couple of Indians, divested of every strip of clothes except their small *langoutes* (the verry smallest rag which decency requires,) hastened to meet him, and warn him of the many pitfalls around him. From these men he learnt that their only occupation was that of digging holes, resembling human graves about eight feet deep, which they covered with small branches of trees and brushwood. By these means they ensnared the wild animals, who unconscious of the trap thus artfully set, would often tread on the seeming firm ground, and in the next instant find themselves prisoners at the mercy of their captors, who instantly despatched them, selling the skins of some, and claiming from the authorities the price set upon every tiger's head. Of these ani-

mals they had captured above twenty during the preceding twelvemonths. Two of their party, it is true, had been destroyed by these ferocious beasts ; but as the natives considered that it must have been their *nusseed* (pre ordained fate,) they appeared little effected by the circumstance. It was now late in the day : so desiring them to go and fetch his sleeping mats, he determined on remaining in one of these huts for the night, as they promised him, in this case, that at break of day they would point out some splendid sport to him. To obtain what they described, he would willingly have gone half round the world, so he unhesitatingly accepted their offer, and determined on passing the night there.

After partaking of some rice and ghee, having cleaned his gun, (one barrel of which he always charged with ball, the other with shot,) and arranged his ammunition and shooting apparatus for the following morning, (in places where we have few companions to divert us, this is half the sport,) he laid himself down to rest, taking care, however, to bar the door as well as he could, for he rather disliked the manner of one of the villagers, and already began to repent that he had thus left himself so completely in their power. His servants, whom he now regretted not having brought with him, were full half a mile off. The few natives around him were strong, athletic men, accustomed to struggle with wild beasts, and almost as ferocious in their natures, as the animals were in the habit of hunting. At liberty to change from spot to spot, enabled in the fastnesses of the Bundlecunds to elude the most diligent search, proverbially avaricious, thinking little of the sacrifice of life, why should not these men fall on him and murder him ? He had foolishly displayed his purse to them, filled with rupees, and had vaunted the goodness of his gun, an object to them more precious than gold itself. What then, was to prevent their making themselves masters of all these ? Nothing. He felt this, and revolving it in his mind, fell into a light, uneasy slumber.

It must have been about one o'clock in the morning, when he was awakened by hearing several voices conversing in suppressed tones close to the little window of the hut, which was ill-blocked up by a *cuskos tattic* (a blind or shutter made of dried grass.) Mactavish stealthily crept towards it, and to his utter consternation, heard them thus explain their blood-thirsty intentions.

'How long,' demanded a strange voice, 'is it since you got him in ?'

'Just before nightfall.'

'Have you since listened, to ascertain if he is stirring ?'

'I have, and suspect he is fast asleep.'

'Then this is the best time to fall on him. But as you say he is powerful, we had better go prudently to work. How do you propose to attack him?'

'I think,' replied one of his entertainers, 'the best way will be to fire at him through the crevices with poisoned arrows.'

'But, suppose he bursts forth?'

'Oh! then we'll despatch him with our knives.'

'Have you got them with you?'

'Not yet.'

'Well, then, be quick,' said the apparent leader; 'be off and fetch them, and we'll get the job over as soon as possible. I'll return in five minutes;' and Mactavish heard them suddenly go off in different directions.

With a panting heart Mac. listened as their footsteps died away: then seizing his gun, he determined to endeavor to escape, or at all events, to sell his life as dearly as possible in the open air, whence the report of his fowling-piece might be heard by those on board his budgerow. In another instant he was out of the door, and with the speed of lightning he started off in the direction (at least so he supposed) of the place of anchorage, where his boat was lying.

The moon was brightly shining as poor Arthur rushed along, heedless of any danger but that of being followed by the inhospitable murderers amongst whom he had thus unluckily fallen.

The cries of the jackal and the fayo, the roar of the larger animals, and the screams of wild birds, suddenly disturbed from their roosting-places, lent additional horrors to the scene as Arthur flew madly along. Presently a sudden bound was perceptible amongst the jungle. The crackling underwood was heard to yield beneath the pressure of some weighty beast of prey. A savage growl, accompanied with a peculiar cat-like, hissing noise, a pair of flashing eyes, gleaming brightly even through the darkness, at once told the unfortunate fugitive that a tiger was springing after him. Poor Mactavish gave himself up as lost. For about twenty yards he kept ahead of his fearful pursuer. Another bound, however, would place him in his power he had no time even to offer up a prayer. He gave one spring in despairing energy, and as he did so, he felt a violent shock; bright sparks of fire appeared to flash from his eyes: every joint seemed dislocated. Arthur had fallen into one of the pit-falls, over which, as he fell, the tiger leaped safely.

Relieved for the moment of his fears, Mactavish now ventured to look up. By the light of the moon, which shone brightly, he perceived the tiger crouching down at the edge of the pit, watching with sav-

age wakefulness the wretched being, he evidently seemed to think now within his power. His glaring eyes were steadily fixed on his victim, who crouched down as low as possible, to be out of the reach of the monster's destructive paw.

As Mactavish's eyesight began to get accustomed to the place, he perceived, to his horror, a long black snake attempting to crawl up the sides. Foiled in this, the serpent seemed to hesitate whether he would renew his endeavors to escape or turn upon the intruder, who now sat trembling before him. At last it seemed to determine on the latter: for it suddenly began to rear itself, and fixing its eyes, which seemed to be of fire, upon poor Mac. prepared to spring. Arthur started up. As he did so, he suddenly felt the flesh torn from his shoulder, which he had unthinkingly exposed to the claws of the tiger, by raising himself within reach of his outstretched limb. The animal in making the movement had disturbed the branches at the edge of the trap. The gun had dropped through, and now fell into the pit at the feet of Mactavish, who, bleeding, and in agony, had yet sufficient presence of mind enough to catch it up, and instantly discharging it, destroyed the serpent as it kept moving about preparatory to its final dart. The report seemed to render the tiger more ferocious, who now even attempted to creep down into the trap. Poor Arthur began seriously to consider whether it were not better to yield himself up to the jaws of the animal, than to remain to die a lingering death by starvation in this living grave. His head reeled: desperation seemed almost about to drive him to madness. Well he knew that the snake's mate would probably ere long return to its consort. Already the earth began to crumble down under the scraping paws of the impatient tiger. Human nature could last little longer, when suddenly a dying roar is heard! the savage animal turns over in the agonies of death, transfixed by several poisoned arrows. In another moment poor Mactavish's late host and his friends appear, and lift him out of the pit. They shout with joy at again seeing him safe. They welcome him and express their delight at saving him. What then could their previous conduct mean? The mystery was soon cleared up: as they conducted Arthur back to his budgerow, they explained to him that they had been engaged in destroying a leopard which had fallen into one of their pit-falls, and about which they were conversing when he overheard them. They were returning from this expedition when they heard the report of his gun, and rushing to the spot whence the sound had proceeded, had happily succeeded, as I have related, in saving him, and

restoring him to the service, in which he has since risen to high rank and honors.

THE CENTIPEDE.

Perhaps the roughest sea that can be conceived is that which dances about the Bay of Bengal during eight months in every twelve. I more particularly allude to that portion called the Sandheads, a portion so dangerous that every ship is forced to take on board a commissioned pilot, in order to avoid the numerous shoals which surround the entrance to the river, up which the vessel must sail to reach Calcutta.

The first sight which greets the eyes of the wearied voyager, is the Island of Sangor, a green, fresh-looking spot, a sort of oasis in the desert of waters, serving to enchant the sight of him who has been boxed up during several successive months on board a slow sailing East Indiaman. Off this island ships frequently cast anchor. The 'Dundee Castle' did so some years ago.

Amongst the other cadets on board the vessel I have named, none was better liked than Jemmy Seabright. He was always ready to join in a 'lark,' or an act of charity, continually doing his best to chalk out amusement for his fellow passengers, and ever ready to pay the expenses incurred on these occasions. No wonder then, that he was generally liked.

When the 'Dundee Castle' had let down her ponderous anchor, and furled her clumsy sails, Master Jemmy began to look about, in order to see how he should amuse himself till she again got under weigh, a period, probably, of twenty-four hours, at least. Jemmy had read in his youth the history of the unfortunate Monroe, whose head was taken off by a tiger on the very island close to which they were now lying; so he at once proposed to make up a party to visit the spot, taking care, however, to select as his companions young men of activity and courage. These, well armed at all points, jumped into the boat, and soon reached their destination.

The island, which had appeared such a lovely spot at a distance, proved on nearer inspection to be a low, swampy place, overgrown with brushwood. The very few natives who inhabited it described the woods to be full of tigers, the bushes alive with snakes and centipedes, and the air replete with noxious pestilence. Such a description was anything but prepossessing yet the party were all young men: and as they came for pleasure, pleasure they were determined to have, in spite of reptiles or disease. Taking care to keep as far from the edge of the jungle as possible, the happy group went on, occasionally bringing down a squirrel or a bird, till they reached the spot where poor Monroe met

his death. Here they sat down, and actually partook of their morning meal, imitating in the closest manner the very positions which the hunter's party had taken up for that unfortunate day, shouting at the same time defiance to the wild beasts, calling on the most ferocious animals of the woods to come forth, and meet their fate.

During this foolish gasconade a sudden roar was heard. Every one started up. The echoes died away, but no tiger made his appearance: and perhaps it was very fortunate for the youths that he did not, for, to confess the honest truth, they were all so startled that many in their haste had forgotten to take up the guns which lay beside them. In the scramble poor Jemmy had severely sprained his ankle. This was indeed a misfortune. Two of his companions, however, good naturedly raised him in their arms, and carried him down to the place where the boat lay waiting for them. There were two men in it; so under their care poor Seabright was left lying upon a green bank close to the sea, while his associates continued their ramble through the island. Unchequered by a single event that might be construed into an adventure, the tired youngsters, after a stroll of a couple of hours, returned to the spot where they had left Jemmy Seabright. The sailors had quitted the boats, probably gone in search of refreshment; their companion, however, lay stretched at full length, fast asleep under the shade of a thick bush.

'Halt! on your lives stir not!' cried young Sinclair, who was a few paces in advance of the others; 'see! look at his throat!'

The party stood aghast; a long black snake had coiled itself round the neck of the youth—that is to say, had thrown its tail round his throat, while its raised head kept playing about within an inch of the unfortunate boy's face.

Jemmy was either fast asleep or dead. For a moment the party hesitated in indecision between two opinions. If the snake had bitten the young man, it was more than probable he had expired on the instant, and now lay a corpse before them; if not, he was in a deep slumber, from which if they suddenly awoke him, he would naturally move and insure the fatal bite, which might possibly have not yet been inflicted. How to act was indeed a matter most difficult to decide. Presently Seabright stirred his hand. He only moved it in the slightest manner, yet it was enough to assure his friends that he was alive, and consequently brought on the question how they were to extricate him from his perilous situation.

A young guinea-pig (a midshipman of the first class on board an East Indiaman

is so styled) proposed the only plan likely to succeed. It appeared, indeed, a wild scheme, and little likely to prove availing; but as every instant of time seemed precious, as the danger of his awaking increased with each moment, the party consented to the proposition. In less time than the last five lines have occupied me in writing them down, the jolly reefer had stripped off his shoes, forming a running noose of some very fine whip-cord, and mounted the tree which overhung the sleeper. Here he perched himself immediately above the snake, and cautiously and gradually let down the string close to the head of the reptile. A serpent, like a kitten, is always ready to play with any strange object. The creature, on seeing the cord, began to rear his head higher, darting its forked tongue at the flaxen bait. Presently it threw itself forward: its neck was in the noose, which the reefer instantly jerked up. The quick pull alarmed the animal: the knot was not subtle enough to hold the slippery monster: but the sudden shock so terrified it, that in less than the twinkling of an eye the snake had disappeared. The shout the party simultaneously set up awoke poor Seabright, who, unable to rise from the pain in his ankle, sat upright, calling on us for an explanation. This we had begun to afford him, when he suddenly cried out, no, no, you are deceived: the snake is still here. I feel it in my breast. Here, here it is: and he thrust his hand into the bosom of his shirt! In the next instant we were around him, imagining that his fear was the effect of fancy. He was not far wrong. A centipede, some fourteen inches long, had crept inside his waistcoat during his sleep. The cold feet, the crawling movement of the creature, had made him believe it was a snake. He had grasped at it; the alarmed reptile had buried its hundred feet into Seabright's flesh. To disengage it we had to tear it from its venomous limbs, which remained inserted in the chest of our friend. Two days afterwards we reached Calcutta, where Jemmy obtained the best medical advice. It was, however, nearly three years before he thoroughly recovered from the effects. To this hour Jemmy Seabright almost swoons when he sees even a harmless European collopendra, or English centipede.

THE SCOFFER'S FATE.

I was staying with my friend Mackinnon, the ex-resident at Delhi. He had an extensive bungalow in the vicinity of that city. Here he was wont to resort for the sake of the shooting in the neighborhood. Myself, Martin, of the native infantry, and a Scotch indigo planter, were his guests at the time I speak of. Determined to have some rare sport, we were here as-

sembled, doing tremendous execution amongst the games at the period this sketch opens. Near the cottage of my friend was a very large piece of water. It did not exceed three feet in depth in any part of it, yet, from the vast extent of its surface, it was almost always covered with wild fowl. The rich treat of an early morning's sport led us to embark in the evening on board a small budgerow my friend kept upon it, determined to sit up all night, in order to have a shot at the birds at the first glimmering of daylight. Plenty of loll shrob, and other dainties, had been sent on board: so after a few rubbers at whist, we sat down to supper. It may be as well, however, before I relate the incident which occurred, to give a slight portraiture of my three friends.

Mackinnon was one of those characters essentially oriental. I more particularly dwell on his qualities, as they are of an order unknown in Great Britain. On his arrival in Bengal as a writer, European and native bankers had alike flocked round him, offering him any sum or sums he might require. Prudence was never a virtue of poor Mac's: the temptation of unlimited credit to a youngster of eighteen would be too much for almost any one; it was certainly too much for Mackinnon.

He recklessly borrowed sums of money, which he determined on paying when he became rich. A few thousand pounds, he naturally considered, could easily be spared from the splendid salaries then paid to officers in the civil service, after they had served a few years in India. What, indeed, was six or seven thousand pounds a year?—a mere bagatelle; at least so our friend argued, with apparent reason. Mac. was a good fellow, the bankers most liberal.

It is a fact worth recording, as a beacon to the unwary, that no individual, who has thus commenced has been able subsequently to leave India. For the gratification of his early extravagances, he is bound as a prisoner to Asia; there he must live, there he must die. The *scroffs* (the native money lenders) and the bankers commence charging interest, against the debtor, whom fearful of awaking from his dream of bliss, they omit to call upon for the said interest, till the sum is so considerable that he is unable to repay it at once. They can tempt him with fresh loans, or rather get friends to do so, in order to pay the arrears of the original lenders, begin to insure his life, and so entangle him in the mazes of debt, that they are sure of him as their victim all the days of his life. The poor fellow soon obtains a better appointment. With it come fresh offers of money. Finding all hope of escape gone, he wilfully shuts his eyes, and lets matters take their own course, striving by a round of pleasures to drown thought and reflection.

Such was the situation of poor Mackinnon, living like a prince, ever ready to lend the needy, and to assist the struggling man. He had been the means of enabling many of his friends to accumulate fortunes. He had placed it in the power of several to return to Europe; yet for himself he could do nothing. He was far too deeply involved to hope for escape: so his only solace was to make those around him as happy as he could, himself a willing sacrifice at the altar of hospiti- lity.

Sandy Frazer, the indigo planter, was the very reverse of the picture I have just drawn. Brought up by prudent parents, whom he had lost in early life, Sandy came to India with a strict determination 'to make money.' Far from attempting, by a sudden or great speculation, to enrich himself, he had toiled on, guilty of no extravagance, indulging in no excess. Year after year his moderate profits had accumulated till he had become a very rich man. There is an old line in Latin, which tells us that the love of money grows with the possession of it. Far from being contented with the thousands he had amassed, Frazer used to the fatigues of business, so accustomed to them as almost to like them, still remained in India, remitting occasional sums to Europe, to purchase estates he was never likely to behold. In a word, Sandy was a prudent Scotchman—a term which in India signifies a rich one.

Tom Martin, of the native infantry, whom I have mentioned as making up our party, was one of those beings whom we occasionally meet with in every society. Interrupted in his studies by the receipt of a military commission, and consequently but superficially grounded in any one branch of education, he yet made a smattering of them all. Anxious to be looked upon as a good fellow, he was ever ready to fight, to bet, to ride a race, or join a shooting party. At cards he played higher than he could afford: at table he drank deeper than his senses warranted. Fond of excitement, careless as to results, without any fixed principles, he had left his home, and having heard a great deal about philosophy, and similar stuff, affected to be a philosopher, and in order to prove the fact, at once plunged into open atheism, and like most persons of this stamp, continually annoyed his friends, when a little elated by liquor, by pouring forth his horrible and blasphemous doctrines to the annoyance of those around him.

Such was the case on the evening I allude to. Cards and supper over, an animated conversation on sporting topics induced Martin to drink deep. He lost his better senses; and as we sat out on the open deck, smoking our hookahs, and sipping our loll shrob, he burst forth into one

of his anti-Christian tirades. We endeavored to check him. It was impossible. We tried to reason with him. He actually silenced us with his daring impieties. Our ideas of right and wrong, our beliefs in rewards and punishments, he laughed to scorn. At length with an air of braggadocio, he thus concluded one of his speeches:—

'I'll tell you what it is, my friends. Your bigotry shall soon be upset. I will show you how I mock your foolish fears, and defy the powers you believe in. It is only a first and slight proof of my bitter scorn for the precepts which doating monks have instilled into us. Here goes, for Heaven or for Hell, if such places exist!' and he sprang at once into the water.

This disgusting boast, though it annoyed us, filled us with little alarm, since we knew there was not sufficient water to drown even a child, and the bottom was composed of a hard gravel, besides which, Martin was a tip-top swimmer: so we only considered the act as an insensate proof of inebriety. Presently, however, we looked out for him. He had plunged beneath the surface, to which he did not rise again. We waited a minute or two: he still remained immersed. We called for torches, thinking he might have dived, and risen at some distance. We shouted to him; but all in vain. Some of our boatman jumped into the lake at the same spot where Martin had just sprang in. The water was scarcely up to their middles: they waded about, but without success. We were dreadfully alarmed; yet we still hoped he was playing us some trick. Morning broke, and we returned to our bungalow; but, alas! no tidings of Martin. The pond was well dragged, but the body could not be found, and we consequently set it down in our minds that our companion had made for shore, in order to alarm us. Three days afterwards we again entered the boat, and were sitting in our open deck. The moon was shining brightly. Suddenly Mackinnon started up. He had seen dimly an object in the water. He called our attention. It was the body of Tom Martin floating on the surface. His face was deadly pale, and seemed to wear an expression of pain. His every feature, clearly defined by the bright lunar rays, seemed ghastly and terrifying beyond anything that can be imagined. We dragged the body on board. In silent grief we buried it next day. Some of our party were then wild, and perhaps too wild in their beliefs. The warning, however, was not lost upon them.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN :
OR A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S
VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

THE ELECTION.

"The time will come when a few words spoken with meekness and humility, and love, shall be more acceptable than volumes of controversy, which commonly destroy CHARITY, the very best part of true RELIGION."

RICHARD HOOKER.

READY were the retorts, and frequent the interruptions, and loud the tones of a debate which was carried on for five mortal hours by one and twenty well-dressed gentlemen, in a large, comfortless-looking room of a most substantial building.

They formed 'a deliberate assembly!'

The fact was obvious. It could not have escaped the notice of the most cursory observer. The quietude of their manner—the gravity of their mien—and the self-possession displayed by the assembly generally, bespoke the triumph of mind over matter, and the sense which each speaker entertained of the importance of the question before him. They were all in morning costume; and the majority, from the appearance of their travel-stained habiliments, had ridden some distance. It was indubitably a moving question which had brought them together. One gentleman, a Mr. Wapshott, of bulky dimensions, and with a fierce frown, looked savage: another sulky; a third struck his boots repeatedly and pettishly with his riding-whip; a fourth, with flushed cheeks, and a shrill voice protested against the entire proceeding as extravagant and uncalled for; while a fifth contented himself with consulting every ten minutes his repeater, and after each inspection exclaiming with redoubled earnestness, 'Divide! divide!'

The sedatives to this party of effervescent gentlemen were the chairman, and a Sir Peter Pettenger. The former looked calmly on, perfectly unmoved by the hubbub around him; yet was every now and then betrayed into an involuntary smile by the gesticulation of some vivacious spokesman. The latter was a stalwart, florid-looking man, who, arrayed in a bright-green sporting-frock, and leaning on a polished thorn stick, seemed too complacent, easy, and good humored for any thing in this weary world to ruffle him. Close to Sir Peter—who stood in a kind of recess, and evidently listening to him with painful attention, were three middle-aged members of the squirearchy; and every now and then as the debate lulled in the centre of the hall, from Sir Peter's corner were heard, 'Lord Althorpe,' 'linseed cake,' 'pig,' 'oatmeal and boiled potatoes,' 'live and let live,' 'short horns,' 'Coke of Norfolk.'

The oddity with which these colloquial fragments fell upon the ear was heightened by the deferential and assenting bows with which Sir Peter's listeners evinced their perfect accordance in all his positions.

'The day wanes, gentlemen,' said the chairman, addressing his brother magistrates; 'we have discussed the matter at great length: the main question still remains undecided, the selection of a chaplain. That must be decided by vote.'

'It is wholly unnecessary,' said Mr. Wapshott sturdily. 'I do contend, and will through life maintain it, that no chaplain is needed in our county gaol.'

'We have no alternative,' returned the chairman; 'the Act is peremptory. An appointment must be made.'

'How can such parties need a chaplain?' cried Mr. Watson Cumberstone, a wealthy slave owner; 'a chaplain can't reform them. Solitary confinement, and the treadmill may.'

'They are your fellow-creatures,' said the chairman pointedly.

'I hope sir,' said Mr. Cumberstone, with a flushed face and a quivering lip, 'you don't mean to assert that the offscum of society contained within the walls of a county gaol; the burglar, the highwayman, the thief, the incendiary, are my—my fellow creatures?' and Mr. Watson Cumberstone looked furious as he finished his oration.

'I believe that this is the relationship in which they stand to you,' returned the chairman, in a still firmer and fuller tone, 'as members of the same great family; subject to the same passions; and accountable to the same God.'

'Mrs. Fry again!' said Mr. C. hysterically, to his next neighbor. 'Now mark me. The principles of that woman will eventually undermine the framework of society. I have said so for these last ten years; and it's astonishing the few people I get to believe me!'

'But what has Mrs. Fry to do with the appointment of a gaol chaplain?' And the querist looked fairly puzzled.

'Everything!' cried Cumberstone passionately; 'had she been content to let the question of prison discipline rest, we should never have heard of the necessity of gaol chaplains. But now the prevailing cry is 'humanity! humanity!' I repeat it: the foundations of society are giving way. The whole nation is getting imbued with the Fry poison.'

'You don't say so!' said this listener, with an earnest and alarmed expression.

Cries of 'Order, order; chair, chair;' were now heard: and amid the silence which followed, the presiding magistrate observed,

'The pretensions of the candidates are now before you. Three gentlemen have

been selected whose testimonials appear of the highest order. These gentlemen are now present, if any magistrate wishes to put to them any question.'

'Pigs, to have red necks, must be fed on corn. Remember that. I have it from the best authority. A red necked-pig—'

A roar of laughter drowned the remaining portion of Sir Peter's agricultural lecture, which he had been quietly pursuing in his distant corner, much to the edification of his faithful listeners.

When gravity was once more restored, the chairman observed, 'the reverend gentlemen will be pleased to withdraw;' and on their retiring, continued: 'I must again call for a vote on the question now before you.'

There seemed at length a probability of the business of the day being concluded, Dr. Wilderspin was proposed and seconded. The chairman simply observing with reference to him, that Dr. W. was head master of a free grammar school; minor canon in a cathedral church, rector of St. Martin's, Mimsbury; and therefore must have ample leisure for the discharge of duties of gaol chaplain.'

Mr. Hilton's pretensions were those next adverted to.

'I have the highest respect for Mr. Hilton, said the gentleman who proposed him. 'and I confidently recommend him to your suffrages. He is the very man for the office. Prisoners don't require long sermons; and I never heard one from Mr. H. that lasted above fifteen minutes. He is a great favorite of mine, for that very reason. Gentlemen, you can't do better. He is my parish minister, and I will answer for him. Try him on my recommendation. I beg to propose Mr. Hilton.'

The nomination was briefly seconded.

'And I have the pleasure to propose Mr. Cleaver,' said a venerable magistrate, who had taken from the first no common interest in the success of this question; 'because he holds and proposes to hold, no other appointment save this, should your favor raise him to it; because he will devote his whole time and attention to the prisoners entrusted to him; and because I consider such an unreserved appropriation of time and effort to the case of these culprits essential to any chaplain's success.'

'For these, and similar reasons, I second Mr. Cleaver's nomination,' said the senior clerical magistrate.

'Mr. Cleaver! oh! ah! He's touched with the Fry-mania, I'm persuaded,' groaned Mr. Watson Cumberstone; these men would never so speak of him were he sound.'

The first balloting took place, and at it's close, Mr. Hilton's name being lowest on the poll, was withdrawn. A second ballot was called for. The numbers ran

very even. It was difficult to say whether Dr. Wilderspin or myself would be the successful candidate. The chairman was called upon for his casting vote.

'Sir Henry Pettenger's suffrage is still wanting,' was his quick reply.

'Sir Henry,' cried a dozen voices, 'Sir Henry, whom are you for?'

'I? oh! I'm for peace and quietness, and protection to the agricultural interest.'

So spake the worthy landowner, who had just got to the subject of 'Swedes.'

'But the chaplain—the chaplain.'

'Oh, oh! I'm for the gentleman who spoke last. He has an audible voice. I like a clergyman with an audible voice. It keeps me to the point on a sultry afternoon. I hear well myself; but some of the prisoners may be old and dullish. Yes—yes; it's well to have a chaplain with an audible voice. Mr. Cleaver has my vote.'

The baronet's suffrage turned the scale. I was elected by a majority of one.

'Mrs. Fry again. That everlasting woman once more in the ascendant!' was the comment of Mr. Cumberstone, as with a hurried step and frowning brow, he sought his carriage.

CHAPTER II.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

'Our opinions are the angel part of us; our acts the un-earthly.'
BULWER.

I held that appointment many long—long years. Many were the sorrowful hours, the bitter disappointments linked with it. Nor was the savage repulse, and the scornful taunt, and the ungrateful farewell wanting. It was a perpetual exercise of faith and patience. To some, and to those the most guilty, it was in vain that I addressed myself. Their hearts seemed steeled against all avowal of error, and entreaty for forgiveness. The massy walls which surrounded them were not more callous and impenetrable. With others—of whom I had begun to hope well—did I find that the seed had fallen on rocky ground. Oh! it was a depressing, disappointing, heart-wearying scene. One advantage it possessed—the frequent opportunities it afforded me of witnessing the labors of a body of men to whom England is so deeply indebted—THE BRITISH MAGISTRACY. Individual instances among them there may be of wayward temper, and eccentric views; but as a body, their diligent, devoted and disinterested discharge of the trust reposed in them must be witnessed day by day to be duly appreciated. These I fear I shall offend by the statements I am about to make. But there are moments when even the claims of friendship must be forgotten; and even

the favor of that powerful body to which I owe so much, must be sacrificed, if needs be, to a sense of individual duty, and a desire to befriend the fallen.

In the gaol of——two punishments were in vogue, the treadmill, and solitary confinement. The former was a specie freely prescribed by the visiting justices, and by no means reluctantly administered by the gaoler. As a general punishment, I think it inhuman. I have watched its operation, and pronounce upon it this verdict. What is the object of punishment? moral reformation of those who undergo it. And what species of punishment is likely to be attended with such a result? Surely that which has a tendency to incline the prisoner to turn his thoughts inward upon himself, and to give birth to firm resolutions for future amendment.

To these coveted results, in no shape or form, is the treadmill auxiliary. It has the most baneful effect upon the mind of the prisoner. It indisposes him wholly to a thoughtful retrospect of his past life. It steels him against profiting by the warnings afforded by present privations. It renders him irritable, morose, sullen, vindictive. It is the foe of every feeling bordering on moral reformation. It is the fruitful parent of deception and falsehood. To avoid treadwheel labor every species of deceit will be resorted to. Sickiness will be feigned; falsehoods without end will be uttered, and persisted in; every ruse which ingenuity can suggest will be practised on the doctor; and every pretext resorted to which may release them from the wheel. Moreover, as a punishment it is unjust. It presses unequally upon different individuals. To the young strong man, it is nothing of the punishment which it proves to the aged, the feeble, or the failing. Prisoners are not slow to observe this. They see and reason upon its inequality; they complain of its injustice as a penalty on misconduct, and aver that the treadmill punishes the old and infirm far more than the young and robust, and tall men more than short men. Again, it is downright destruction to health. Many a constitution has it prostrated hopelessly and irredeemably. Instance after instance might be quoted where a man, after having worked ten hours at treadwheel labor, has at the expiration of his sentence, found himself utterly unable, from debility, to maintain his wife and family.

Now, surely the intention of punishment is to reform not to destroy.

And if, in my humble judgment, so many and obvious are the objections to the treadmill as a punishment, still more abhorrent to the feelings is that of solitary confinement. Punish a man by privation—by degradation—by hard labor, if you will:

but do not assail the mind. Do not tamper with that bright emanation of the divinity, which, once disordered, is beyond your power to restore. Pause long and deeply ere you add to any sentence 'SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.' There is connected with it an amount of torture and agony, which none but the sufferer himself can estimate, and which man should be very slow, very slow to inflict upon his fellow. Has he under any circumstances the right to do so?

I leave this query for the consideration of the merciful, the thoughtful, the forgiving.

My own view is, and I state it with all humility, that that prison best answers its proposed end where the inmates are led to labor steadily in some useful branch of industry; where they are taught to look to labor as the great or only source of their enjoyment, and in which they are prepared for becoming useful members of society on regaining their freedom. And that would appear to me a model prison, which the prisoners have entered without the least knowledge of any trade or business, left capable of earning their livelihood.

Of this, I have long been persuaded—punishment will not reclaim. It will irritate and it will harden; but it will not reclaim. It will never suggest one contrite feeling. Kindness may; to its magic even the most sullen are not insensible.

I remember once a young lad upon whom punishment had been tried in vain. Turnkeys, monitors, gaoler, had successively pronounced him irreclaimable.

I said to him one day, 'Poor lad,'—he had come from the West Riding, and I tried to recollect, for association's sake, something of it's phraseology—'what is that old grey-haired man, thinkest thou, doing now?'—he, who accompanied thee to this prison, and wept so long and loudly at leaving thee? He has come over Trent, the work of the day is done, and he is sitting sadly by his turf-fire. He is thinking of thee, lad—ay, and praying for thee—ay, and hoping that, should he never see thee again on earth, thou mayest meet him in heaven. But will it be so? ah! it will be so. And I—I could almost weep over thee, my lad, myself, now and bitterly, if I could see thee touched and softened, penitent and humbled.'

He listened, the hard muscles began to work; the compressed lips to quiver; the eyelids to moisten; and ere long a frightful and passionate flood of tears flowed from those large, stern eyes.

His disposition was changed, and for the better, ever after.

Here my moralizings must close, and I must pass from sentiment to action. A feeling of increasing sympathy for the hardships of the poor: a zeal daily deepening

ing and widening for their protection and improvement, is one of the most hopeful signs of the present age. To be sure the doctrine has been lately broached. Poverty almost invariably leads to crime; such is the law of nature, although not the law of the land.'

His must be a strangely constituted mind which could arrive at such a conclusion, and an intensely selfish spirit which could avow it.

'*Mais n'importe.*' It cannot check the tide of humanity which is rapidly rolling in; from which the oppressed and the terror-stricken have so much to hope; and to which such earnest heed is given by the good and wise of every class.

An hour will come when Lord Londonderry will regret that such a sentiment should ever have been traced by his pen. For its avowed purpose it is powerless. But the enemies of his order; the Chartists and Revolutionists of the day, point to it with triumph, as the creed held by a noble of England.

In this point of view it is mischievous and lamentable. But to my journal.

CHAPTER III.

THE SOLDIER ASSASSIN.

'Show me the life of which some portion is not shrouded in mystery.'
DR. CHANNING'S *Discourses*.

A few weeks after my appointment to the chaplaincy, and before habit had rendered me a calm and suspicious listener to the sad recitals which were continually submitted to me, a committal took place, the particulars attending which rivetted my attention then, and have often irritated my curiosity since.

The party was in the prime of life, agile with a remarkably good address, and a keen, clear, quick eye. The magistrate who convicted him, himself a soldier, expressed his conviction that the prisoner had served in the ranks; and Phillip Wingate's military air and martial step in some degree bore out the assertion. But the accused entered into no explanations. He avowed, indeed, to the Bench, in firm but respectful terms, his entire innocence of the deed laid to his charge: but he set up no alibi; nor did he attempt any counter statement; nor would he, though invited by the committing magistrate, state where he had been on the night and hour when the alleged outrage took place.

The facts were these. A wealthy farmer, not of peculiarly sober habits, or of extremely retentive memory, was robbed on his return from Bottesbury fair. His assailants were three in number, and one of them, he swore most positively, was Wingate.

'One is grieved to commit such a fine fellow as that to a gaoler's discipline,' said

the presiding magistrate, at the close of the examination; 'but the prosecutor's statement is so decided, that he leaves us no alternative.'

His brother magistrates assented, and Philip Wingate was led away.

'I never touched the man; have none of his money; never spoke to him in my life,' the prisoner asseverated; and from this declaration he never varied.

The assizes came on; and the trial from the habits of the prosecutor, and the large sum of money of which he had been robbed excited considerable interest. Wingate was firm and self-possessed throughout. He cross examined the prosecutor, Basham, with considerable skill; he elicited the material fact, that he had been drinking deeply during the morning of the day on which the robbery was effected; he drew from him that the evening was far advanced when the scuffle took place; and that 'it was neither dark nor light' when his pocket-book was snatched from him. Nay more, he reminded the prosecuting counsel—a rambling desultory speaker, that he was not obliged to tell the jury where he was on the day and hour when the robbery took place, and that his silence on this point was no proof of his guilt; and that his being found three hours after the occurrence, near the spot where Basham said he had been robbed, did not prove him to be a party to such robbery, supposing it to have taken place. He again asseverated his innocence. The tone, the temper, the tact with which these observations were made had a visible effect upon the judge; while the prisoner's martial-bearing, manly voice, and cool, self-sustained deportment carried with him the sympathy of a crowded court. But he gave no explanation, called no witnesses: and the judge, having twice asked him if he had any further statement to make, and having received a respectful negative, proceeded to address the jury. His charge was clear and masterly, and on the whole, favorable to the prisoner. He dwelt on the admitted intemperate habits of the prosecutor: on the fact that he had been drinking deeply the day he was robbed; on his admission that he had never seen the prisoner prior to the night named in the indictment: and that none of Basham's property had been found in Wingate's possession.

If ever judge was counsel for a prisoner, Barron Garrow was Wingate's counsel on that occasion.

But it availed not.

The jury was composed mainly of farmers, and they, having a wholesome dread of highwaymen, a reverential respect for their greasy pocket-books, and a fellow-feeling for a brother clad 'overtaken by a little liquor,' returned a verdict of 'guilty.'

The judge was taken by surprise; but, after a pause, he remarked on the absence of all violence, dwelt on the extenuating features of the case. Again he paused as if scarcely reconciled in his own mind to the finding of the jury, and then passed a mitigated sentence of transportation for life.

Wingate left the dock as cool and self-possessed as if nothing had happened.

'I never counted on an acquittal,' was his remark *'THE PAST told me that.* But now to make the best of matters.'

And he moved away with as firm a step, and as bold a carriage, as if he had been going on parade.

There was a point, however, on which his nerve never failed him—the treadmill; he shook when he approached it.

'And yet,' said the gaoler, in mentioning the fact, 'it was no new acquaintance: it was merely the renewal of a former intimacy.'

'How mean you?'

'I mean this, sir, that Wingate has been upon the mill many a time and oft before to-day.'

'That must be mere conjecture.'

'By no means. Three minutes make strange discoveries; they will suffice to show the awkwardness of a raw hand, and the ease and skill of an old practitioner. Wingate is the latter: the treadmill is familiar to him: he knows every manœuvre and trick respecting it.'

'That surprises me. But he still asserts his innocence?'

'He does, sir, and in my opinion, truly. I heard the trial: I watched the man closely before and since; and I verily believe he was neither principal nor accomplice in that affair. However, he will pay the penalty: for he starts for the hulks at Portsmouth at seven tomorrow.'

That evening he sent for me: and as a last and particular favor, begged that he might see me alone. His wish was acceded to. He began by thanking me for 'the pains I had taken;' they were his own words; 'to make him a better man and a better Christian:' and then expressed his 'fears that I had thought him sullen and ungrateful,' because he was not communicative.

'I could not,' he continued, 'clear myself in Basham's case without implicating others. I must have delivered up three associates to certain punishment had I said where I was and how employed, when that perjured coward was eased of his pocket-book. I disdained to be a traitor; and cheerfully submit, in preference, to my punishment. But to you sir, I will make a clean breast. I never robbed that man: but I know who did. I was not far off, for I was poaching: and it was while searching for some game which I had hid,

and like a fool, could not readily find, that the constables apprehended me as the guilty party. But, I repeat, Basham was not molested by me. I never saw him till we met before a magistrate. Poaching has been my ruin: that, and nothing else. My poor father's prophecy is about to be fulfilled, that my gun would banish me from my country and my home for ever.

'My prospects, sir, were, at one time good. My father was a small land-holder in Nottinghamshire under the Duke of— The Duke was partial to him; and proved it by many acts of well timed assistance. His Grace had for years paid particular attention to agriculture: was himself a practical farmer: liked to see land clean; was no bad judge of a fallow: and could tell unerringly from the look of the crop whether, labor or manure, had been stinted on the land. An occupier bent on the improvement of his farm was the Duke's delight. On all these points John Wingate was a tenant to his Grace's mind. But he had another, and still more powerful recommendation. The Duke strictly preserved the game. He liked a gun in none of his tenant's hands. Sporting, and a smock-frock, he held utterly irreconcilable. 'He shoots occasionally' was a sentence which sealed the dismissal of many a careless but honest son of the soil. Here my father's claim to pre-eminence, was indisputable. That being did not live who could say he had ever seen John Wingate carry a gun. The partridge might nestle among his turnips, and the hare nibble his young wheat, and the pheasant whirr from his thick plantation, fearless of molestation from him.

Not so his only, and unfortunate child. I was born a sportsman. From my very childhood I coveted the name of a 'crack shot.' Chide me, beat me, deprive me of food or rest; and each and all these punishments have, in turn, been mine; nothing could win me from field sports. 'It is thy bane boy,' my poor father used to say; it will deprive thee of light and liberty, and all that thy soul holds dear.

'Ah, sir! if the great were but sensible of the odium which the game laws entail on them: if they could guess the angry feelings, the bitter alienation which they create and keep up between the peasant and the proprietor; if they were aware what a chafed and exasperated spirit a land occupier impresses upon his family, that neither he nor any of his sons can shoot with impunity a single head of that game which has been bred upon his own farm, and has thriven upon the produce of his own toils, they would exterminate the breed from their domain.

'For a time I was wary; but success rendered me incautious: and early one morning, when I had just flushed a covey,

I was caught. The keepers were inflexible. They reported me to the Duke. I blamed him not. He acted kindly and forbearingly. He sent for my father. He reminded him of the condition; implied, but fully understood, on which all his tenants held their farms. He asked me if I 'denied the charge?' I at once admitted it. He then said that my youth, and my father's worth, should quash the present accusation: he would forget that he had ever heard it: but he warned me of the consequences of any future transgressions.

I left him baffled, vexed, and mortified; but by no means convinced that I was the wrong doer. My father's distress was great and it moved me. I mentally made a firm resolve: and for days, nay weeks, I kept it. But the trial was severe. To the call of the partridge from the stubble: to rouse 'puss' from her form and 'so-ho' her as she scoured gaily down the hedge-row, and all the while within range; in this thicket to put up a pheasant; and in that turnip field to stumble upon a glorious convey; and to feel all the time that my hands were tied, and my gun useless, and my dog idle: this to a spirit like mine, was unendurable. Again I ventured: was detected, fined, surcharged, and disowned by my terror-stricken parent; committed.

'Put him on the treadmill was the order of the visiting justice: nothing finer than the treadmill; brings a fellow at once to his senses: works a thorough cure: he rarely pays us a second visit who has been once on the treadmill.

'These are remarks glibly uttered, but the conclusion they draw is not borne out by experience. Those who have undergone terms of 'imprisonment with hard labor,' have again and again been housed in their old quarters. Prison returns prove this. As to myself and the wheel, I hardly think I deserved it. One point was clear to me. Magistrates who preserve game, are apt to look at poaching through a magnifying glass. They find in it a combination of the seven deadly sins. Their own personal feelings are, unsuspected by themselves, at work on the question. Their thoughts dwell on it till at length they regard poaching as a much more heinous offence than it really is, or than the law views it.

'I was placed on the mill. Its punishment was to reform me. Reform me? It made me irritable, quarrelsome, sullen, savage. Reform me? It merged my thoughts in bodily fatigue and exhaustion. Instead of encouraging me by cheerful employment in prison to seek labor as the means of honest subsistence when I left it, it confirmed me in my hatred for labor by compelling me to submit to it in its most painful, irksome, and exhausting form.

And yet there are those who have greater cause to complain of it than myself. If men, young and strong men, sink under its infliction, how can it be expected that women, weak and wretched women, can bear up against it? There are very few of them who can undergo such labor: there is the greatest difficulty to teach them to be upon the wheel, and escape accident; and frequently have I known women to bleed at the nose when first put to the wheel. How many have been caught in the wheel, and maimed by it for life: and yet there are humane and benevolent individuals who contend for it as a proper punishment for women upon prison diet. And the judges wonder, and gaolers complain, that prisoner, their period of confinement completed, leave the prison walls more sullen, callous, hardened, desperate characters than they entered them. The wonder would be if it were otherwise.

'My sentence fulfilled, I sought, for a few hours, my father's roof. He welcomed me with much kindness. No reproof, no taunt, no allusion to the past escaped him; I do not suffer him to remain long in ignorance of my intentions. 'I will not remain at home; it would be your ruin. I cannot subdue this propensity, but it shall not be indulged at your expense: To you I will be burdensome no longer. I will earn my own bread: it shall be as a soldier. Entreaties, expostulations, tears, were not wanting to induce me to alter my resolution. I was firm and enlisted. I was fortunate in my selection. The 4th was well officered, and it was not long before the education I had received told favorably for me. I could write quickly and legibly: had a thorough knowledge of accounts: some smattering of general information: and above all, was free from that vice which ruins so many privates—drunkenness. That through life, I have loathed. I was noticed by those above me; tried in various capacities, and found faithful. Confidence was placed in me, and a vacancy occurring, I was raised to the rank of corporal. Thus far all was honest livelihood, and hoping that the future would retrieve the past, shame and ignominy were hanging over me. My character was about to receive a wound from which it never recovered.

I had been corporal three months, when a new ensign joined the corps. His name was Cattams. His father had been in business at Manchester, and was wealthy; and his only son, Curtius, was gazetted 'ensign by purchase.' I can, sir, but indifferently describe him. He might not be, intentionally, a malevolent or malicious man: but never human being possessed more odious peculiarities. The good feeling of the regiment was gone from the very moment he joined it. He

was a man of the most restless activity: ill-directed, and spent on trifles. He had an eye quick at detecting defects, and a tongue singularly apt at exposing them. His temper was immovable; no reply would silence him: no retort irritate him. His perseverance was remarkable. He would again and again return to the point, refer to the 'Articles of War,' quote 'General Orders,' and comment on them till the whole mess was roused. As to the men no irregularity escaped him: and no excuse appeased him. Dress, accoutrements, attitude, all were severely scanned. Poor man; with him an officer's main duty was to find fault. The results were unavoidable. Punishments became more frequent. The lash was brought more and more into requisition. The men became dispirited: and the officers disunited. The lieutenant colonel, who had grown grey in his country's service, and had lost an arm in her cause, was heard to say, 'Mr. Cattams, discipline in unskilful hands may become tyranny. 'Martinet' is an ugly addition to a man's name. You understand me.'

'But M. Cattams either did not or could not, understand him: for a few days afterwards, a conversation took place at mess, where the commanding officer is president and supposed to be a check on all intemperate expressions: this conversation, in its tone somewhat animated and unguarded, Cattams contrived should reach the Horse Guards.

An inquiry was made. Some correspondence took place. It issued in an admonition, couched in very gentle and measured terms, but addressed to the lieutenant colonel. It was sufficient. 'If,' said he, 'a beardless boy can draw down reproof upon a white-headed and wounded veteran, it is a sign the service can do without him. The hint shall not be given twice.' He sold out immediately, and his retirement completed the discord of the regiment.

'But I am in advance of my history. The day prior to our colonel's departure, I had the misfortune to attract the ensign's attention. I had some report—I forget its precise nature now—to make to him. It displeased him both in form and substance; and he settled on me his little, hateful, designing, deceitful looking eyes. That glance, I knew well, portended mischief. After a pause, he said slowly, 'I have seen you before, corporal, and that when you did not wear a red coat; I am sure of it for I never forget features; where could it be?' I made no attempt to assist his memory, for I had a foreboding of evil, and cared not how soon the interview terminated.

'I have it,' said he, after a pause, and with a look of malicious satisfaction that

made my blood run riot in my veins. 'I saw you, sirrah, in——county gaol; and watched you as you took your turn on the treadmill. Yes, yes; my recollection is perfect. I was sure I had seen you under other and disgraceful circumstances. To your duty, sir, to your duty.'

'I left him, a ruined man. I knew it. I felt it. The future was darkly and hopelessly overcast. And to add to the bitterness of my situation, I was powerless. Explanation, entreaty, expostulation, all would have been unavailing. Forbearance was a word my tormentor knew not. I was at his mercy; and I was sure he would degrade me. 'Ah sir,' continued Wingate, with visible emotion, 'none but those whose position has been so unfortunate can tell the disastrous influence of recognition in after-life, upon a criminal who from a sense of guilt, has been led to heart felt penitence and sincere resolutions of future amendment. If a man really repents, he may by steady perseverance and unflinching firmness succeed in gaining the character of an useful member of society; but he will live in constant apprehension of having his good name suddenly and irredeemably forfeited by the recognition of some abandoned fellow prisoner, or some vain and heartless official. If the penitent's inclination return to honest courses he not quite decided; if his virtuous resolutions be not thoroughly fixed; that recognition proves fatal. Past delinquencies are exposed; bitter, angry and revengeful feelings are called up, which would otherwise have slept. The finger of scorn is pointed at him. He is discouraged in his course. References to the past float around him. The progress of reformation slackens; and after a while he ceases to struggle with the calumnies of the slanderous, and becomes vicious, drunken, brutal, reckless.'

The wretched man paused from the violence of his feelings; and I could but mentally acknowledge the truth of the picture he had drawn.

'That day,' he resumed, 'was a busy and a pleasant day for Ensign Cattams. Before nightfall few in my own division were ignorant of his 'happy discovery.' According to some, I had been tried for sheep-stealing: according to others for burglary. but be my crime what it might, my influence was over. I was a damaged man. I had been seen on the treadmill, in a felon's dress; and in felon's company. That was sufficient. Name and fame were gone. My authority with the men was impaired. In vain I strove to regain it: my officers looked upon me coldly and suspiciously: and on a slight instance of forgetfulness occurring—forgetfulness attended with no ill consequences, and trifling in its nature: forgetfulness, which in other days would have been visited only by a slight reproof:

it was thought fit that 'marked notice should be taken of it.' I was dismissed from my post of corporal, and reduced to the ranks. The blow did not surprise me I expected it. But it crushed me to the earth. Thoughts, bitter, burning and revengeful, took possession of me. Thoughts which the evil spirit could alone suggest: and which, no dread of after-consequences ever subdued. . . . The discord in the 4th was now at its height, and had attracted the displeasure of the Horse Guards. We were ordered on foreign service: and told pretty plainly that our prospect of returning home was distant. We embarked and reached our destination on the eve of a general engagement. How I rejoiced at the intelligence. How my heart leapt and my spirits rose at the thought of taking the field. How delightedly I hailed the confirmation of the report. I had reason; for I had long resolved that the very first engagement should rid me of my foe for ever: you start sir. What, are you not aware that thus many a regimental tyrant closes his career? Is it new to you that the severe and cruel officer often perishes by the weapon of his own men? Think you that when a military superior is execrated by those whom he commands, and who are daily writhing under his rule, that such an opportunity will be lost? Oh, no! They die as the public records state—on the 'tented field': at the head of their regiment: leading on their men: cheering them to victory; they are praised in the commander-in-chief's despatch; and lamented in general orders: and their widows obtain pensions: and their memories a monument in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey; but they fall by the rifles of their own men.

'Among red coats this is no secret. All officers are well aware of it. Ours were wide awake on the point. The senior captain was heard to say to his junior, 'Their is, I am conscious, a very unpleasant feeling afloat in the regiment, and if we go into action the odds are fifty to one against the Manchester-man.' 'He has been warned,' was the cool reply, by myself and others: his tactics are peculiar, let him abide by them. 'Never was there a man,' ran the rejoinder, 'so thoroughly master of the art of making himself detestable.'

'We went into action. Cattams fell early. I was not his only foe. He was pierced by three balls. The surgeon examined him: looked grave but made no report. Never man fell less lamented. But from that moment I never knew rest. The curse of blood was on me: and he fought against me whom no subterfuge can deceive, and no deed of darkness escape. I had never a cheerful hour afterwards. I might have been happy, for my

worldly circumstances improved. My aged father longed for the companionship of his only child, and to secure it purchased my discharge. 'Come,' were his words 'and cheer my solitude. Let me see thee before I die. God has prospered me. Come, I am feeble and failing; come to that homestead which will soon be thine.'

'He left me his all. But no blessing went with it. Loss after loss befel me. I knew the cause. The brand of Cain was upon me. 'Ere long I was again a homeless wanderer. I resumed my old pursuits. I took to poaching: and it earned a fair, and to me, agreeable livelihood. Thus employed, I witnessed, from a distance,—the spoiling of that drunkard, Basham; but I would betray no associate. There is a stern fidelity which binds those who own no other tie. Of the offence specially charged against me, I repeat, I am innocent; but I feel that I am a gross offender. Of that I am very sensible. I thank you, sir, heartily and respectfully, for having listened to me. It has been a great relief to me thus to unburden myself of the past. I am not hardened in crime. Oh, no! I constantly pray for pardon: for I feel mine has been no common sin.'

What followed needs no mention here. I trust the advice I gave was sound: and I am sure the spirit in which it was received was humble. We parted—and forever.

Early the next morning the van started for Portsmouth. On its arrival there it was surrounded by a crowd, among which were several tall, bulky women. These, as Wingate alighted, pressed around the turnkeys: pinioned one, hustled another, and felled a third: and in the *melee* Wingate escaped.

From the rapid and off hand manner in which his rescue was effected, his deliverers must have been men disguised. I have often tried to trace him: and to discover whether his apparently sincere penitence issued in amendment. But in vain. The lapse of years has thrown no light upon his history.

That Ensign Cattams perished in the manner Wingate described, the surviving officers of his regiment seemed to entertain slight doubt.

CHAPTER IV. PRISON GLOOM

"Here—time with leaden wing
Moves s.o.v. y on."

It has often occurred to me as I quitted, with jaded spirits and wearied step, the last cell I had to visit during the morning, how painful is the position and how exhausting the labors, of a gaol chaplain. It is true that the office of every parish priest, when faithfully and efficiently discharged, must bring him into close communication with the poor, both during their short day

of comparative comfort and happiness, and during their long and gloomy night of positive suffering and sorrow. The afflicted, the vicious, the indigent—all these must come under his notice, and cause him many an anxious hour. But if he has his trials, he has also his triumphs. The young of the fold, tended by his fostering care, and brought under his spiritual superintendence, first to the holy rite of—the aged calmed, supported, and strengthened by his affectionate counsel—the increasing attachment and growing confidence of his people—signs of reformation in some, and fruits of matured religious belief in others, here an instance of unqualified resignation on the bed of sickness—there a bright example of cheerful submission to unexpected misfortune;—holy children;—happy deaths,—these are cheering spectacles, which hearten him on his course, and solace him for many a disappointed hope and blighted expectation.

It is not so with the gaol chaplain.

The importance of his office all will admit; its irksomeness few can understand. His stipend is, for the most part, scanty, coincident only with the full exercise of all his powers. For his old age there remains retirement—not preferment. Rare is the instance where a gaol chaplain has been advanced in his profession. And yet he has claims—claims which the dispensers of Church patronage might fairly acknowledge, and which the aged gaol chaplain might, without shame, prefer.

He has to move daily in an atmosphere of crime; and yet he would be false to his trust, and ill discharge the duties expected of him, were he to become callous to the suffering which crime engenders. He has to move not unfrequently in an atmosphere of disease, which he incurs the risk of contracting, while administering to those who are its victims the consolations of religion. He has to encounter the disaffected, the designing, and the desperate. The difficulties of his position multiply; and the exigencies of the times impose on him fresh and unlooked-for exertion. The deluded victims of political agitation come under his eye: and it is his duty, as well as his delight, to use the most strenuous exertion to stay the plague now propagating amongst us, by arraying the poor against the rich, as opposite and antagonist classes—as if they had a diversity, instead of a community, of interests, and as if the happiness and security of both did not depend upon the good understanding and affectionate connexion subsisting between them.

To cheer him—what remains? His haunt is not the vine-clad cottage, or the lonely farm or the thatched hut on the moor, but the dark and dreary cell of the burglar, the highwayman, and the mid-

night assassin. The vilest portion of the community are in his hours of toil presented to him; to sad details of misery and guilt is he daily obliged to listen; humbling views of our common nature are constantly submitted to him. Oppressed and sorrow-stricken, weary and sick at heart does he often leave the sphere of duty assigned to him, praying the innocent may be strengthened from above, and the guilty led to seek mercy where alone it can be found.

I was thus musing when a case was brought before me, the peculiar features of which engaged for some days no small share of public attention. The party had moved in the higher ranks of society, was young and highly gifted, and in one sense worthy of a better fate. When committed he was ill—suffering severely from a burn—and was especially commended to the care and skill of the gaol surgeon. I saw him frequently. He—but his story must be given in the third person, and in detail. To spare the feelings of survivors every expedient has been adopted; and if the leading facts should be recognised by any party, it can only be by some one who has reason to say, "*Quorum pars magna fui.*"

CHAPTER V.

POYNTZBURY; OR, IDENTITY!

ANCESTRY.

"Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
The gift—a fate, or will, that walked astray,
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay,
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive."

It was a bright laughing morning in spring, the sun shone cheerily, and a gentle breeze, as it swept softly and wooingly over the beautiful bay of Naples, broke the deep blue waves into innumerable sapphires. Light skiffs flitted gaily over its bosom, the rude chorus of the fishermen rose lazily from the shore; while ever and anon the measured beat of the wave upon the sand fell upon the ear with a soothing and delicious murmur.

Fair and gladdening as was the scene, some there were who viewed it apparently blind to its beauty, and insensible to its influence. In a window commanding the bay sat that morning a youthful, but unsocial party, loitering over a late breakfast.

'Another day and no letters from England!' said the youngest of the trio, a handsome, but feeble and delicate-looking man, addressing as he spoke, a graver and older associate, to whom in feature and expression he bore a marked resemblance.

'Ten thousand curses light on that idiot Brackenbury. Why the—doesn't he

write? What can cause his silence? Can you explain it, Lennard?

'Only upon the conviction, Sir Shafto, that he has been unable to obey on the instant, as I have no doubt he wished your positive instructions.'

'Did you word the postscript in terms sufficiently peremptory?'

'It was not drawn up, I admit in your own language: but it was submitted for your perusal, and I believe, was fortunate enough to obtain your approbation.'

'Perusal—approbation. You are always so curiously guarded and particular,' said the baronet pettishly.

'Brackenbury!' cried a stout red faced young man, with a marvellously fine waistcoat, abominable hair, and badly washed cravat: 'is he related to the Brackenburys of Shropshire? Sir Harry Brackenbury married my eldest sister.'

'Ask Lennard; he is a walking baronetcy, and knows every one's genealogy—except his own.'

'Mr. Brackenbury,' said the object of this sarcasm, with heightened color, but calm and steady voice, 'claims Leicestershire as his county.'

'He was bred and born sir, on my estate. He does not belong, as our friend here, to the Melchisedek family.'

The baronet's little grey eyes gleamed with delight as he muttered his malicious inuendo.

Lennard's lips quivered for an instant as he slowly and deliberately replied, 'You are unjust, Sir Shafto. My parentage, as I have more than once told you, is very humble; but I have no occasion to blush for it. Both parties have gone down to the grave, but have left no stain upon their memory. The one was chaste, the other brave.'

This was a palpable hit, and it told. Sir Shafto Poyntzbury, whose mother had been a more than suspected wife, and whose father had on one memorable occasion proved himself a 'shy bird,' winced beneath its force. 'Melchisedek!' repeated Armitage, musingly, and evidently thoroughly mystified; 'there is something here I don't exactly understand.'

The speaker was a gay, light hearted being, with a dash of the Irishman about him, always ready for a song, or a dance, or a fight, or 'a lark;' and observing neither party to be at ease, resolved on giving an immediate turn to the conversation.

'History!—parentage—heaven save the mark. Sir Shafto, in default of better amusement, you are cordially welcome to mine—in verse;' and without waiting, or even, apparently, caring, to see whether assent was given or withheld, he gave, in a clear, merry, joyous tone, one of those rollicking, humorous, noisy ballads, which only an Irish fancy could have conceived,

and to which native Irish drollery can alone do justice.

'Ha, ha, ha! tolerably fair for an off hand sketch, eh, Lennard?' cried the baronet, addressing, with recovered good humor, his stripling likeness. 'When we return to England, we must domicile Armitage, at Willersleigh. His ready mirth will make the old hall ring again.'

'Willersleigh,' murmured Lennard, in a low, husky tone, 'shall I ever see it? And if so, when—how—preceded and followed by what circumstances?'

His cheek flushed, and he fell into a deep, and apparently pleasant reverie.

But in the interim, how were matters progressing at Willersleigh?—and what care was there taken of the interests of its absent lord?

CHAPTER VI.

'SELL AND FELL.'

'Whip me boy, but I never saw thy genius blaze forth like this before. *Deo volente*, I will make a saint of you, and shame the bishops.—*Wine and Walnuts*.

'These Poyntzburys are a doomed race,' said old Brackenbury, the land steward at Willersleigh, as he sat ruminating, in the deepest sadness, over the last epistle of his youthful master. 'A curse seems to cling to the line, which each succeeding generation does his best to fulfil. They gain no wisdom from the past, and are utterly reckless as to the future. Sir Shafto 're-quires,' forsooth, 'five thousand pounds for his immediate use, which I am to raise with all speed.' But how? I am to sell the pictures, and fell the wood. Ay, *sell and fell*—these are the watchwords of his race. Sell and fell—'twas the motto of his gambling father; of his dare-devil uncle, of his Italian mother, that Jezebel, that adept in extravagance, folly and absurdity, whose fete to the Regent cost us fifteen hundred pounds.' (For this sin, to her dying day, old Brackenbury never heartily forgave her.) 'And this motto, I see clearly, has been adopted by her son.'

Rather than be outstripped in the race of folly, he will sell all, even his honor. It is idle to think of saving him!' and the tears coursed rapidly down the furrowed face of the faithful retainer as he came to this painful conclusion. 'But the letter must be answered; and how? By a firm refusal, and then, a respectful resignation. Not another shilling, to be spent in Naples will I raise for him. But what is this in another and—heaven be praised for it—more legible hand? Ah! a postscript from M. Lennard.'

'Mr. Brackenbury need not act upon the foregoing instructions till Sir Shafto writes again. The pictures and the timber may be valued by competent parties, and the baronet apprized of the result. Meanwhile some alternative may possibly be suggested

to prevent this sacrifice. In the interim, one fifth of the sum which Sir Shafto at first conceived necessary will be sufficient for his present exigencies. Mr. Lennard adds this postscript, by the baronet's desire, who will affix his signature below in confirmation of it.

'So then, this is the Mr. Lennard who accompanies our master as his *amanuensis*, secretary, and confidential companion. He writes like a sensible man. 'One fifth.' My own savings will amount to more: and Sir Shafto is thoroughly welcome to them. Thank God I need cringe to no Jew, confide in no lawyer, and press no overburthened tenant on this occasion.' And old Brackenbury rubbed his hands joyfully. 'Prevent this sacrifice.' I like that phrase. It coincides completely with my own views. Bravo, Mr. Lennard! the owner of Willersleigh is not while you are by his side. Those noble oaks, and those Claudes are still preserved to us. 'Prevent this sacrifice.' Good! good! Mr. Lennard, you are a man of feeling and forethought; and for you, sir,' he concluded, apostrophizing his master as he passed a staring, flaunting patriot in the great hall, 'your attaching such a man to your suite is one of the few sensible acts that can so far be laid to your charge.'

But who was he upon whom was passed this lavish econium?

CHAPTER VII.

THE 'STORK.'

"The princess received me in one of the drawing rooms opening on the hanging terraces, covered with flowers in full bloom. Her Royal Highness received Lady Charlotte Campbell (who came in soon after me) with open arms and evident pleasure, and without any flurry. She had no rouge on, wore tidy shoes, was grown rather thinner, and looked altogether uncommonly well. The first person who opened the door to me was the one whom it was impossible to mistake, hearing what is reported, six feet high a magnificent head of black hair, pale complexion, mustachios which reach from here to London. Such is the Stork." *Diary of the Times of George IV.*

Louis Lennard, however clear and well defined his own plans might appear to himself, was at the age of four and twenty, a mystery to all around him. With an indifference, rare at his period of life, to the pleasures and amusements of society, he seemed devoted to the interests of one with whom it was clear he had feelings in common, and from whom he could cherish no expectations. He was neither learned, nor eloquent, nor witty, nor convivial; but he was profoundly skilled in tact. The youthful invalid liked him because with his accomplishments, he wiled away many an hour that would otherwise have hung heavy on his hands, and because in person he bore a striking, but by no means flattering resemblance, to himself. On the other hand, be the bond what it might which bound Lennard to the baronet, his phant temper lightened his fetters of no

small proportion of their pressure. The wayward humors of his host he studied, watched over, met, and quelled with inimitable temper, and adroitness. He never appeared disconcerted by his caprices, nor wounded by his suspicions. The follies of Sir Shafto he steadily discounted: the station of the baronet he never forgot even in their most familiar moments; and his address in extricating that wayward being from the scrapes into which his irritable and ungovernable temper brought him was beyond all praise. And yet there always appeared some secret object, some grand, but hidden prize to which all this by-play was subservient. The past history and connexions of the family, the divisions of the estate, the various tenants to whom it was let, the plan, size, and peculiarities of the old hall, the neighboring gentry who lived near it, were points on which he constantly drew its owner to dwell in detail. The avidity with which he would listen to the merest trifles which referred to the boyhood of the present, or the decease of the late baronet, was utterly inexplicable. Contrary to the line of conduct adopted by most favorites, he never strove to enrich himself. He sought no favor, and declined all pecuniary recompense. Quiet in manner, simple in his habits, and singularly guarded in his demeanor and expressions, he was a remarkable contrast to his self-willed, capricious, and restless companion. Of his past life, connexions, parentage, or pursuits, he never spoke. On all these points Sir Shafto himself was but very imperfectly informed. But Lennard was useful to him, wrote his letters, kept his accounts, played at billiards, and invariably lost to him, was an admirable listener, and never bored him.

What sources of commendation did these negative qualities supply?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

"No longer shall you gaze on't lest your fancy
May think anon it moves."

Winter's Tale.

'Lennard,' said the invalid, during their last evening's ride in the environs of Naples, when the former had been more than usually persevering in his inquiries, 'I in vain try to understand the importunity and earnestness with which you press for information about Willersleigh. You will never see it: I shall never return thither. In a foreign land I shall 'sleep the sleep that knows no waking.' All the Poyntz-burys die young; 'tis the doom of our race. For the last three centuries not one of us has reached fifty. And why not?' 'Those whom the Gods love'—you know the rest. With some 'tis true.'

'You do not use proper caution,' replied Lennard, bluntly. 'You court exposure to the night air, take immoderate exercise, and too little repose.'

'It matters not. There is time enough for repose in the grave, as Father Nicolay says. We Poyntzburys are a restless race. But, droll enough—some of us come to life again,' continued he with that dash of wild levity which was such a singular feature in his character, 'and, as you so violently affect the records of our race, I must introduce you to my ancestress Angela; the beautiful Lady Pointzbury, as she was deservedly called.'

'Angela Ducarel was the only child of the governor of one of our Indian possessions by a native lady, the sole heiress of a wealthy baboo. Mrs. Ducarel was a personage somewhat difficult to describe, a similar mixture of courage and cowardice, intellect, and ignorance, indolence and austerity. She was never a thorough convert to Christianity. Some of the old servants of Willersleigh will tell you that she worshipped the sun to her dying day.'

The fact was, her creed was a curious mixture of the idolatrous customs of her race, with some of the peculiar observances of Christianity, which her fears compelled her to adopt. She was an accomplished linguist, dabbled in alchemy, and was an adept in astrology. Her daughter's horoscope she had cast more than once; and repeated calculations had confirmed her in the belief that, die when Angela would, it would be death by fire. Sir Herbert Poyntzbury saw her when she first landed in England, under the care of this unaccountable mother; and attracted by the prospect of unbounded wealth, and the possession of unrivalled beauty, tendered her his hand and was accepted. About six months after their union she was attacked by fever and delirium, and in defiance of the best medical skill which the neighborhood could afford, her case was pronounced hopeless. Express after express was sent for the old beldame at Bath, apprizing her of her daughter's danger, and entreating her presence at Willersleigh but in vain: she contented herself with writing to her beloved 'Angela,' commanding her to keep up her spirits, to follow implicitly the directions of her medical advisers, and to rest assured that she would never recover. Indeed, so indifferent did the old fire-worshipper seem to the event that when life was pronounced extinct, it was gravely debated whether any notice should be forwarded to Mrs. Ducarel of the fatal result. As a mere matter of courtesy, another messenger was despatched to her. She listened to his melancholy tidings without the slightest apparent emotion, and her sole comment upon the event was comprised in the remark: 'It cannot by

any possibility be so.' With unruffled composure she entered her travelling carriage and drove down to Willersleigh. On her arrival, she hurried to the chamber of death, and after a lengthened inspection of her daughter's features, declared she was not dead, and insisted upon the funeral being postponed. The opposition this demand met with from physicians, retainers, pall-bearers, and undertakers you may readily imagine: but the Gheber persevered, and prevailed. She unclosed the shutters, desired the paraphernalia of death to be forthwith removed, and the room to be restored to its usual state. She ordered the corpse to be taken out of the coffin, a large fire to be kindled, and the body to be laid before it. As evening drew on, she directed certain restoratives which she named to be placed within her reach, and dismissing the whole household to rest, announced her intention of sitting up alone by the corpse till morning. The consternation with which the domestics viewed these preparations was indescribable.

About three in the morning, Mrs. Ducarel rang her bell; and in reply to the terrified nurse, who in an agony of fright, asked her commands, desired Sir Herbert to be told 'that Lady Poyntzbury was sensible, and had asked repeatedly for her husband.' She lived some years after this event, and had several children.'

'And was happy?'

'No. Whether her kindly, mild and gentle nature the baronet felt to be a painful contrast to his own morose, capricious, and uncertain temper; whether he had married her for convenience, or was weak enough to give credence to the absurdities of those who whispered that she had been restored to him by supernatural means, is complete matter of conjecture. The fact is undeniable—his demeanor towards her after her recovery underwent a sad and striking alteration. It has often struck me as I stood beside her picture in the gallery at Willersleigh, that could her mother have foreseen the sad complexion of her after life, she would never have been so anxious to restore her to existence.'

'And she died?' asked Lennard earnestly.

'By fire, as the old heathen had foretold. It was on the 18th of January. She had been at the birth-day drawing-room in the morning, and was seated in her dressing room, waiting for a carriage to take her to an evening party. As she bent over the fire her lappets accidentally caught the wax lights, and in an instant her head dress was in a blaze. Her children heard her scream: and knowing her voice, ran hastily into the room. This sealed her fate. The love of the mother put to flight the prudence of the woman. Fearful that the flames might communicate to them, she

rushed hastily from them into the corridor. The current of air which she thus encountered, and the distance she traversed in the anxiety to avoid them were fatal. Before aid could be procured to extinguish the flames, she was burnt to an extent that precluded all hope of recovery. She was sensible to the last: and there was one incident in her illness which has always appeared to me inexpressibly touching. Passionately fond as she was of her children, she declined seeing them. 'No,' she said: dear, inexpressibly dear as they are to me; much as I should wish to clasp them all once more to my bosom, I forego the gratification. The sight of such a fearful object as myself—of such a blackened, hideous mass, would leave an indelible and most painful impression on their youthful memories. No, no, the recollection I would have them entertain of me is—as I have ever appeared to them; gentle, kind, affectionate and fair.' Her farewell to her husband was brief but solemn: 'I leave you sir Herbert, after a short union, with brightened prospects, and amended fortunes. Deal with my memory as you will, but be just and true to my darlings, as you hope to meet me hereafter in heaven. And now for my confessor and my God.'

CHAPTER IX.

HEARTS.

"The heart may languish and the eye may weep
For those whom Heaven has called from life and care
Yet there's an earthly pang than these more deep,
Which sharpens sorrow and brings despair,
Yet 'tis not death, each living man must die.
Death culls the sweetest flow'r, the form most fair,
The one deep cloud which darkens every sky
Is changed affection's cold averted eye.

Where do the people live who have hearts? A dweller have I been for many a long year in this shifting scene of sin and sorrow, but have never yet lighted upon a being who had a heart. And yet learned leeches persist in saying that their fellow mortals have such appendages. *Cœur de Lion*, we are assured had one, and it was covered with hair. What a warm heart must his have been. In a foreign museum is preserved the heart of a certain gambling baroness: and most assuredly great is the resemblance between it and a dirty pack of well used cards. The Count de Pazzio-li at Naples has his grandmother's heart, which he occasionally exhibits to favored visitors. It looks like a very curious specimen of old china. Doubtless the owner felt for nothing else. Then again we are told, with prodigious pomp and gravity, of people dying of ossified hearts; as if the disease was an uncommon one. Heaven help us, such hearts are as common as blackberries. They may be met with by the score every day on 'Change; and every night at the gaming house. Old Tallyrand's heart they say; completely puzzled

the anatomists. It was so thoroughly strong and iron bound in its appearance that it set all their previous calculations at defiance.

One description, and one alone, is applicable to every human heart, that 'it is deceitful' and 'desperately wicked.'

To this conclusion the young baronet's servants gave a painful assent, when on the evening previous to his departure for Egypt they were abruptly informed that he had no further occasion for their services. A month's wages in advance, and a small additional gratuity to pay their expenses to England, were the sole accompaniments to the message which announced their unexpected dismissal.

'Who remains with Sir Shafto?' was the general enquiry.

'No one but Mr. Lennard.'

'And whither is my master bent on proceeding, that none of his suite can accompany him?' asked the favored and now indignant valet.

'Sir Shafto is going,' was the reply, 'to Constantinople; to Syria: to the holy Land; to Grand Cairo.'

'And he returns,' inquired the valet anxiously, 'when? when?'

'Never no more. Never no more!' screamed—the words had been taught him by his master with infinite trouble—the baronet's pet macaw, in his shrill and piercing tones. 'Ha, ha, ha, never no more.'

It was a singular interruption, and excited many a comment.

CHAPTER X.

BLACK CATTLE.

"But for all this I have a sense of superstition about me which I do not wish to part with. It is a feeling which separates me from this age, and links me with that to which I am hastening; and even when it seems, as now, to lead me to the brink of the brink of the grave, and bids me to gaze on it, I do not love that it should be dispelled. It soothes my imagination, without influencing my reason or my conduct."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Then came again the voice;
'Be of good heart,' it is said,
'For to thy mortal sight shall the grave unshadow its secrets.'"

SOUTHEY'S *Vision of Judgment*.

What is the connexion so subtle, yet so binding, which links the material to the immaterial world. Has the soul any intercourse which the body shares not with the world of spirits! Are the dead forever near us? Do, at each step of our pilgrimage, unearthly beings touch us as they flit around our path? 'Tis the fantasy of a dreamer, and yet how exquisitely has it been embodied in one of the most touching sonnets which ever flowed from female pen!

'At midnight's solemn hour, when hushed in sleep,
They who have labored, or have sorrowéd, lie,
Learning from slumber how 'tis sweet to die,
I love my vigils of the heart to keep,

For there fond memory doth unroll her page,
Which in the garish, noisy day, was sealed.
Then comes Reflection, with her whispers sage,
And precepts mid wisdom are revealed.
Sweet voices, silent now on ea th, once more
Bless my charmed ear Sweet sounds around me play,
Tho' they who wore them long have sought that shore
Where I shall meet them (hasten, blessed day,)
To tell how dull was life where they were not,
And that they never—never were forgot.'

LADY BLESSINGTON.

At Willersleigh there was a celebrated herd of wild cattle. It was one of the few appendages to his paternal estate in which its owner took any cordial interest, and for the preservation of which he ever deigned to express any anxiety. It would have been difficult, save from its rarity—for, excepting at Chillingham, Chartly, and Willersleigh, the breed was extinct in Britain—to determine what value the herd could possibly possess in the eyes of its owner. It consisted of some score of vicious, desperate, ungovernable animals, at all times difficult to retain within the inclosure allotted to them, and by no means harmless even when there. One keeper they had gored to death; another had been so injured by them that he was a cripple for life. The verderer's little daughter had been tossed by them, and had been an idiot ever afterwards; and upon one occasion old Brackenbury himself had been closely chased by them, and only escaped by leaping—fat as he was—a five barred gate; which feat in the extremity of his agony he had attempted and effected. They were the terror of the inmates of the hall, and the bugbear of the neighborhood: and, as a matter of course, proportionably prized by Sir Shafto Poyntzbury. Nor was he singular in his taste. The herd had been special favorites with Mrs. Ducarel; and, as with the "dark-faced Indian lady," (who had "first killed her daughter, and then by aid of magic brought her to life again,") the villagers were wont, by tradition, to associate everything daring and desperate, it was currently said amongst them, when the herd were unusually savage, or coursed round the park with more than common impetuosity, that "the old heathen is let loose again, and is riding at a fine rate the wild cattle up and down their pasture."

Nor was this the only peculiarity with which the herd was invested in the eyes of the vulgar; for the immediate retainers and dependents of the hall it possessed a deeper interest. They believed it to be connected in some mysterious manner with the destiny of their lord. It had been observed for generations that whenever the head of the family dropped, that event had been preceded by a murrain among the cattle. Constantly had this coincidence been noticed; never explained.—Old Brackenbury, indeed, affected to laugh

at it, called it an old woman's tale; asked where the credulity of mankind would stop; and wondered how people could lend their ears to the reception of such nonsense; but was observed, if anything ailed the herd, to be unbearably irritable and testy. Such a trial of temper awaited him on a morning early in April.

'A word with you, sir in private, if you please,' said the under-keeper, with the ill-assured, anxious air of a man who is conscious he is the bearer of disagreeable intelligence.

The steward nodded assent.

'Black Bashan's missing.'

'Missing, is he? Well! that happens at least once a fortnight. He has but strayed from his pasture. Search the chace, and you'll find him.'

'I fear not, sir,' said the keeper.

'You fear not?' and the countenance of the old man fell. 'For what reason?'

'He's been amiss the last day or two,' continued the former, very slowly, and watching all the while what effect his information produced on the countenance of his companion; 'and, seeing nothing whatever of him this morning, I am afraid he he has gone back into the bush to die. In truth, sir,' he added, after a pause, 'tis idle to make a long tale of it. Stridewell, the woodsman, found him dead among the brushwood.'

'Well!' cried the steward, with an affected air of unconcern, 'he was a vicious beast, and we can spare him; but,' added he, followed up a laboured and most unfortunate attempt at indifference, 'all the rest of the herd, I presume, are healthy?'

'I wish I could say so,' returned the keeper moodily; 'but some half-doxen of them are ailing, and I know not what to do with them.'

'Ailing?' cried Brackenbury, whose self possession had now utterly deserted him—'ailing? do with them? Bestow more care on them. Watch them well. They have been stinted in food, or water, and are suffering proportionably.'

'They have been neglected in no respect whatsoever. Mr. Brackenbury,' rejoined the keeper, who was now thoroughly roused in his turn. 'There has been no lack of care or food. But no man can stand against Providence. Hearkee, Mr. Steward, *that is among them which neither you nor I can master.* The murrain's among 'em! Old madam has been riding 'em too hard of late.'

'Joe Wing'em!' cried the choleric steward, in a low, suppressed tone, while his lips quivered with rage, and clenching his fists, he seemed strongly tempted to fell his gossiping companion to the dust, 'mention that name again—allude to that infamous notion; breathe that abominable rumor but once again, and you leave these

walls for ever. How dare you allow your lips to utter such calumnies against the fore-elders of those who have fed and clothed you and yours for generations?'

'Really, Mr. Brackenbury, I had no idea. I am quite astonished.'

'And I am quite astonished,' interrupted the steward, without allowing him to finish his sentence, 'that a man of your years and judgement should stoop to credit the foolery of the vulgar; and that a man with your family should peril his place by retailing it.'

'I mean no offence; none whatever,' returned Wing'em, in a deprecated tone: 'I only repeat—'

'Repeat nothing,' interposed the steward. 'There's little going but lies. Let the vulgar chatter; but do you your duty. Watch the herd closely; change their pasture; give them fresh water; and,' added he, with an emphatic gesture, 'put a padlock on your lips, lest they bring you to poverty. Those cursed cattle!' he ejaculated as he turned away, 'would to God we were fairly rid of the vicious brutes altogether!'

'Amen,' said the keeper most devoutly as he touched his hat and departed.

But Brackenbury mused long and deeply upon the intelligence which Wing'em had brought him.

'That young spendthrift is going to die. Yes: call it omen, presentiment, warning—what you will; I have never known it fail. His career is closed, or closing? But what the — does he mean by dying at this critical juncture? and I'm swearing. I ought not to do it, I admit. It ill becomes me, as the deacon of an independent congregation; but in my wicked moments it's an unaccountable relief! Alas! alas! and who is to succeed? Oh, the elder of those two cousins, whom his father always hated, and to his dying hour cheated. Wonder what they're like. As for this one to leave me at this moment, overwhelmed with difficulties; to cut, with the estate mortgaged in all directions; to be off when his precence is so pressingly, so particularly needed; it's too bad. But is he dead? and, if so, when? where? and how? And the will—has he made any? and, if so, is it forthcoming? But where to find him, or to gain any particulars, or to set on foot any inquiries?'

And, what with the perplexities caused by the verderer's manner, the pressure of certain heavy mortgages, and Sir Shafto's lengthened and unaccountable silence, the choleric steward was at his wit's end.

CHAPTER XI.

FEARS AND ANTICIPATIONS.

'He that courts perils shall die the devil's martyr.'
Spanish Proverb.

His path through life must have been an

unusually smooth one, and his acquaintance with its trials singularly slight, who has never been racked with the agonies of suspense. The fever in which it keeps the spirits, the manner in which it unnerves the energies of the most courageous, and unsettles the purposes of the most decided; the rapidly-succeeding alternations of hope and fear with which it raises or depresses the mind; the extent to which it takes away all enjoyment of the present, and veils in increased uncertainty the future; these are feelings, the misery of which can only be appreciated by those whose doom it has been to undergo them.

Something of this species of mental torture was experienced by the faithful Brackenbury as he pondered over the probable fate of his absent lord.

'That omen never failed before!' said he musingly; 'never within the memory of man. But now the charm seems broken. Humph! the baronet still lives! and yet his is a short-lived race, and he, worn down by youthful excesses, and apparently death stricken when he left his home. But still, surely, if his earthly course were run, from Mr. Lennard, or through some channel, public or private, his disease would transpire? And then the supplies! They must be on the lees; and policy must obtain me the honour of a communication, if nothing else would. I shall hear to-morrow; yes, yes, I shall hear to-morrow.'

But Mr. Brackenbury was at fault.—Days, weeks, months elapsed, without bringing any tidings of his master. He ceased to reckon on 'to-morrow;' it had deceived him too often. At length a large packet arrived. The various inclosures were signed by the baronet; and chiefly related to matters of business. But it contained no postscript from Mr. Lennard; and—what astonished old Brackenbury still more—no demand for money. Again and again did he examine his instructions, to satisfy himself that he had not overlooked this material item. No, allusion to it, reference to it there was none! 'The most wonderful letter from a Poyntzbury I ever received in my life!' was his emphatic conclusion.

After an interval of some duration further advices reached the hall; and these required that a remittance of two hundred pounds should be forthwith to Leghorn. But this communication astonished the old steward even more than its predecessor. It directed that Sir Shafto's two orphan cousins; his heirs-at-law successively, were he to die without issue; should be sought out, and rescued from the obscurity to which the cruel will of his own father had doomed them; that the younger should be sent to a public school, and the elder placed under the care of a private tutor, and prepared for the university; and

that both should be so nurtured and so trained as to fit them for that station, and those responsibilities which might possibly await them. With the cost of these arrangements the baronet charged himself. Nor was this all. He desired that the surplus rents should be applied to pay off the most pressing mortgage on the estate.

Old Brackenbury rubbed his eyes in utter amazement. He referred to the signature to satisfy himself that his employer was cognizant of the instructions the paper contained. All was clear; the writing was Sir Shafto's, beyond question.

'I judged him rashly and wrongfully,' was his self-upbraiding conclusion. 'I thought him by nature selfish, and in his habits a spendthrift. He is neither. The honour of his house is still dear to him. Nor has its glory yet departed from his halls. The 'most pressing mortgage on the estate!' Ah! that must be old Winterton's. He has threatened us often. But yesterday he rode over fussily and pompously, looking at the land with the eye of a mortgagee bent on fore-closing. He has looked his last. Ha! ha! ha! we'll have no more of him? He shall have no further opportunity of strutting and striding over the property. I'll assume the air of a moneyed man now. I'll look grave, and cool, and distant! John, my grey pony immediately. I'll see him to-day, and tell him we're prepared for him, ha! ha! ha! That for the murrain!' and he snapped his fingers triumphantly. 'We can hold our own yet! Long life to Sir Shafto, the most hopeful baronet the house has had for the last two centuries!'

CHAPTER XII.

THE VICTOR VANQUISHED.

Come then, sad river, let our footsteps blend
Onward, by silent bank and nameless stone;
Our years began alike, so let them end,
We live with many men we die alone.

Why dost thou slowly wind and sadly turn,
As loth to leave e'en this most joyless shore?
Does thy heart fail thee? do thy waters yearn
For the far fields of memory once more?

Ah me! my soul, and thou art treacherous too,
Link'd to this fatal flesh, a fettered thrall
The sin, the sorrow, why wouldst thou renew?
The past—the perish'd—vain and idle all.

Away! behold at last the torrent leap,
Glad, glad to mingle with you foamy brine,
Free and unmoored the cataract cleaves the steep—
Oh, river of the rocks! thy fate is mine!

The Token Stream of Sidna Combe.

HAWKER'S Poems.

Speculate and moralise as we may, Time after all, is a mighty revolutionist. The changes which he imperceptibly effects, the inroads which he silently achieves, the sad estrangements to which he is a party, and the strange alliances of which he is the parent, attest his invisible and irresistible agency.

Who has not done homage to his influences? The coldness and indifference of those we once loved, the unsuspected treachery of those we once befriended, they whom we dreaded removed, they whom we relied on rendered powerless, the scattered family, the silent hearth, the severe friendship, the hostile brothers, these are the spectacles which greet us in life's weary pilgrimage; and these are thy trophies, resistless and merciless Time.

At Pisa, in a lofty, gaudily furnished, but comfortless apartment, sat some seven years after the events recorded in the last chapter, two ladies, the elder of whom was dictating, in a low, tremulous tone, to a gentleman who was writing very rapidly beside her. The features of the younger lady beamed with beauty: but it was beauty painful to gaze upon. The transparent delicacy of the complexion, the hectic bloom, the unnatural bright eye, the delicate and finely chiselled features, which were rapidly assuming a sharp and rigid outline, the blue and distinctly defined veins, the short and constantly recurring cough, all these told the presence and triumph of decline.

Stern and inexorable malady! why dost thou select as thy victims the young, the gifted, the lovely, the accomplished, and pass over the callous, the selfish, the calculating, the hard hearted? Is it to prove the poet's assertion true?

"Ah! sir the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust
Burn to the socket."

If ever separation was dreaded by mother and daughter, if ever two human beings strove to conceal, each from the knowledge of the other, the divorce which death was about to make between them, it was in the case of the widowed Mrs. Dayrell and her daughter Olivia. It was a tropic neither dared trust herself to touch upon it in the presence of the other, but was nevertheless rarely absent from the young lady's mind.

There was, in truth, something noble in the fortitude with which this young and gentle creature contemplated the progress of decay, and the approaching extinction of her mortal being; and touching in the faith with which she reposed on the atonement of the redeemer, and anticipated a purer and more blissful state of existence in a brighter world. No raptures, no extraordinary assertions of unbounded assurance, no strains of revolting and presumptuous confidence marked the closing scene of her existence. Hers was the tranquil trust of a humble and broken spirit resting on the boundless compassion of a sinless Saviour. It was this rare and engaging exhibition of humility and resignation which led the clergyman who visited her to say: 'She is daily ripening for heaven: and her lovely and gentle features, me

thinks, already seem to beam with the reflected glories of the regions of the blessed.

In another, but far less important point of view, Mrs. Dayrell was also fortunate. Introduced casually to Sir Shafto Poyntzbury by a mutual acquaintance, nothing could exceed the kindness, devotion, and disinterestedness with which the baronet brought his knowledge of business and pecuniary resources to bear upon the disastrous fortunes of this widowed lady. The mass of unsorted accounts which her late husband had left behind he waded through item by item: and at length succeeded in recovering a small balance from that very firm who had claimed the late major as a debtor, and whose threats of arrest had exiled his widow and representative from England. An ill-advised law-suit he eventually compromised on terms far more favorable than any which Mrs. Dayrell had ventured to anticipate. For her elder son, Edgar, who was offered a mercantile appointment, he willingly became security: and these various acts of kindness were rendered with a noiseless readiness, a delicacy and a secrecy, which enhanced their value. The gossips of Pisa, where, alas! is the race extinct? avowed, indeed, that love brought Sir Shafto so often to the 'Casa Dayrell'; and that Olivia's beauty and intelligence had achieved a conquest which many a foreign lady had essayed in vain.

But they erred. The feeling manifested by the baronet towards the fatherless girl was the affectionate deference and gentle regard of a favorite sister; in no respect did it resemble the warm and impassioned adoration of the lover. He addressed her kindly, tenderly, deferentially on all occasions. No opportunity was omitted by him of contributing to her comforts, and gratifying her taste; but bursts of uncontrollable affection, passionate declarations of attachment, there were none. Mrs. Dayrell felt this, and mourned it. Over himself, too, there seemed to hang, at intervals, a marked and mysterious gloom. His servants, they were all Italians, spoke of him as a kind and considerate master. The poor of Pisa had ample reason to style him 'the generous Englishman.' None who sought his presence quitted it without being impressed with the solidity, as well as variety, of his acquirements. But still, amid these caresses of society, at times an oppressive weight seemed to hang upon his spirits, which he vainly endeavored to shake off. Mixed society, indeed, he shunned, rather than courted; and evinced in more than one occasion, a decided unwillingness to increase the number of his English acquaintances. His countrymen said he was 'hipped': the Italians, that he was afflicted with 'the English morgue'; and a German metaphysician, that he was 'mesmerized.' But neither

party seemed very well able to state the grounds on which they are arrived at their opposite conclusions.

Meanwhile Mrs. Dayrell became exceedingly uneasy. She shrank from the frequency of the Englishman's visits; she saw the delight he took in Olivia's society: she recollected, with tears, the services, the many and material services which he had rendered her son and herself; she was conscious that the invalid's comfort was constantly consulted by him, and that he strove to anticipate even her very wishes: it must not be tampered with; the comments even of the idle and curious were not to be defied; there was a certain deference due to the usages of society, which if not paid, was fearfully avenged. Painful as the task was, her duty as a mother demanded its performance. Certain explanations should be given to Sir Shafto; and then, their future intimacy must be defined and limited.

It was with inconceivable reluctance, and forebodings such as only a mother's heart can indulge, that Mrs. Dayrell hurried on, and hastened to this dreaded interview. Her fears had magnified its irksomeness. Sir Shafto listened calmly, sadly, earnestly. By neither gesture nor question did he interrupt the statement slowly and painfully submitted to him. There was a pause at its close which neither party seemed anxious to break. At length, with a countenance of ashy paleness, and with a voice harsh with emotion, Sir Shafto inquired:

'Was there not some arrangement possible by which the comments of society would be rendered harmless?'

The mother's anxious heart throbbed at the suggestion, but she hazarded no reply.

'Much as I value Miss Dayrell's society, and severe as would be the privation were I to lose it, the sacrifice should at once be made, rather than expose her one hour to the shafts of calumny.'

'I was confident such would be your feeling,' returned Mrs. Dayrell proudly. I was sure my daughter's fame was near to you.

'So dear,' resumed the gentleman, 'that if, inferior to her as I am in all respects, she will give me the right of protecting her: if, as Lady Poyntzbury, she will permit me the gratification of watching over her declining health: how joyously will the trust be undertaken: how sacredly will it be performed. But,' continued he, and his voice sounded unnaturally deep and hollow, before I ask her assent to my presumptuous proposal, I have a statement for her private ear. When can I see her?'

'Not to-day, Sir Shafto; she is exhausted with writing to her brother, and must not be disturbed.' The young man bowed assent.

'To-morrow you shall hear from us, was the parting promise; thankful that the interview had terminated, and thus.

A message of inquiry from the baronet late that evening, accompanied with that prize to continental tourists, a file of London newspapers, gave Mrs. Dayrell an admirable opportunity for adverting to the conversation of the morning, and the part sustained in it by the youthful Englishman. The sufferer seemed moved by the feeling which Sir Shafto had shown when speaking of her; but proof against the inference her mother hoped she would draw from it.

'He wishes to see you to-morrow: will you be equal to the interview?'

Olivia silently dissented; and the mother desirous to probe her sentiments, bent over her, and whispered, 'He loves you, dearest, fondly, and fervently; and waits only the opportunity to press his suit.'

'A vain topic for such as I,' murmured the shrinking girl: 'do not, dear mother, pursue it.'

'But it deserves consideration.'

'Not from me, my mother, not from me, in my hopeless state.'

Mrs. Dayrell started at the tone so abject, yet so resigned, in which these simple words were spoken. Recovering herself quickly, she continued, 'Dangerous, my love, not hopeless. Who knows what beneficial effect a voyage to England might produce? and as Lady Poyntzbury, the first medical opinion London can give.'

'My dear, dear mother!' said the dying girl fondly, 'I am bound on another and sadder journey; and my bridegroom is,—death.'

'Crush me not to the earth by speaking thus,' cried the elder lady passionately; 'but I myself am to blame for my protracted absence of this morning; you have been left too much to yourself, Olivia; your spirits sink. I must gather your associates around you: you require them.' The daughter made no reply, but, with a smile pointed to some extracts from St. Chrysostom, which lay beside her. The first ran, 'Depart from the highway, and transplant thyself into some inclosed ground: for 'tis hard for a tree which stands in such a public and unfrequented place to keep her fruit till it be ripe.'

'A beautiful sentiment, and true to a certain extent,' returned the elder lady: 'but the christian lives not for himself only: he has social, relative, filial duties. Olivia, reconsider this subject.'

'Mother, urge me not, pray, urge me not. Upon me this earthly scene is fast closing: and why, by the suggestion of this topic, separate me from those beneficial influences to which I have in part surrendered myself?'

'But you will see him? said Mrs. Dayrell, anxiously.

'Ought I? On the brink of eternity, surrounded by, and absorbed in, such appalling realities and recollections, ought I to see him, when such is to be the object of the interview? Dearest mother, spare me—spare me.'

'My child;' was the mother's reply, when tears permitted her to speak, 'make not this man our enemy. We are in his power; and there are those—'

Her eye wandered unconsciously towards Edgar's picture, which hung by the invalid's express command, opposite her couch.

The dying girl understood that glance, and replied to it. 'True: he may want a friend after I am gone, as you assuredly will require a protector. Mother, I am wretchedly mistaken in Sir Shafto's disposition if, though not your son-in-law, he fails you when I am at rest. If there be a tie between us, death will strengthen, not dissolve it. I will see him. Edgar;' said she, apostrophizing the picture, where the speaking and well-remembered features seemed almost to reply to her appeal, 'dear boy; the seas roll between us, and on earth we shall never meet again; but ah; what a glorious and happy meeting may be ours in our father's house.'

'Olivia, dearest Olivia, speak not thus,' cried her mother wildly. 'Our separation? it is impossible! impossible!'

'It is inevitable, my mother. Admit it, and prepare for it, or replace you, my counsellor, my adviser, my consoler?'

'Mother,' said Olivia, solemnly, 'if as some good men tell us, the spirits of the blest are sometimes privileged to wander unseen around their former haunts, and to prompt and watch over those they have loved in life, and would fain bring on to glory, you shall not be deserted in your pilgrimage. If permitted, my spirit shall incessantly hover over your path, till it terminates before the throne.'

'Pray for me! pray for me!' cried the grief-stricken mother: and by the anodyne of that holy and blessed exercise both parent and child were soothed.

The promised interview took place. It was long, and apparently most painful; for it was observed that on both parties, at its close it had left traces of ungovernable emotion. One point was clear. No marriage was to take place; and this, at the express desire of the lady.

Be the nature of their communication what it might, they never conversed again with the same ease as before. It is true that Olivia, at times, spoke to him more kindly than ever, and Sir Shafto to her with a heightened air of deference; but the subject of their conversation, and many strove in vain to ascertain its nature,

had engendered between them a restraint which was never dispelled.

She was released a few days afterwards. The parting scene was sudden, but exceedingly calm and happy. At it Sir Shafto was accidentally present. Her head was pillowed on his bosom when she died. A few moments previously she looked at him, and said, 'Repentance and restitution.'

All present heard these words: but the majority soon forgot them.

There was one, however, in that silent chamber, in whose memory they vibrated to his dying hour.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE NOCTURNAL SUMMONS, OR THE GOSSIP GHOST.

How vast the number of mankind who fail
To obey the wholesome rule that I've selected,
And as a sign or frontispiece erected,
To indicate the tenor of my tale.

Whate'er your sex, whate'er your state of life,
Bachelor, husband, widow, maid or wife,
Whate'er your rank, peer, esquire or yeoman,
Luchess, your ladyship, or plain good woman,
Whether you move 'midst equipages garish,
Flattery and smiles,

Or barrows, slangs and grins; whether the name
Ta'en from the calendar to grace your parish
Be James or Giles—

In one particular 'tis still the same,
Namely, that when you congregate,

Whate'er the nature of your cheer,
Choice viands served on costly plate,
Tea and turn-out, or gin and beer—

No sooner have you got together,
Saluted, and abused the weather,
Than some curst babbler of the throng
Lets fly that venom'd shaft, her tongue,
And food for conversation lends

By spleen-fraught strictures on her friends.

If, in the first 'tis 'Countess, I suspect
That Lady Bridget is a bride elect;'

Or, 'Marquis, did you hear the strange report
So widely whisper'd yesterday at Court?

It may be groundless, but 'tween you and me,
'Tis confidently said that Lady B.

Has with her lord's valet been caught tripping
And that the Earl by way of lex talionis,
Has left her in the arms of her Adonis
And ta'en her waiting-woman into keeping.'

Or, 'Bless my heart, that's surely Lady Mary,
Who in the summer went

To prosecute her annual vagary
Upon the Continent!

Well, 'pon my honor 'tis a curious whim;

For, judging by appearances, the air
Cannot to her be salutiferous there,

She goes so lusty and returns so slim?'

While each succeeding slice of scandal bitter
Is welcom'd by an universal titter.

If, in the second, they take aim

With the same bolt, at minor game—

As, 'Did you see our neighbor, Mrs. Dray,

On board the steam-yacht 'tother day?

How she was drest! her head bedeck'd with curls

As long and jetty as her gawky girl's—

When everybody knows her locks

Are red by nature as a fox;

And now the progress of old time has spread

Some parsnips 'mong the carrots of her head,

It's speckled like an old pheasant's feather,

Or salt and cayenne-pepper mix'd together."

Or, 'He! he! he! I fear they've had

A pretty fuss

Next door to us;

And 'pon my soul 'tis quite too bad.

There's neighbor Dobson's servant wench

Has sworn a child

To Mr. Wild—

You know my husband's on the bench,

And yesterday, as luck would have it,

Sat to receive her affidavit.

I thought 'twas so! for if folks, you know,

Will hire such trulls, we must expect such things;

I told her mistress near a month ago

The slut could hardly tie her apron-strings.."

If in the third, a sordid set

To pass a jolly night are met,

To bolt their hot cow-beel and tripe,

And smoke, en tour, the smutty pipe—

Some beldams, still for censure ripe,

For scrutinizing other folks' affairs—

No—every town and village in the nation

Boasts its arch gossip, whose domestic cares

Are half forgotten in the task

Of daily running forth to ask

Of every human snake within her reach,

The morning news, and to extort from each

Some rumored hint, or vague suspicion,

Already in its third edition,

Whose honeyed poison may regale

The gaping ears

Of such compeers

As may be strangers to the tale.

All this I own is mere assertion,

And dogmatism is my aversion—

Therefore, (as holders-fortli extemporaneous

Say, when wandering to discourse extraneous,

They feel themselves perplexed,

And cannot justly on their subject pop,

But hem and ha, and make an awkward stop.)

'Returning to my text.'

The theatre whereon the farce was play'd

Which now demands the efforts of my muse,

Was a small village in a fertile glade,

Near the romantic stream of northern Ouse.

At a crude guess,

There might be fifty houses in the cluster,

Few more or less,

Whose population at its greatest muster

Did but half fill the ivy-mantled church,

Shaded by stately trees of yew and birch,

Whither they every Sunday went—

Haply some pious few to vent
The fervent prayer—a greater number
To pass an hour in tranquil slumber—
Many to meet their sweethearts there,
And greet them with a loving stare,
Like cats surveying lumps of butter,

To wink and smile

Across the aisle,

And *look* the love they dared not utter—
While others sat the service out
As culprits bear a flogging-bout,
So anxious were they for its end,
That they might meet, shake hands, and spend
An hour in clatter.

Amongst the latter

Was Miss Griselda Wilhelmina Gaunt—
A waning fair, who could with justice vaunt
Of gentle breeding—all her youth had been
Wasted within a city's bustling scene—
But, as butchers sometimes with their meat,

Resolv'd on price beyond its merit,
Maintain that price until, no longer sweet,
Are compell'd to find a sly spot to inter it,

So, she'd set such a high price,

In the heyday of life on her precious virginity
That no honorificabilludinity

Or wealth could suffice

To content her, though many a suitor had tried
All the engines of courtship to make her his bride,
Until, finding her charms no longer available,
Her cherish'd commodity becoming unsaleable,
She sought in our hamlet a rural retreat,
And in a small cottage sequester'd and neat,
Adjoining the wall of the little churchyard,
O'er all the affairs of her neighbors kept guard:
For in the village not a pig could squeak,

Or cock could crow,

But she would know

The cause, though she sought it for a week:

No rustic urchin could play truant

But in an hour or two she knew o'nt—

No fuddled churl could beat his wife,

But she would meddle in the strife—

No poor old mumbling dame could lose

An aching tooth,

But she would ferret out the news—

And, once appriz'd, the scent she'd follow

To know the truth,

And ask around,

Until she found

Who pulled it, and if 'twas sound or hollow—

No fight, or game of quarter-staff

Was hid from her—no foal or calf,

Or brood of puppies could be born,

But she would know it by next morn—

When she would ceaselessly inquire

Till she could reach

An actual knowledge of the sire

And dam of each.

No villager, female or male,

Could drink an extra pint of ale,

Or pass an hour in rustic frolic—

No washerwoman could have the colic—

No lad could break a schoolmate's head—

No woman could be brought to bed—

No load to market could be carried—
No clown be sent to gaol, or married—
No fishing punt could be capsiz'd,
Treating its inmates to a ducking—
No peasant's brat could be baptiz'd,
Cut its first tooth, or leave off sucking,

Fail sick, or die—

But she would pry,

Until her craving sense auricular

Had been full-fed with each particular.

This penchant, and her tongue censorious,
Had made our heroine so notorious

Amongst the country rabble,

That to prevent of breath a use'less waste,

And make her epithet imply her taste,

They call'd her Grizzly Gabb'e—

Which neat appellation, so aptly suited

For brevity

And levity,

Had long time for her name been substituted.

E'en now I venture to express

That every hamlet doth possess

Some gib-mouthed wench who rules the roast

In mag—

I also make bold to state,

That every village, small or great,

'Mongst its inhabitants can boast

Its wag!

Some witty bumpkin who delights in joke—

For feats of fun and mischief ever ripe—

Who o'er his evening goblet loves to smoke

Alternately his neighbor and his pipe—

And so could this, perhaps as queer a wight

As ever wrought by day or drank by night.

He long had known that when perchance

Miss Grizzly

Was busy,

And could not 'mongst her neighbors prance

To chat, she most intently listen'd

Hour after hour to the church steeple—

And every time she heard a bell,

Whether for chime, or peal, or knell,

For some one married, dead, or christen'd,

That she might learn the news ere other people,

She made no pause,

However cold the day, for cloak or hat,

But darted off as nimble as a cat,

To know the cause—

So that the sexton ne'er could ope

The belfry door, and pull a rope,

But in an instant Grizzly's clatter

Saluted him with 'What's the matter?'

One autumn night, damp, chill and dark,

Our mellow, laughter-loving spark

Betook him to the sexton's cot,

Just when the simple man had got

His solid supper spread upon the table,

And, looking as demure as he was able,

Turn'd up his eyes and shook his head,

Saying, 'Lord bless us, Master Sexton!

Heaven only knows who'll be the next 'un!

Would you believe it? Grizzly Gobble's dead!

And I was sent to you to tell

That you must go and toll the bell,

Late as it is, without delay!

This said, th' informant walk'd away!

The knave of spades, astounded, left his fork
Stuck in a mound of fat, cold, pickled pork,
Threw down his knife,
Gaz'd at his wife,

Utter'd a pious exclamation,
And hasten'd to his avocation—
Namely, to run, ('twas but across the road)
To church, to toll
The fleeting soul
Of the dead gossip to its long abode.

Grizzy, although the sexton thought her dead
As Hecuba or Priam,
Was just that moment getting into bed
In as good health as I am—
Her night-gown on—one foot just placed betwixt
The sheets, when straight the bell's first sound
Striking her ear, she doubtfully glanc'd round,
And for a moment stood like one transfix'd.
She listen'd, and anon her dong
Convinc'd her she had not been wrong—
When, such her speed and eagerness,
She huddled on scarce half her dress,
Lest if delay'd some neighbor should obtain
The news before her—
But slipshod seiz'd upon the counterpane,
And threw it o'er her,
Then sallied forth, resolv'd to ask
The reason of the sexton's task.

Meantime old 'Dust to dust' pursued
His dreary work,
In pensive, melancholy mood—
Between each jerk,
In these sage terms soliloquising—
*'Well, Grizzy's sudden death's surprising!
She wur a queer one! 'cod if she wur living
Tis just the time
That she would climb
The belfry stairs; 'twont cause much grieving!
I'm devilish glad her earthly prattle's o'er,
And I shall ne'er be pester'd by her more.'*

While he the last half-utter'd word
Was speaking,
He dropt the rope, and thought he heard
A creaking—
When turning promptly round,
He at his elbow found
His constant catechist, enrobed in white—
His blood ran cold, his hair stood bolt upright—
He bounded from the spot and roar'd aloud,
*'Oh heavens, I'm lost!
Tis Grizzy's ghost,
Risen to life, and walking in her shroud!'*
No answer to her loud demands he utter'd,
But ran and tumbled down the steeple stairs,
While ever and anon he, faltering, mutter'd
A mingled exorcism, half oaths, half prayers.

Grizzy, astonish'd at his flight,
Unconscious of his cause of fright,
Hotly pursued, her question bawling—
He, sometimes running, sometimes sprawling,
Had just arrived without the church,

When she appear'd beneath the porch—
Again her piercing voice, assailing
His tingling ears,
Enhanc'd his fears—

Onward he ran, the tomb-stone scaling,
Deaf to Miss Gabble's loud appeals,
Who closely followed at his heels.

An open grave lay in his way,
Dug by himself that very day,
But in his fear not now recollected,
Thither by chance his footsteps were directed,
Just when Grizzy's outstretch'd hand
Had seiz'd his coat,
And her wide throat
Sent forth its shriest notes to make him stand.

'Twas now too late her harpy hold to quit,
For down they fell,
Headlong, pell-mell,
He hallooing,
She following,

O'er the loose earth into the yawning pit.
Nor did their hap end thus—the spiteful fates
So manag'd that their prone descending pates
Met with such stunning contact at the bottom,
That if a score of grenadiers had shot 'em,
They could no more motionless have laid 'em
Than this rude shock *pro tempore* had made 'em.

Meantime a straggling villager by chance
Passing, half drunk,
The churchyard's bound,
Of Grizzy and the sexton caught a glance,
Just as they sunk
Into the ground.
Away he scamper'd like a bedlamite,
Making a most outrageous knocking
At many a door,
On which, his friends around him flocking,
He roundly swore
He'd seen two ghosts, one black, the other white.

During this space, the wag who had convey'd
Of Grizzy's death the counterfeit narration,
Behind the churchyard wall had snugly laid,
To watch his wily project's consummation—
Now creeping from his lurking-place,
He smooth'd his laughter-wrinkled face,
And rushing in among
The terror-stricken throng,
Vow'd that the whole alarm was wrong—
Declared that he had also been
Ocular witness of the scene,
And that in lieu of apparitions,
Sent to confirm their superstition;
The forms which met their neighbor's view
(He'd stake his life upon't) were two
Infernal *habeas corpus* knaves,
Come down from town to rob the graves.
'So if,' said he, 'you have the least regard
For all your dear relations' bones,
Prepare yourselves with sticks and stones,
And follow instantly to our church-yard.'

Away the crew
Like lightning flew,
Seizing such rustic arms as chance provided—

Sickles and flails,
And broken pales—
Then softly t'wards the cemetery glided.
Their chuckling leader pointed out
The well-mark'd grave, and made a stand,
Then whistled, and his little band
Press'd on and compass'd it about,
Just as the vital spark, so long suppress'd,
Became rekindled in the gossip's breast,
And starting from her hideous dream,
She utter'd a terrific scream,
Which half aoused the sexton's senses,
Who, still supposing that he lay
Beneath some spell, began to pray
Forgiveness for his manifold offences,
In such repentant, piteous terms,
That all the crowd, sans mercy or reflection
Proclaim'd them ministers of resurrection,
Come to defraud the village worms,
And swore by all their fathers' graves around
That back to back the culprits should be bound,
And lodged within the village cage
Without de'ay. Just in this stage
The matter pend'd, when the peasant's wives
Alarm'd by Grizzy's shriek,
And anxious for their husbands' lives,
Resolved the truth to seek—
So, snatching each a lantern or a torch,
They moved, a flaring phalanx, to the church;
Mix'd with the gaping crowd, and threw a light
Upon this strange adventure of a night.

Reader, imagine if you can,
(For if I should attempt to paint
The scene, the likeness would be faint,
What wonder through the circle ran,
When to their sober senses 'twas made clear
The pair which they had striven to seize
Were the old sexton, yet half dead with fear,
And Grizzy Gabble in her night chemise!

After some scores of minutes spent
In explanation
And gratulation,
All parties to their pillows went—
*But from that moment Grizzy Gabble's face
Has ne'er been seen within the county's space.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

LEGEND OF BABICOMBE BAY.

Dark was the night—the northern blast
Across the ocean drove.
When from her home pale Susan passed
To seek the well known cove—
Clasping unto her bosom fast
The pledge of lawless love.

Far, far had her Sweet William strayed,
To early vows untrue,
And wedded with a wealthier maid,
Forgetful of his Sue—
A thing Sweet Williams, I'm afraid,
Are rather apt to do.

Mad with the tale, her fevered blood
Through every vein ran wild—
She gained the cliff—the raging flood
Received that sinless child;
When—oh, I wonder how she could!—
The maniac mother smiled.

A gush of tears fell fast and warm,
As she cried with dread emotion,
'Rest, baby, rest that fairy form
Beneath the rush of ocean—
'Tis calmer than the world's rude storm,
And kinder—I've a notion!

'The same rude waves shall roll o'er me
That thy young limbs immerse—
Thy father, too, shall follow thee,
Dragged by a mother's curse.'
She said, and plunged into the sea,
For better or for worse.

Now oft the simple country folk
To this sad spot repair,
When, wearied with their weekly yoke,
They steal an hour from care—
And they that have a pipe to smoke,
They go and smoke it there.

And ever as the village bell
The Sabbath's curfew tolls,
O'er wood and wave, o'er flood and fell,
Most mournful music rolls—
And rustics cry, 'Hark, there's the knell—
The baby's knell, by Gules!'

When soon a little pearly bark
Skims o'er the level brine,
Whose sails—when it is not too dark—
With misty brightness shine—
(Tho' they who these strange visions mark,
Have sharper eyes than mine.)

And, beauteous as the morn is seen
A baby on the prow,
Dressed in a robe of silver sheen,
With corals round his brow—
A style of head dress not, I ween,
Much worn by babies now.

To yon red cliff, impelled by fate,
The vessel speeds her way,
And bearing on her phantom freight,
She all but gains the bay,
Where two pale shadows eager wait—
And wait, alas! they may.

Those spectre parents ne'er may gain
That loved, that long-lost prize,
For, on the instant, swells the main,
And wild shrieks rend the skies—
And ere you've time to wink again,
All the bright vision flies.

Thus Devon's maids, when pressed to rove
By evening's coming gloom,
In simple verse, to those they love,
Record that infant's doom—
And thus their harbor's woody cove
Is called 'the Baby's Combe.'

From Poems and Ballads by Schiller.

TO THE SPRING.

Welcome, gentle stripling,
Nature's darling, thou—
With thy basket full of blossoms,
A happy welcome now!

Aha!—and thou returnest,
Heartily we greet thee—
The loving and the fair one,
Merrily we meet thee!

Think'st thou of my maiden
In thy heart of glee?
I love her yet, the maiden—
And the maiden yet loves me.

For the maiden, many a blossom
I begg'd—and not in vain—
I came again, a-begging,
And thou—thou giv'st again.

Welcome, gentle stripling,
Nature's darling, thou—
With thy basket full of blossoms,
A happy welcome now.

THE SNAIL.

Travelling by tardy stages,
Carrying thy house with ease;
Like the wisest of the sages,
Excellent Diogenes!

Snail, I greet thee—why so gloomy?
Tell me where thy sorrow lies—

Hast thou mansion snug and roomy
As a naked slug would prize?

Dost thou creep to herbage shady,
Badgered by a scolding spouse?

Art thou jealous that thy lady
Occupies another house?"

"Stranger, I have cause to cavil,
Reason good to grieve, alack!

I am doomed for life to travel
With a load upon my back.

O'er my journey slowly creeping,
(Watch me as I wander near,)

It is watered by my weeping,
Moisten'd by a slimy tear.

Even Sindbad, on my credit,
Suffered less than hapless me."

His adventure—have you read it?—
With 'the Old Man of the Sea.'

After making efforts many,

Vainly toiling night and day,
Sindbad made him drunk, and then he
Shook him off, and—turn'd away.

Gladly would I bursens barter
With thee, Sindbad—honest Jack!

Though thy rider proved a Tartar,
Wondrous fond of pick-a-back.'

Marvel not at my depression,
I can never respite have,
Victim to my indiscretion.

Sadly sinking to the grave.
My abode has dwindled greatly—
Yes, believe it, if you can,
It was once a mansion stately,
I was once a handsome man.
Mothers in a thousand quarters
Calculated on my pelf—
And their less designing daughters
Loved me for my humble self.
Flatter'd by their kind advances,
I was giddy with delight—
Going out to balls and dances,
Turning morning into night,
Early hours thus despising,
You may well suppose that I
Never slept, till, Phoebus rising,
Warn'd me in the eastern sky.
All the morning friends unnumber'd
To my dwelling used to come,
And my servant, whilst I slumber'd,
Told them I was not at home.
Conscience sometimes made me suffer,
But that shortly passed away—
It became a great deal tougher,
And I lied from day to day.
Anger'd by this conduct shocking,
Death advanced with hasty stride—
At my habitation knocking,
And he would not be denied.
Warning take, and wisely ponder—
Ponder for the time to come;
I (forever doom'd to wander.)
Now am always found at home.'

THE SYREN AND THE FRIAR.

'Good Friar, good Friar! thy skiff turn aside,
There's danger alone on the moonlit tide—
Chill are the night-winds, but colder the wave—
Yon billow will meet thee, and sound o'er thy grave.

Come hither with me,
Neath the bounding sea,
And merry and blithe our wedding shall be.'

'Maiden, whose glance is unearthly bright,
And whose brow is fair as a vision of light,
I fear not the tempest, I heed not its swell,
But my soul seems linked to thy mystic spell—

I cannot with thee
'Neath the bounding sea,
For the dying have sent to be shrived by me.'

'Good Friar, good Friar! now say thou art mine,
And the wealth of the ocean shall all be thine.'
'Maiden, I dread thee, but charmed is my heart—
I'll come to thy bosom, though life should depart,
And follow with thee

Neath the bounding sea,
Where merry and blithe our wedding shall be.

From Bell's Life in London,

LAW REFORM.

This is the age for law reforms, or at least for the pretence of making them. Our own system, though in its principles most excellent, is in many respects defective in its practice. We used the word defective here in its strict sense, as indicating the absence of a good, not the presence of an evil. To this extent, that of supplying deficiencies, the labors of law reformers may assuredly be well directed. And, though perhaps, we might easily furnish instances in which objectionable rules of law might be, with much advantage to the country, removed, it will be as well to confine attention at present to those matters in which deficiencies ought to be applied. A case which has recently occurred in Belgium has brought to mind one instance in which our rules of practice are defective, and in which it ought to be an early care of the legislature to supply the deficiency. M. Caumartin has been tried at Brussels for the murder of a certain M. Sirey. The alleged murder was committed in a brawl arising from the jealousy of the two men, mutually inflamed by wine and by insult. The charge of murder had not been made out to the satisfaction of the court, and the prisoner was acquitted on that charge; but as it appeared that the accused had been armed in a manner contrary to law, the court sentenced him to the payment imposed by the law for that offence. This charge did not exist in the process: but had it been untrue, it was in the interest of the prisoner to deny it, and to show either that he had not armed himself at all, or that the arms that he did carry were such as were allowed by the law, and carried by all men at all times. The Belgian court, therefore, did not allow of the objection which would have been fatal in our courts, namely, that there was no distinct charge against the prisoner that he had been so armed. It is a good principle of our law that no man shall be punished except in respect of an offence of the charge of having been guilty of which he has received due notice. But this good principle may be, and in some instances we think is, carried too far. Thus it is clear that where, as in this instance, the accused knows that he is charged with an offence which necessarily involves the commission of another, the court ought not, should the evidence clearly make out the second offence, to be prevented from passing sentence in respect of that offence.

But should it be objected that this might introduce some degree of uncertainty as to the offences which, when once arraigned at a criminal bar, a man might be called on to answer, and that no speculative ben-

efit ought to be allowed to outweigh this possible evil, we may so far allow the force of this objection as to say that we only put this forward as a matter well worthy of consideration.

But we feel no such doubt about another practice of the foreign courts, now forcibly recalling to the mind the deficiencies of our English rules. To all criminal proceedings against one person for the murder of another are superadded proceedings at the suit of the relatives of the deceased to recover compensation for the loss of that life on which their own subsistence and station in society depended. We have no proceedings like these in our English law, and their absence is a reproach to the English system. By an odd sort of reasoning the English law gives a right to claim compensation for the temporary loss of services and support, but none when that loss has become permanent. It recognises the duty of a child to maintain its destitute parent, but if that child should be killed through the negligence or the wilfulness of any individual, the destitute parent could recover no compensation for the loss of that support which had so gratefully smoothed his path in the evening of his life. The same want of a fitting remedy is observable in those circumstances when the greatest possible injury is inflicted on a whole family by the death of the husband and father, on whom all depended for their support. Had he been wounded only, and had he suffered but a week's loss of the profits of his labor, he could have claimed damages for that loss. But his death, which puts an end forever to the hopes of his family, founded on the industrious application of his talents and energies, gives his bereaved wife and children no legal claim against the estate of his destroyer.

TO THE READERS OF THE ANGLO AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

The publishers of this Magazine find their time so much occupied with other engagements, that they can hardly do justice to the Anglo-American, and they are constrained to DISCONTINUE it after the present number, which completes a volume of six months. The sales of the late numbers have not been so good as the demand at first gave reason to expect.

Those who have paid in advance, will be furnished with that popular newspaper, the YANKEE NATION, to the full amount of arrearages; or if they prefer some other publication, or to have their money refunded, their wishes shall be gratified by making them known to the publishers.

